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THE

# ARTIST.

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THE

# ARTIST;

## A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS,

RELATIVE TO

PAINTING, POETRY, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE,
THE DRAMA,
DISCOVERIES OF SCIENCE,

*AND VARIOUS OTHER SUBJECTS.*

*EDITED BY PRINCE HOARE.*

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# CONTENTS.

## PART I.


NUMBER I. Introduction.—Question proposed concerning the LEGITIMATE VALUE OF THE ART OF PAINTING.

Examination of the *Various Offices of Painting*. Representation of natural Objects—Expression of the Affections of of the Mind—Exhibition of Historical Facts, or Strict Historical Painting—Mixed History.

*By Mr. Hoare.*

NUMBER II. ORIGIN OF THE FINE ARTS. Necessity first gave rise to Artists—No necessity for them before the Deluge—Process of The Arts after the Flood—Symbols invented, to convey the knowledge and worship of the true God—Their uses in Agriculture—Various modes of adapting their representations to Nature—Rise of Idolatry—Sins of Artists and Virtuosi.

*By Mr. Cumberland.*

NUMBER III. MONUMENTAL RECORDS. Letter from a young Architect respecting St. Paul's Cathedral—Authentic papers relative to it, left by Sir C. Wren.

PROPOSAL for a Monument to NELSON in St. Paul's Cathedral.

*By Mr. Elmes.*

NUMBER IV. ANALYSIS, ANALOGY, AND ARRANGEMENT. The three principal Methods of Mental Improvements—Reasons for not disclosing the Author's name—Advantages, and just Limits, of the Methods above proposed — — — —

NUMBER V PATRONAGE OF THE ARTS. Lamentations formerly occasioned by the want of Patronage—Fortunate reverse.

LETTER to the "NORTHERN SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS." View of the present progress of patronage, compared with the past—Causes of Excellencies among the Greeks—Exhortation to the Society.

*By Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy.*

Letter from *Graphicus* concerning Lord Elgin's Collection of Statues and Bas-reliefs. Flight of the Arts from Greece to England—Patronage, as exercised by PERICLES—Magnificent works executed during his government of Athens—His qualities—His speech on his death-bed.

*By Mr. Hoare.*

NUMBER VI. ON UNIFORMITY OF CHARACTER IN NATURE. General Correspondence between all the works of Creation—Mutual gravitation of the Planets and all other bodies—Constitution of the Atmosphere, and nice dependence in all its parts—The human being considered in the same view—Relation of its form and faculties—Cretinism described—Connexion of the Mind with the Countenance—Advice to Young Artists on the correspondence of proportional parts—Papers on that subject by the late Mr. Hussey.

*By Mr. Cavallo.*

NUMBER VII. History of THE SLIGHTED BEAUTY. Her Birth, Relations, Education, Beauty, and Accomplishments—Her Travels—Re-

ception at Venice—In Germany—Spain—Arrives in Flanders—Influence of various countries on her conduct—Dissuaded from continuing her travels by her Duenna—Takes leave of her, and comes to England—Her reception, rejection, and excommunication—Brief account of a Cousin-german.

*By Mr. Northcote, R. A.*

PART II.

NUMBER VIII. Introduction—METAPHYSICAL CRITICISM ON WORKS OF INVENTION. *Objection to Metaphysical* Criticism in Poetry—Criticism, by what means a safe guide—End of Poetry how estimated. Different views of Poets and Philosophers—Poetry influences the passions only—Pleasure its essential object—Taste and Criticism, as applied to Poems, ancient and modern—Distinctions in the latter case—Pleasure and Instruction the two Aims of Poetry—Metaphysical Criticism not applicable to the former—Examples—Essentially useful in the latter—Proper uses of metaphysical knowledge in poetical Criticism—In what the duty of a Critic consists—Distinction between Poets and Critics—Question discussed, which are the better judges of Poetry—Who are here meant by Poets and Critics—Comparative degree of their Arts—Conclusion.

NUMBER IX. CONFLAGRATION OF THE THEATRES. Effects produced on the mind by the Phenomena of Nature—Devotion excited by them, not of the best sort.

LETTER on the PRESENT STATE OF OUR DRAMA. Evils of Calumny—Pleasures of Defamation to certain ranks.

Theatres unjustly censured—Defended from the Pulpit—Rev. J. Plumptre—Additional Authorities—The Royal Family—Farther extracts from Mr. Plumptre's Sermons—Superstitious censure of Theatres—Reply—Probable consequences of entirely banishing The Drama.

NUMBER X. ON COMPOSITION IN PAINTING. Importance of it—Congenial to our Nature—Difficulties—Considered in the highest Style—All superfluous matter to be rejected—Caracci's limitation objected to—Examples by Raffaelle and Reynolds—Composition of Raffaelle, Rubens, and Rembrandt—Proper division and arrangement—Groups, founded on the natural feelings of men—Window of New College—Contrast—Doubts concerning the knowledge of the Ancients in Composition, refuted.

*By the late Mr. Opie, Professor in Painting to the Royal Academy.*

NUMBER XI. On the TEMPERATURE of THE HUMAN BODY and of the SURFACE OF THE EARTH. Causes of the Vicissitudes of Seasons—Their admirable Action, and Extent—Various causes which tend to equalize the temperature of the Atmosphere in different countries — Temperature of the Human Body—Various causes of our sensations of heat and cold enumerated and explained.

*By Mr. Cavallo.*

NUMBER XII. LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS. From a *Painter*, complaining of the want of certainty in the Ingredients purchased at Colour-shops—Abuse of the improved knowledge of Chemistry—Plan proposed.

*By Mr. Rigaud, R. A.*

From *Caino-glotticat,* proposing to extend the New Chemical Nomenclature to Arts and Morals—advantages of such a scheme—definition of a *Liar*—various distinctions in language proposed.

Lines on THE AURORA OF GUIDO.

NUMBER XIII. History of THE SLIGHTED BEAUTY *continued.* She visits Holland and France—Her vagaries in the latter country—Key to her History—The Beauty returns to England—Her strange reception, mistakes, and miserable condition—Account of the Beauty's two Sisters, and their different fortunes in England.

*By Mr. Northcote, R. A.*

PART III.

NUMBER XIV. OFFICES OF PAINTING *continued.* The highest office is the Expression of Poetic Imagery—Distinction observed between Historical and Poetical Allegory—Nature of Allegory—Its excellence in Painting—Various examples.

Of Symbolical or Allusive Painting—General plan of the Paintings by Raffaelle in the Vatican—His extraordinary powers chiefly of the dramatic kind—Examples—His works always Poetical.

POETIC PROVINCE *continued.*

Of invention of *Subject.* Poetry of Painting chiefly applied to religious subjects—Account of the general plan of the Paintings by Michael Angelo in the Capella Sistina—Resemblance of stile between several Poets and Painters—

Virgil and Corregio without a counterpart—*Notte* of Corregio—Encouragement to the study of Painting—Distinction to be observed in the different classes of Painters and Authors—The Poets in either Art certain of admiration.

*By Mr. Hoare.*

NUMBER XV. OF THE ABUSE AND USE OF THE REASONING FACULTY. Its object—Causes of its errors, in Education and at a mature period of life—Various modes of arguing wrong, sanctioned by common usage—*Wonderers*—Investigation of Truth not the object in most disputes—Numerous systems of Logic—Their ingenuity, why disregarded—Modes, in which knowledge is acquired by human beings—Proper art of Reasoning.

*By Mr. Cavallo.*

NUMBER XVI. On THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS. Letter from *Vigil*, considering the DUTIES OF A CHRISTIAN with respect to THEATRES—The State of the Drama dependent on the Audience.

Letter recommending the FARTHER REFORMATION OF THE THEATRE—The building of the New Theatres a favourable opportunity for reform—Mr. Addison's opinion concerning the Stage.

REMARKS on the foregoing Letters—Nature of the present theatrical system—Causes of complaint concerning the general productions of our Stage—Managers not in fault—THE GREAT FAVOURITE—Every thing accommodated to his Taste—Oaths in the Green-room—Farther defence of Managers—The present state of Society rightly represented on the Stage—Comparative view of three periods of the Stage—Pretensions of the last—Defamation of contempo-

raries—Odious nature of Fame—Manner of supporting and condemning a new Play—Reason for cultivating public taste.

*A.*

NUMBER XVII. History of the SLIGHTED BEAUTY *concluded.* Her distress in England, and various methods to which she had recourse, to gain a living—Keeps a Chandler's shop—Reads Lectures—Her identity disputed—The Beauty's Brother assists her in an extravagant scheme—Its result—Royal Academy Dinner—Shakespear Gallery—The Beauty receives Patronage and Advice—Adopts a plan of prudence—Conclusion.

*By Mr. Northcote, R. A.*

NUMBER XVIII. ON PRINTED LETTERS. Letter hunters—their employment. LETTER TO THE ARTIST. Warning given to him—Domestic Letters cannot escape the press—Receipt to make a perfect Letter—Lady M. W. Montague—Discovery of the first Modern Publisher of Letters—His successors in Italy—Account of the same subject in this country.

NUMBER XIX. OF THE TWO REQUISITES IN THE HIGHER CLASSES OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, AND ARCHITECTURE. Letter to the Editor—Distribution of the Prizes, and Address to the Students of the Royal Academy—Two points of importance in the higher classes of Art—APPROPRIATE CHARACTER—Its necessity and value—CORRECTNESS OF OUTLINE—Architecture; Grecian, Roman, English—Examples of excellence in the Antique Statues, and in some modern works—Exhortation to Study.

*By Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy.*

NUMBER XX. REFORM OF OUR STAGE. Natural fondness of the English for Theatrical Representations—Children naturally inclined to

dramatise their sports—Importance of the Drama—Examination proposed—Arguments for and against the Drama well known—Writers on the subject—Degrees of effect produced by the Drama on the Audience—Theatres; Behaviour in them—Question concerning them—Reform proposed by a candid Author—Its merits, difficulties in practice—Influence of the Multitude, dangerous to *character* in Authors—Importance of Public Taste—Proposition for a Theatre directed to the maintenance of the Drama in its best and most useful state.

*By Mr. Hoare.*

Conclusion. New Writers in the present Series—Propriety of inscribing names on Public Monuments—A new Office in the Royal Academy—Proceedings of the British Institution—Fine Arts of the English School.

THE

# ARTIST.

## 1809.

*Nec manet ut fuerat, nec formas servat easdem,*
*Sed tamen ipsa eadem est.*

OVID. MET. l. 15.

## *TO THE READER.*

BEHOLD, Reader, the Artist once again employed in your service, with the same views, the same wishes, and, he trusts, with no less ability than in his former course, to prosecute his task and promote your interests. The causes of his absence from you for a period, it would be useless to relate, as they are ordinary human concerns; but some respite for silent reflection will be not reluctantly allowed to him, when you are informed that, of the little circle

which originally composed his corps, and in the short space of time that has been passed since he first appeared before you, two of those who were either most immediately active, or most deeply interested in his progress, have been taken away by the dispensations of Providence.

" To feel" and to " bear our sorrows like men," has been asserted by the great moralist of our stage, to be equally our lot and our duty. The Artist, therefore, during his silence, has been attentive to hear the voice of others, and to study what profit may be derived from their observations. On the whole, he has sufficient reason to be satisfied with the reports which he has heard of his former endeavours to disseminate knowledge in the various arts under his notice; but, as his candour is not the least of his good qualities, he is equally ready to acknowledge, that he has also heard of his faults. Amongst these, he finds the chief to be, that he has addressed himself rather to the initiated student, than to the less informed reader, whom it was principally his business to instruct; and that, with the seriousness of didactic essays, he has mixed too little of humour and of narrative. Of these charges, he trusts he shall effectually remove two in the course of the present series, as he purposes to trace

his own steps backwards to the more obvious rudiments of the various sciences of which he possesses the knowledge, and intends to make you perfectly master of the history of one of them, in the form of a narrative of adventures and travels, which he can safely assure you have never before been disclosed to the public. As to the third point, of humour, he will make no promises, until the critics shall have more clearly explained the nature of the charge, and he hopes they are fully aware of the truth of an observation in one of Reynolds's excellent comedies, that "the most *serious* thing in nature is a *joke*."

In the first of the following papers, friendly Reader, you will find a sort of *accidence* of the Art of Painting, and in the second you will recognize the learning and vivacity of a veteran observer, instructing you in the fabulous origin of the art. After these will follow some incidental essays, of such a kind as may seem to require the introduction of a few prefatory remarks.

The lucubrations of a Philosopher, and the first part of the narrative already mentioned, will form the concluding portion of this number, through the whole of which you are entreated to follow with kindness and complacence, and to believe that the Artist promises himself no greater

pleasure, than that of finding you willing to believe him your friend.

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## No. I. 1809.

*Solers nunc hominem ponere, nunc Deum.*

### *TO THE ARTIST.*

Sir,

I have frequently had occasion to perceive, that, of the numerous subjects which bear a relation to the intellectual progress of society, there is scarcely any one on which so little mutual understanding subsists between the different classes of men, as on the legitimate value of the *Art of Painting.*

By one man a picture is regarded as a mere production of dexterous ingenuity; to another it is an object of admiration and reverence approaching near to worship: the former sees in it nothing beyond an imitation, more or less successful, of the common objects of nature; the latter contemplates it as one of the sources that feed the

fountains of his imagination, and enrich the general stores of his mind: the one conceives it to be a species of handicraft, sufficiently noticed, if it take a place among the other furniture of his apartment, and as obviously subject to his natural judgment, as the cut of a new coat, or the turn of a child's top; the other regards it as the mysterious expression of undefined sensations, before which he suspends the exercise of his powers of reason, and, like those who consulted the heathen oracles of antiquity, is contented to take its precise meaning on trust.

But it appears also, in particular, that no where does this difference of opinion, respecting the just estimation of painting, prevail more forcibly, than between the professors of that art, and the other general orders of scholars. "The biographers in Italy," says the elegant author of the *Anecdotes of Painting*, (a book which, he observes, no one will suspect he has undertaken to publish for *fame*) "treat of the works of Raphael and Correggio with as "much importance as commentators speak of Horace and "Virgil," (those biographers, I believe, were painters); "and, indulging themselves in the inflated style of their "language, they talk of pictures, as works almost of a "divinity."

To painters, on the other hand, I apprehend that little more appears to have been said in praise of Raphael and Corregio, than the soundest judgment can warrant, or than a faithful study of their art will naturally call forth from the proficient. And to this side I confess my own judgment also very strongly inclines. I must, however, in candour confess, that I could not help smiling when I read, a few days since, in a chapter of Lomazzo, (a Milanese painter, who you know wrote on his art in the 16th century) that "*Poetry is only the shadow of Painting;*" and found him, in the course of the same chapter, condescending from a generous regard for his countrymen, to mention some of the most illustrious Italian poets, as the best exhibitors of this modification of painting.

Your sentiments on this subject will much oblige,

Dear Mr. Artist,

Yours, &c. PHILO.

As the discordant sentiments, mentioned in the foregoing letter, have been, in general, delivered on either side by men of learning and genius, is it not natural to conjecture, (as I have formerly hinted,) that the un-

equal degrees of estimation, in which these subjects are held, arise from a reference to an essentially different standard, fixed in the mind by education? A modern poetic writer on the Arts, himself an artist, considers Apelles and Michael Angelo as above Virgil and Horace, because his education has taught him to explore, and his habits have led him to feel, the beauties of the one more intimately than those of the other. Mr. Walpole, on the other hand, conceived Horace and Virgil to be out of the reach of comparison with Painters, because his education had been, in this point, the direct reverse of the former writer.

As this is a controversy which would be more easily prolonged than settled, I shall endeavour to satisfy Philo's wishes by turning into a different track; and, laying aside every question of a comparative nature, I propose, in the present paper, to examine *what are the various offices of Painting;* the proper consideration of which, I conceive, must form the just and real grounds of the estimation of this art, and will tend to ascertain, as far as possible, the degree of attention, to which it is entitled.

Painting is generally defined to be the art of representing by the use of lines and colours, the forms and hues of all visible objects, in all the contingencies of light and shade,

distance and nearness, motion and stillness, in which Nature displays them to the eye, and with all the varieties of substance, which their surfaces can be supposed to indicate. It has also the power of expressing by the same means many conceptions of the mind, which do not exist in any usual forms of nature; and is therefore to be considered as displaying the powers both of imitation and imagination. In respect of the former of these powers, I regard Painting as gratifying the sight and kindling the fancy; and, in respect of the latter, as a species of language, serving to the developement of the mind, and to the impression of useful truths. I do not mean to contend that by the practice of Painting, or the contemplation of a picture, men will become moral and wise, but it is consistent with common sense and language to state that Painting is among those liberal studies, which tend to soften, to refine, and to perfect the mind. Besides impressing forcibly on our bosoms the examples of heroic conduct, of patriotism, or universal philanthropy, it opens to us a fresh source of delight in the more accurate contemplation of the works of Nature. As it affords us a more intimate view of the beauties of particular objects, it leads us to a consideration of those arrangements and combinations, which constitute the won-

derful system of created life, and thus draws us progressively nearer to the perception of that Being, who is the final source of all that is good and beautiful.

THE various offices of Painting may be described under the following heads:

1st. The representation of Nature, or of obvious visible forms.

2d. The expression of the habits and affections of the Mind.

3d. The exhibition of Historical Events by the representation of facts.

4th. A mixed representation of History, either by circumstance, or fiction.

5th. The expression of Poetic Imagery.

I shall, in the present paper, consider the first four of these.

1. That the *representation of natural forms and appearances* is the office of painting, is obvious to the comprehension of every one. In a stricter sense even than the drama, it "holds the mirror up to nature, and gives to every object of visible creation its individual form and pressure." Air and earth, with all the various beauties

which they contain, are subject to the grasp of this art; and it has the power of thence filling a storehouse for the memory, which, if carefully arranged, renders the advantages of language at times superfluous. Indeed, the very nature of its stores fits them to make a more vivid impression on the mind than words are capable of producing. Painting may be said, in this particular instance, to be the primary or natural mode of representing visible objects; and language or writing the secondary or artificial mode.

This distinction is universally acknowledged: even in the high degree of perfection to which the communication of thought and knowledge by words has arrived, what reader is not accustomed to turn away from the most elaborate description of any object, whether animate or inanimate, (or of any collection of objects, as landscapes, buildings, men, and other animals, &c.) the moment that he perceives an accompanying print or drawing of the subject described? If the resemblance, given by the painter, have obtained the credit of being accurately faithful, the reader's attention becomes entirely fixed on it, as the representation of the real state of the thing; and he

refers to it for distinct minutiæ with the most confidential reliance. Almost every one must have been occasionally sensible of this effect, produced on himself.

2. Next to the office of representing the forms of the body, is that of *expressing the habits and affections of the mind;* a task of greater nicety than the former, as the Painter who accomplishes it, must be found capable of communicating to the spectator such ideas, as are indeed received by means of our sight, but can be very indistinctly ascertained by any positive rules of form and colour. The powers of the art in the accomplishment of this task have been so clearly, and at the same time so agreeably described by Socrates, in his dialogue with the painter Parrhasius, that I should blush to offer any other account of it.

Socrates, having inquired respecting the competency of Painting to represent all visible objects, and its office in the choice or selection of objects, and having received satisfactory answers in assent to his propositions, proceeds to inquire concerning the painter's ability to represent the temper, disposition, and affections of the mind; "that genius, and habitude chiefly, which is the most engaging, sweet, friendly, lovely, and desirable."—How, says *Par-*

*rhasius*, can that be imitated, which hath neither measure nor colour, nor any of those visible qualities you have now enumerated, and which cannot indeed be just seen?"

"Doth not a man, replied *Socrates*, sometimes look upon others with a friendly pleasant aspect, and sometimes with the contrary one?—I cannot deny that, says *Parrhasius*.——And cannot you imitate that in their eyes?—Certainly, says the Painter.——Have our friends, says *Socrates*, the same countenance when their affairs succeed well, or ill? Are the looks of the anxious the same with those of the man that is not oppressed by solicitous cares?—Not at all, answers *Parrhasius*, they are cheerful in prosperity, but sad and dejected in adverse circumstances.——But these differences can be expressed or represented? said *Socrates*.—They can, replies *Parrhasius*.——What is more, continues the Philosopher, doth not a noble and liberal spirit, or a mean and ignoble one; a prudent and well-governed mind, or a petulant and dissolute one, discover itself in the countenance, air, and gesture of men, whether they stand or move?—That is very true, answers the Painter.——But all these differences surely, said *Socrates*, can be expressed by imitation.—They can indeed, replies *Parrhasius*."

The remarks of Socrates on this occasion, had for their basis the soundest principles of art. They were deduced from his knowledge of sculpture, in which he had been educated; and he could appeal, for the proof of them, to the experience of practical demonstration, with which he was amply provided by the works of his countrymen. These proofs are fortunately not necessary for us in England. The power of Painting, on which the Athenian philosopher so ably insisted, of exhibiting the habits and affections of the mind, is every day familiarly before our eyes, in the numerous portraits, with which our houses are filled. Do we not in these recognize the various dispositions and affections of our relation, or our friend? His gentleness, complacency, modesty, benevolence; or his firmness of character, and his inflexible honour, sincerity, truth? How many are the instances, wherein we acknowledge the *form* of the person to be inadequately imitated, but acknowledge it without complaint or even dissatisfaction? The painter has subdued our attention by a superior power: he has given the air, the countenance, the *look!* all indefinable by the uninstructed eye or tongue, all rendered sensible to the heart.

Although it would be scarcely desirable to add any

weight to the scale in favour of portrait painting in our country, I will not here refrain from noticing the effects of that branch of the art, so feelingly and elegantly described by Richardson, in his Treatise on Painting. "The picture of an absent friend or relation," says he, "helps to keep up those sentiments, which frequently languish in absence; and may be instrumental to maintain, and sometimes to augment, friendship, and paternal, filial, and conjugal love and duty."

3. Subsequent to, and immediately formed on the two powers of art, that have been mentioned, the next office of painting is *History*. The reader, who has duly considered those former faculties of painting, will see that in this province its powers are nearly as obvious as in the representation of form; for, if you can represent the forms of nature, and the affections of the mind, what more is required for the expression of any individual act of history? Regarding history in its more general sense, whatever has been acted in the scene of life, whether in a single moment, or in succession, can be exhibited on canvas with precision and truth. It is indeed nothing more than the common prerogative of painting, to record to future times the distinguished actions of illustrious men,

or the more extensively awful fates of nations; and the examples in this branch of the art are innumerable. Every great epoch of human existence, of joy or misery, can be marked by the pencil with distinctness, and with truth proportionate to our knowledge of the facts. Nor has the art been found in any wise unworthy of its arduous and important charge. Aristotle, the profound arranger of all the various powers of nature, and talents of mankind, is said to have endeavoured to dissuade Protogenes, the celebrated contemporary and rival of Apelles, from the desultory practice of his pencil, and advised him to consecrate it to History, *propter æternitatem rerum*, (says Pliny,) because deeds of immortal renown were most aptly suited to an art which aspires to immortality. The great actions of Alexander were the subjects, with no less propriety recommended to Protogenes by the preceptor of Alexander; those actions which, in latter times, under the hand of Le Brun, have furnished one of the finest modern illustrations of that portion of the painter's office, of which I am now speaking.

The province of strict history includes, as I remarked, the two former parts of painting, viz. the representation of natural forms, and the expression of the habits and affec-

tions of the mind. It may consist of these alone; and hitherto, nothing of Poetry has appeared to enter into the consideration of the subject. Nor is the step from History to Poetry *immediate* in Painting. There is an *intermediate* degree, which is next to be mentioned, and of which I am confident the reader will, after a very short examination, find the prototype in his own mind.

4. This species of history, which comes now to be noticed among the offices of Painting, is *the mixed representation of Historical Events*, either by the union of facts with allegorical machinery, or by the combination of many various circumstances, tending to exemplify one and the same event.

The introduction of allegorical figures, as it touches a little more nearly on the confines of poetic expression, shall be considered the last. The other kind of mixed history, as it displays a power wholly peculiar to, and distinctive of, the painter's art, is therefore the more difficult to be explained.

I must entreat the reader first to conceive, that in painting an historical picture, there is a very material distinction to be made between a representation of the *subject*, and of the *matter of fact*; between such a represent-

ation of various objects, as will fill his mind with satisfactory sensations adequate to his idea of a *whole event*, and a representation of any confined or precise act, which yet stands most distinguished in the accomplishment of that event. As I shall be better understood by example, I will take for an instance, the last laurel of our renowned Nelson.

The painter, appointed to transmit to posterity the national record of this illustrious English trophy, will take for his subject

*The Death of Nelson in the Victory of Trafalgar.*

Were he on this occasion to present to his country the representation of the bare and precise matters of fact attending the last moments of the Hero, he must shew him expiring in the narrow and crowded precinct of the Cockpit, in bed, indistinctly seen by the smoky light of a few candles.

This would indeed be a picture of the death of Nelson, but, bating the individual resemblance, it would have nothing to distinguish it from the death of an hundred other brave officers at sea; and it would of course,

disappoint the conception of the national spectator, because would represent a *part* only of *the subject.*

The Painter therefore, in order to satisfy the spectator's mind, must pursue a different method. He must take a more extensive course, and must endeavour to collect into one spot all the circumstances, which conspire to form in the mind an idea of the *total* event; and all these circumstances must be, in their essential points, severally grounded on matters of fact. With the expiring hero he must unite a view of all that can illustrate the importance of that awfully glorious moment. He must shew the attachment, the respect, the zeal, the love, the tears of those children of valour, whom the hero commanded; he must shew the British Palladia radiant in the glow of victory; he must combine under one glance the essential points of an epic narration. All this must be done without incongruity; every thing must appear to be where it might have happened, although nothing perhaps be precisely, where it *did* happen.

This will be found, on reflection, to be nothing less than the art of embodying the thoughts of the spectator, or representing collective images, either already existing in his mind, or easily to be excited in it. Whoever directs

his mind to the contemplation of the illustrious event here instanced, will perceive how rapidly, or I may rather say, *instantaneously*, his thought combines all the various and numerous circumstances which fill up the measure of that day's glory! He flies without impediment from object to object, from circumstance to circumstance, however separated by the natural divisions of time, space, and matter, and cannot content himself, until he has brought under one view all that completes the wondrous triumph. Place before him at this moment a picture of the heart-exalting subject; he will ask himself, not whether every fact be represented in its true, natural place,—not whether such various acts were the result of a single moment,—but whether the whole picture presents the transcript of his own enraptured fancy. This question is the rule, by which, in this province of art, the painter is to be tried; and, in a proportionate degree to the strength, information, and consequent value of the spectator's mind, this is the rule by which he is to be judged and estimated.

In singling out the instance I have just spoken of, I do not mean to lessen the value of more confined historical representations of a great event. The reader is requested to recollect the distinction of *offices*, which has been pointed

out, and that the present remarks relate only to the province of *mixed History*.

In the same province may be ranged several of the Cartoons of Raffaelle, which, though approaching so closely to poetic expression, as to be easily liable to be classed under the head of Poetry, (and possessing, in fact, distinct poetic qualities), are yet more strictly to be denominated examples of this kind of mixed History.

The other division of mixed History, is that which shews it united with Allegory, by the introduction of emblematical figures. In this mode the various passions that fill the breast, or the attributes that denote the character of the historical personages, appear, like them, in human form, and are represented as attendant on them; or the presiding influences which direct their actions, are shewn descending on the scene, in which they are engaged. The internal sentiments of the persons represented, which must otherwise be learned from inquiry or study, are thus made obvious to the spectator, and the virtuous or vicious motive, of the action presented to his eye, is distinctly ascertained.

Of this species of mixed painting, the most splendid example is the celebrated History of Mary of Medicis, as

painted by Rubens for the Gallery of the Luxemburgh Palace; in which (as just now stated) the mental qualities of the heroine are personified, and every where attend her, or the various motives, which influenced her actions, are emblematically introduced.

In describing the former branch of mixed History, I felt some difficulty in the discrimination I was going to make; but I proceeded with confidence, because I conceived the reader's judgment concerning it to be wholly unbiassed. In this second division, I have reason to fear it is otherwise. Allegory in painting, has sometimes, (for what cause I know not,) been unreflectingly condemned by critics uninformed in the art, and I have even heard the work which I have just now mentioned, made the subject of ingenious raillery, and censured for containing an incongruous mixture, or in more familiar terms, a *jumble* of real and imaginary beings.

From the illiterate no remarks are surprising, which indicate a want of participation in the pleasures, that arise from the refinements of study, of whatever kind; but I have formerly heard such observations with wonder, when they have proceeded from men of accomplished education. Reflection has since diminished my surprise, on observing

that the classical education of scholars in our public institutions does not include the knowledge of either the theory or practical principles of the art of Painting, and that the opportunity of learning them is therefore in general lost for life. From this cause I feel with regret, at the present moment, that I have no channel of argument open towards even the best informed critics of that description, unless they will allow me one through the acknowledged analogy between Poetry and Painting; an analogy, which (though perhaps entire in the essential principles) is yet too imperfect in the *modes* of the two arts, to be of complete avail on the occasion.

I do not mean to take on myself the arduous task of justifying every part of the allegorical system, which Rubens has employed in the work just mentioned. Although the doubts I entertain, are chastised by my respect for so great a name, and Quinctilian's admonition to ignorance rises forcibly to my view *, yet I cannot persuade myself to admire the imagination of Rubens him-

* Modestè et circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronuntiandum est, ne (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac, si necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum placere, quam multa displicere maluerim. *Inst. Or.* l. x. c. 1.

self, when he calls in aid of his allegory the positive supremacy of divinities foreign to the religion of his heroine. He has proved by repeated instances that emblematical illustration was sufficiently in his power, and sufficient for his purpose without such a resource; and as an individual therefore, I protest against the transgression of propriety, where it appears to me unnecessary; but I am confident that Rubens himself thought differently on the subject, or the picture representing the Council of the Heathen Gods would never have existed, nor Jupiter have been shewn descending on his eagle, to lift Henry the Fourth into the sky.

These are some among the particular faults, which expose that work to the charge of incongruity; but concerning the general use of allegorical Painting, let me be allowed to ask of classic scholars, Do they object to the mixture of real and allegorical personages in similar species of mixed history in the hands of the poet? Do not allegorical engines, or machinery (as it is called), form a part of those modes which are the allowed vehicle for expression of sentiment and character?—If inconsistency with nature, if a total deviation from her authority, and positive contradiction of her laws, in respect to *matter*, be any proof of absurdity or incongruity, such

works of the writer and the painter may both be said to be very absurd and incongruous. But would such an assertion indicate any thing more than an observer unversed in the artifices of human study?

Spenser's Fairy Queen, the Lutrin of Boileau, Garth's Dispensary, together with the numerous instances of that species of fiction, called an Allegory or Allegorical Tale, are the nearest in resemblance to the allegorical works of the painters; but it is scarcely necessary to remark, that the mode in which the emblematic characters are introduced in those writings, is not wholly similar to that of allegorized history in painting.—Yet the *absurdity*, or trespass upon natural realities, subsists alike in all; and if that is a fault, I am not afraid to say, it is one which may be urged against the highest classes of composition in every kind. Take a person, who had never heard of the modes of dramatic or epic composition. Shew him at once, and ask his opinion of, the Ghost's appearance, at the same instant, at the tents of Richard and Richmond, or the heavenly spirits hovering over the couch of Katherine, in the *historical* plays of King Richard III. and King Henry VIII.; or read to him, and ask his judgment of, the Gnomes and Sylphs in the familiar history of Mrs. Fermor's lock of hair; of the

supernatural agents in the historic parts of the Æneid, or the magical mysteries in those of the Deliverance of Jerusalem? As such a critic would be unable suddenly to appreciate the artificial pleasure which they excite in cultivated minds, is it unlikely that he would condemn them altogether under the appellation of a *jumble?*

Objections of such a nature, I mean such as arise from want of acquaintance with what may be called the *natural artifices* of composition, cannot be removed unless by long and circuitous explanation; yet, with all those difficulties in the way, what proficient in the studies of humanity does not find that the use of allegorical figures, when they can be introduced without ambiguity or inconsistency, is far the most ornamental device of historical poetry?

Having endeavoured to obviate some of the objections of general scholars, I proceed, in obedience to the promise of the Artist, to acquaint those who are not versed in the theory of painting, that the introduction of allegorical figures is one of the agreed and established artifices of the painter's skill, and that he, who would thoroughly instruct himself in painting, must learn this among other rudiments of science in the art. It is an artifice, which the professors of Poetry and Painting exercise in common, and

its estimation may be considered as equal and alike in both arts. Allegorical figures and characters neither possess interest, nor excite it towards themselves; but they serve to concentrate the attention of the reader and spectator on the subject represented, and increase the importance of the event, by appearing to cast a magic atmosphere round the objects of their ideal ministry.

The fifth office of Painting, in the expression of poetical imagery, will be considered in a future number.

*P. H.*

## No. II.

# ORIGIN OF THE FINE ARTS.

*Prima repetens ab origine famam.*

*TO THE ARTIST.*

SIR,

IT is very probable that the gentlemen, to whose service your labours are by preference devoted, may have directed their studies more to the exercise of their art, than to the origin and antiquity of it. A few words upon that subject, though I have not the honour to belong to their order, may not be out of place.

Necessity, which made men observers of the operations of nature, made them Artists. In the anti-diluvian world, where Nature had provided the causes of long life, that necessity did not exist; but when the general deluge had reversed the order of things natural, had altered the position of the globe of earth, displaced the land, and given a new bed to the waters; when a new inclination

of the axis of the earth made a new disposition of the stars, and a vicissitude of seasons; when the bow, which God shewed to Noah, was as new to his sight as the rain, which was the cause of it; when, as St. Peter testifies, *the world that then was, being overflowed with water*, PERISHED; *but the heavens and the earth*, WHICH ARE NOW, *by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire*, &c. &c. then it was, that the call upon man's industry and forecast became imminent; then it was, when beset with all the terrors of the elements, that it became high time for him to exert all his faculties for the preservation of life, shortened as it was by natural causes, and exposed to dangers, that were not known to the inhabitants of *the earth that was of old.*

When the family of Noah settled themselves under *Cham* in Egypt, the peculiar circumstances attendant on their situation in that country, which is fed by the overflowing of its river, obliged them to be close observers of those expected periods, of which their *Dog Star* and *Etesian Wind* gave them warning. It is probable that the first inhabitants of Chaldea gave the houses of the Sun the zodiacal names, which they still bear. There is no need to shew that every one of these has a very appo-

site reference to the seasons, that are attached to them. To these the colonists of Egypt were in a peculiar manner interested to be attentive, and as they had not the art of writing, necessity put them upon their graphic resources, and not being able to communicate their knowledge and instruction to the common people by the vehicle of letters, they invented a symbolic language (of which the Zodiack was in effect the alphabet), and painted or engraved their ideas in rude delineations upon slate or stone.

As the uses for these symbols increased, so did the abundance of them, and very excellent regulations respecting the knowledge and worship of the true God were conveyed to the people through them; for the abuse was long posterior to the invention, and the painter's and engraver's art was for many generations the faithful servant of religion, before it was prostituted to the interests of idolatry. The Supreme Being was long designated under the symbol of fire, before the symbol itself became the god, and was worshipped as such.

The *Etesian wind*, blowing from the north, was the prognostic of the overflowing of the Nile; but as this was liable to some variation, the attention of the Egyptians was

chiefly directed to the rising of a certain star at the approach of day, as a sure token of the sun's passing under the stars of Leo, and of the beginning of the inundation; and to this faithful guide they appositely gave the name of the *Dog*, the *Anubis*, or the *Nile-star:* the artist, therefore, who was employed to give warning of that star, sate down to his work and took a dog for his model. When he was bidden to apprise the husbandmen of the *Etesian* or north wind, he copied a hawk; when of the south wind, he delineated the whoop. If he was to express the duration of the overflowing, he devised a sphynx, composed of the head of a young woman and the body of a couchant lion; thereby intimating that the inundation should last whilst the sun was passing through the signs of *The Lion* and *The Virgin*. He was also a painter after human nature, though rather upon Horace's model than that of the Academy; for his *Osiris* and *Horus* were apt to vary very essentially from Apollo and Antinous; still he was a designer in grotesque, and in the varieties of the *Canopus* he had as much pottery on his hands as Teniers or Bassan. This same *Osiris* had oftentimes the insignia of a coachman, so far as to let him have a whip in his hand; but the Egyptian artist never trusted him with the conduct of

any horses; and if he had, they would have been cavalry of the Horatian stud with fishes for their tails. It must be confessed, therefore, that the artists of the race of Cham were not a little given to the extravaganza of their art; they would have painted St. Anthony's tempters better than the saint himself.

In the female figure of their Isis, symbol of the earth, the academicians of Tanais and Memphis were not always so decidedly out of nature; especially when they contented themselves with putting a simple crescent upon her forehead: but as her head-dress was to serve a great many purposes, they very much overloaded her toilette; sometimes crowning her with towers and battlements, to signify that there was plenty of houses for the inhabitants of earth; sometimes with a huge incumbrance of furs and skins, to shew that there was good provision of warm cloathing for the winter *Neomenia*. When the abundance of animals for the use of man was to be gratefully remembered, they encompassed *Isis* with a row of heads of creatures, that made her look like Noah's ark, when opened for their admission. Upon occasions of great plenty they gave her more breasts than ladies are accustomed to acknowledge; and in times of dearth, one less than

they are accustomed to expose. In short, every sign of the Zodiack, whether fish or flesh, was in its turn exhibited upon her head; no basket-woman of a London market has to boast of so great a variety. When she only made her tiara of the head of the *Ibis*, she did not disfigure her own head, and paid a proper tribute to the good services of that bird in destroying the flying serpents, that flew out of Arabia into Egypt, which Herodotus did not see alive, but did see some fishes' bones, and took them upon credit for the bones of serpents, as a true Catholic takes the relics of the saints, devoutly and with all due faith.

When the artists of Egypt had got the Sun under the character of *Osiris*, and the Earth under that of *Isis*, they added another figure to their man and woman under the symbol of a child called *Horus*, by which they pourtrayed husbandry, and completed their group. Here I must digress for a moment, whilst I remind your friends, that from the root of this oriental word *Horus* the Latin word *Ars* is derived, which gives to them that title, by which they are known to the world, with so much honour to themselves. Thus it came to pass, that what at first was only applicable to the cultivators of the earth, is in the course of time become the appellation of those, who by the

excellence of their art are now become the ornaments of it.

This family of *Osiris*, *Isis*, and *Horus*, with a symbolic serpent to bear them company, passed from Egypt to Athens, which was a colony from Sais. What became of the child *Horus* there, is known to every body who recollects what Minerva did for Ericthonius, or Nemesis for the infant Jupiter, as the poet Callimachus can witness; and no sooner did these wicked poets come in to trouble the world's faith, and turn the heads of many, who were wiser than themselves, when behold! the whole community of artists, who had so much the precedence in seniority, were seduced into the folly of paying worship to idols, and in the mean time made those idols so exquisite, that they brought all the rest of the world upon their knees to pay worship to their art; and, whilst adoring the painter or the statuary, to forget the god or goddess the work was made for, till they met the gentleman in the streets of Athens, or visited the lady in her private lodgings.

When the Grecian artists betook themselves to the delineation of deities, there was no stop to the multiplication of them. *Osiris* and *Isis*, according to their different symbols, were made into so many gods and goddesses as

almost to people Olympus. *Horus*, the symbol of husbandry, with a hawk's head, symbol of the Etesian wind, was converted into Ganymede on his eagle, whilst *Osiris* assumed the character of Jupiter. Nor was this all: the fabulous Orpheus, Linus and Musæus, were all representatives of Horus in his different attitudes, as devised and exhibited by the first Egyptian priests. The zeal of superstition, and the credulity of ignorance, were prepared to receive and worship any idols, that the ingenuity of the sculptor or the painter was pleased to impose upon them.

From henceforth woe to the artists! for they are the fathers of all sin; and double woe to the virtuosi, for they are idolators in the grossest sense; they have not the plea of worshipping things laudable, but they worship things illaudable and obscene; bodies without heads, armless trunks, emperors without noses, that never reigned but in a Ciceroni's garret, and gladiators without legs, that never were seen in any arena but that of a stone-cutter's yard. Nay, they do worse, for they worship their own wit, which is but a *Scarabæus*, or butterfly, and at best no emblem of any thing less insubstantial than the empty air. They will rail at a poor resurrection man, for converting a dead body to the uses of the living, and will venerate a filthy

mummy, that has not so much use in it as a dry faggot. But men have a propensity to like every thing that was done a long while ago, though it were done ever so ill. If antiquity can reflect such charms upon their enlightened fancies, I must wonder they do not sometimes run counter to the canons, and marry their grandmothers. Happy is the painter, who has a smoaky chimney; for by how much bacon is better than fresh pork, by so much is a dirty canvas superior to a clean one.

I have now reminded your friends the artists of their gypsy origin, and I hope they will profit by my hint, and colour their pictures to the hue of their own complexions.

I am, &c.

*R. C.*

## No. III.

## MONUMENTAL RECORDS.

*To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,*
*Live o'er the scene, and be what they behold.*

A LETTER, which I received, during the interval of my silence, from an ingenious young architect of my acquaintance, informs me that he has, for some time past, employed the most unwearied diligence in investigating the fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral, and examining the original designs, together with many authentic and highly valuable papers left by Sir Christopher Wren on the subject; and that, in consequence of his researches, he is convinced that the erection of some ornamental object, in the centre of the church under the dome, formed a part of the original plan of the building, and was considered by Sir Christopher himself as necessary to the completion of his design. This question, he says,

has been already so ably argued, that he regards it as decided. "Nay, that much neglected man," he continues, (Sir Christopher Wren) "was known to have possessed the ambition of thinking, that a monument to his own memory might with propriety be erected there by a country, for which he had performed so much."

My correspondent, however, is not willing to concede the honour of a monument in this place, to any other *manes* than those of Nelson; although, with a proper feeling of professional respect for the illustrious architect of St. Paul's, he expresses his resolution of examining more at large, in a future work on the subject of that cathedral, the question of *propriety*, in suffering "the sacred ashes of the glory of British architects to moulder in their present obscurity."

He next proceeds to a plan for public monuments, and as his proposition has the recommendation of good sense and novelty, I shall insert the whole in his own words:

"Of the form of such a monumental remembrance (taking it for granted that it is to the *manes* of Nelson), opinions may vary, and Painting is, I know not why, by many excluded from the contest, and Architecture and Sculpture alone are considered appropriate to the tomb. These

again will differ: the Sculptor will propose a statue, the Architect a temple. I would reject both, and combine the efforts of the architect, the painter, and the sculptor. Having made this assertion, it remains with me to offer my proposition.—A statue in that situation would be lost and become mean, and even, if decorated with the learned inscription of a Parr, would be improper to inform and gratify that mass of the community, who to a man feel and call the hero "our Nelson." I would humbly submit and propose a cenotaph or tomb, of the monumental or funereal architecture of Egypt, (where he gathered some of his fairest laurels,) to be of an octangular form, and each face to be embellished with a painting, *in encaustic, or mosaic,* of one of the principal of his glorious naval actions. This would be such a history of his life, that the most illiterate could read, and the most learned would be instructed, and it would prove the most powerful incentive to great and glorious deeds.

"A stage higher, in simple and elegant sculpture round the frieze, as in the choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens, a series of his personal achievements, and in pannels, between the antæ that support the cornice, appropriate designs to his honour; the whole to be surmounted

with an insulated statue of the admiral, in proper naval costume.

This, or somewhat similar, of a size and disposition to become a part of the design of the church, if executed with the powerful ability I feel confident our country possesses, would be at once a striking ornament to the most beautiful modern architectural work in Europe, would decorate the immortal name of Nelson, and confer a new wreath on the arts of England.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

*J. E.*

## No. IV.

### ON THE THREE PRINCIPAL METHODS OF MENTAL IMPROVEMENT,

### ANALYSIS, ANALOGY, AND ARRANGEMENT.

*Quærentem dictis quibus, et quo* carmine *demum*
*Clara tuæ possim præpandere lumina menti.*

THE following paper contains one of those effusions of a lively fancy, which are most apt to excite the attention of readers of a feeling disposition. It is the production of a highly sensitive mind, since unhappily estranged from that order of which it so strongly felt the beauty, and of which the pursuit is here so warmly recommended. I regard it therefore as a sacred legacy, and have little reason to doubt the degree of interest with which it will be perused. In withholding the signature, after the circumstances just mentioned, I shall not feel myself guilty of any infringement on my general obligation.

MR. ARTIST,

THE excellent scale, given in one of your former numbers, to classify the different species of the human mind, has induced me to impart to you my ideas on the methods which may assist No. 3 in advancing, and No. 5 in retreating, to the acme of perfection at No. 4. If I were disposed to shew you any symptoms of an elliptical disposition, I could write several pages on the Pythagorean excellence of the number Four, the Tetractys, &c. &c. &c.; but I shall confine myself to topics more within the ordinary bounds of familiar literary discussion.

The methods I allude to are three, Analysis, Analogy, and Arrangement; and these, in less technical language, may be termed *Observation*, *Resemblance*, and *Order*.

By *analysis*, is to be understood not simply the power of separation, but also of recomposition; as, for instance, in order to comprehend the mechanism of a watch, it is not merely necessary to see it taken to pieces, but also to examine thoroughly the mode, in which it is put together again.

By *analogy*, I mean those resemblances which arise either from circumstances of time, place, number, &c. and

claim our attention chiefly for the purpose of present technical memory, and future analytical inquiry. Thus the five stars in the constellation of Cassiopeia, are (as every reader of Sandford and Merton knows) opposite to the seven stars of the Great Bear, and in shape of a W.

> Videritis stellas illic, ubi circulus axem
> Ultimus extremum spatioque brevissimus ambit.

By a just attention to this resemblance, two of the principal constellations of the northern hemisphere, with the pole star between them, are impressed on the memory. And this species of analogy may be extended at the will of the student: for instance, a new analogy occurred to me last night; looking alternately at a map of the Netherlands, and the stars of Cassiopeia, five principal places, Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, Lisle, and St. Omer's, bore some resemblance to the W of the five stars, which (if it appear not a little too much like No. 5) I shall henceforth retain as a connected chain of ideas for the *technica* of geographical and astronomical memory.

By *arrangement* is meant, not merely that kind of order which is founded on no regular principle, but that

method of distribution, which assumes some scientific form, and which consequently assists the two other methods, whether it precede or follow them.

That arrangement of words, for example, which has classed the Fine Arts into *Poetry*, *Painting*, and *Music*, may be thought to be founded in the order of *Time*, since it is probable that the art of speech preceded that of design; and, if we agree with Lucretius, that music arose from imitation of birds and other natural sounds, we must allow it to be very properly placed last in this classification.

The advantages of these three methods are so obvious, that I shall not intrude on your attention by enumerating them; but, as I imagine that the defects and *disadvantages* attending on the general use of them are also not only many, but very important, a few hints to guard your readers against them may be useful.

First, *Analysis, or Observation*, when not made as perfect as our faculties will admit, is like Pope's "little learning," a very dangerous thing. As it differs but in degree from the induction of Lord Verulam, its limits in all cases must be carefully and accurately defined; and, in my opinion, that kind of humility and diffidence, for

which Sir Isaac Newton has been so justly celebrated, is the best comparison in this, as in all philosophical, and perhaps all other species of research.

Secondly, *Analogy, or Resemblance*, is a rock on which thousands have been wrecked, and, as long as it is mistaken for analysis, it will always fail. Its true use appears to me simply as I have stated, *an aid to technical memory*, subservient, though anterior, to arrangement, and preparatory to analysis.

The definitions of wit and judgment, as given by Locke, (which will occur to every reader,) will serve to illustrate my meaning. It is the province of the one to collect and combine, of the other to separate and arrange, and turn to use; but woe to them who mistake the former for the latter!

Lastly, *Arrangement, or Order*, must not be confounded with the *Synthesis* of logical writers, but refers wholly to the classification of subject in our mind, in the manner I have shewn, and is applicable to the *Categories* of the ancient schoolmen; for a just notion of which (without entering into the exploded subtleties of Aristotle) I refer you to the learned Mr. Harris's illustration of the subject.

It is only by proper employment of these three me-

thods, that the fourth Class of your scale will be preserved within its orbit, neither diverging towards the cold of No. 3, nor the heat of No. 5.

> Neu te dexterior tortum declinet in orbem,
> Neve sinisterior pressam rota ducat ad Aram.
> Inter utrumque tene.

That all your acquaintances, Mr. Artist, who you say are so numerous in Class 5, may be gradually brought back to the safe middle path, is the calm wish of

Your sincere Friend,

———.

*P. S.*—Could you not add a tale to these hints, comparing Analysis, Analogy, and Arrangement, to the three Graces:

Analogy culling flowers, heedless whether noxious or useful;

Analysis, valuing them by their useful and ornamental qualities; and

Arrangement, placing them to the greatest possible advantage?

I forget the names of the three ladies; but make any use you please of the hint, and alter it as you think fit.

## No. V.

# PATRONAGE.

*Quod si tam Graiis novitas invisa fuisset,*
*Quam nobis, quid nunc esset vetus?*

THERE can be few sensations more gratifying to the bosom of the real patriot, than those which he experiences on observing a sarcasm, which has for a length of time been successfully levelled at his country, suddenly losing its force, and by degrees effectually averted. My countrymen will, I am confident, feel this pleasure, in contemplating an event which appears to be taking place, in the case of the Fine Arts in England.

But a little time since, the lamentations of English Painters seemed to have dulled, by their very frequency, the edge of attention, and to be no longer capable of exciting a sympathy in minds which found their more commodious gratification in repose. More than six and

thirty years of complaint had elapsed, since Painting was declared, by the greatest English Artist, to be in the arms of death; and the art thus began to assume the air of the ingenious mendicant in our streets, who, to extort charity, counterfeits the last agonies of the human frame, and whom, notwithstanding those fearful symptoms, the heart-struck contributors to his exigencies behold again with astonishment, after a lapse of days or months, in the same attitudes of unutterable distress, the same affecting resemblance of momentary dissolution.

But all this scene of sorrow is suddenly and unexpectedly reversed. The *real* impositions practised on the liberal minds of those, who believed that they were benefiting their country by a general purchase of the works of foreign schools, began to open the eyes of many of improved taste, and the well-timed remonstrances of living artists, aided by powerful proofs of their skill, have now awakened a spirit, conscious of good, which appears to be spreading over the whole kingdom, and, if duly cultivated, may lead the way to an effectual advance of the arts. To assist in guiding these infant energies of public taste, must be a grateful task to professional experience, and,

I am persuaded, the President of the Royal Academy did not feel less pleasure in communicating his thoughts in the following letter, which is an enlarged copy of an answer lately returned by him to a recent institution, than my readers will receive from the instruction they may derive from it, especially if they are in any manner connected with establishments of a similar nature now arising in England.

I shall subjoin, under the same head, another letter on the subject of one of the most celebrated patrons of the arts, to whose example the patrons of all other countries may look with advantage.

*To the Committee of the Northern Society for promoting the Fine Arts.*

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE been honoured with your letter, explanatory of the designs of your Society for encouraging the Fine Arts at Leeds; and it is gratifying to observe, that, by forming the plan which you have thought fit to communicate to me, you have opened the way to their cultivation

in the north of England. Your zeal in cherishing the Fine Arts—the protection you offer them—are highly honourable to you; and I entertain no doubt, that, from the influence of your proceedings, the warmest desire of affording them the like protection, will be diffused throughout other cities, and other counties. London and Bath, already, have each their institution for augmenting and extending the spirit of patronage among those classes of life in which alone it can be effectually beneficial; and the accession of your present undertaking reasonably induces the hope I have mentioned, that your joint examples may be followed by every city in the United Kingdoms.

Had such a spirit been sooner awakened, had patronage in the higher departments of art been more early extended to ingenious youths,—to the many of distinguished talents, whose ardour in study and whose abilities I have witnessed, passing before me for nearly half a century,—England would by this time have possessed men as eminent in historical painting as she now boasts in portraits, in the useful arts, in science, and philosophy; in all which her attainments so conspicuously exalt her above other nations.

Earnest even as you are, Gentlemen, in the prosecution of your laudable design, you have not perhaps

contemplated, to its full extent, the magnitude of those benefits to which your exertions lead. You are about to give to the rising generation, to the children of your and England's bosom, an opportunity of beholding, from their infancy, the works of living genius in their native country; the sight of which becoming habitually pleasing, cannot fail to inspire them with a love for those works, equal in force to the impressions of pleasure derived from them to their tender minds; for early habits bring on early affections, which remain with us through life.

Those early habits are one of the causes, why whole communities, both in Greece and Italy, became emulous to cherish the Fine Arts among them; for their porticos, their temples, their churches, palaces, and dwellings, were the rich repositories of the enchanting powers of the arts, which, in those public resorts, were perpetually before the eyes of the youths of all ranks. It is in no slight degree to be attributed to the want in this country of rooms and galleries, filled with the productions of its own living and native genius, that the love for the arts, and their consequent growth, has been retarded among us; and it is no less owing to such galleries having been filled and adorned with productions of pencils cherished in other

nations, that the now senior portion of men of taste in the opulent classes of England, have imbibed from their infancy a predilection for the works of foreign schools.

Those works were the only productions of the pencil, of which, during their childhood, they perceived the possession to be coveted. The names of Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, Correggio, and Titian, are become as familiar to them as those of their most intimate acquaintances; and where these names are annexed to pictures, both the beholder and the proprietor fancy that, in the presence of such works of superior art, they feel in their very atmosphere an undefined *something*, approaching to a divine exuberance of spirit,—when perhaps, alas! in fact, neither Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, Correggio, nor Titian, ever beheld those idolized works, nor are they even copies from the pencil of those justly admired painters.

No man, I assert, can place a higher value on the real works of the great masters of all schools, or hold their names in higher respect, than myself, nor is there any one who would more earnestly desire to see them treasured in the cabinets of our gentlemen and nobles; but when spurious productions are imposed on the liberal

purchaser, to the exclusion and contempt of real living merit, one is at a loss which to condemn the most, the knavery or the folly.

Had the communities of Greece, Italy, and Flanders, neglected to cherish the early progress of living talents, we should never have seen those splendid works, which have immortalized at once the countries in which they were executed, the people who patronized, and the artists who produced them; and I hope the period is not far distant, when a full knowledge of the effective aid which delineation gives to the other parts of education, will be the means of adding a drawing-master to every grammar-school in these kingdoms, that the youths who are educated in our schools, may possess the advantage of the delineating powers, joined to their grammar education. This will not only give to such as may embrace the mechanic arts a superior skill and taste in all they do, but will render what they do more grateful to their employers.

The influence of taste, thus early ingrafted, and extending itself to all branches of manufactory, will meet the higher and more wealthy orders, whose accomplished minds will feel and relish the increase of elegance diffused over their domestic retirements. For never have the arts taken,

nor ever *will* they take root in any country, until the people in that country generally feel and understand their constitutional excellence, and the refinement of domestic comforts which they spread around them. Had the patronage of those countries, where they have been principally cherished, rested solely with the Leaders and Conquerors, or with the Popes and Princes; had it not been accompanied by that which flowed from numerous individuals of rank and wealth, neither the porticos, the temples, the churches, nor the palaces and galleries of those countries, would ever have been so superbly filled as they were; nor could those collections have been made from thence, which have filled so many galleries and cabinets elsewhere. The patronage *then* so generally dispensed, was directed to the protection of living genius; and they, by whom it was so dispensed, sought to form no other collections than the works of native and living masters. This is the true basis of national eminence in the arts. On any other ground there can be no such thing as patronage: nothing else is worthy of that name. The encouragement, therefore, extended to the genius of a single living artist, though it may produce but one original work, adds more to the celebrity of a people, and is a higher proof of true patriotic ardour, and a generous

love for the progress of art, than all the collections that were ever made from the productions of other countries, and all the expenditures that were ever bestowed in making them.

I know of no people since the Greeks, who have indicated a higher promise to equal them in the refinement of the arts than the British nation; but this can only take place when the whole mass of the people shall be awake to the usefulness of the arts, and the splendour they confer. I have no doubt that every province of the United Kingdoms would then afford the means of cherishing them by exhibition and patronage, with the same pride that the Greeks filled their temples, or the Italians their churches, with works whose fame is now fixed for ever.

These are my sentiments, the result of observations founded on the unerring truth of experience; and I hold it not improper to have declared them to you on the present occasion, as your Society is about to take that ground for patronage, of which it is so much to be wished that the example may be diffused throughout his Majesty's dominions; while it must also be observed, that the patronage held forth by many great and noble characters, needs no spur; and the means projected by other spirited indi-

viduals in opulent stations, for extending and perpetuating the works of British masters, fall short in no degree of the most fervid energies of private examples, of which any country has been able to boast.

I make no doubt but that it will be your study to keep alive such energies and examples of patronage, when YOUR SOCIETY shall open its doors to the public; for patronage is to professional merit what the ocean is to the earth—the great source from whence it must ever be refreshed, and without whose renovating powers, conveyed through innumerable channels, every thing must become dry, and all productions cease to exist.

With these sentiments, and with every good wish for the prosperity of your Society, and the extension of the Fine Arts,

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your much obliged

BENJAMIN WEST,

*President of the Royal Academy of Arts.*

The Committee of the Northern Society
for promoting the Fine Arts.

*Est operæ pretium cognoscere quales*
*Ædituos habeat——*

*TO THE ARTIST.*

SIR,

RETURNING home, a few evenings since, from viewing the collection of Athenian works of Sculpture at Lord Elgin's, after retracing in my memory the various beauties of all that I had just beheld, I found my mind insensibly led to a consideration of the striking *singularity* of the scene at which I had been present. If any one were to calculate the chances of things in the world, it appeared to me probable, that there are few events which could have been either less foreseen or less to be expected, than that the productions of Sculpture, intended to adorn and immortalize Athens, nearly five centuries before the Christian æra, should be destined to furnish a private cabinet in the capital of the British empire; a country almost unknown at the time when those works were wrought, and

totally insignificant in the account of political power or fame! I reflected, that had such a change taken place among ordinary things, it would have merely furnished a subject of amusing wonder, and have been considered as a kind of *lusus fortunæ*, gossipped of for a few days, and then forgotten for ever. But such an event as that on which I was meditating, could not fail to be regarded with continual astonishment, and I therefore concluded that it stood in a higher class of incidents, and that its explanation must be looked for in some more solid and satisfactory theory.

I soon persuaded myself that the seeking for, cherishing, and affording refuge to these admirable works from the destructive progress of time, was another proof of the perpetuity of that flame, which is lighted in our bosoms by the instinctive love of the *Arts of Beauty;* a passion which I reverenced, as connected with the finest feelings and most amiable tendencies of our nature.

It is as natural, I thought, for those arts, as for the divine spirit of Liberty itself, to seek and find out their congenial abode; and I felt a grateful confidence that our reception of them would prove the fact to be so: for I

considered the arrival of the extraordinary remains of sculptural excellence among us, as a symbol of the flight of that Genius of the Arts, who drooping neglected, or overborne by the blind insensibility of his former votaries, directs his course towards us, allured by the distant gleam of dawning cultivation, the safety of our shores, and the hopes of expanding his brightness over a new and long-benighted world.

But as the security of the fugitive can only be attained by the alliances which he may have the good fortune to make in our island, I felt an anxious wish, that before my countrymen entered into any engagements with him, they would fully consider in what manner their credit might be affected by them; and for this purpose I began to revolve in my thoughts the *character* of the greatest ally this stranger ever possessed in the land, from which he had now passed over into Britain. The following was the result of my meditations:

PATRONAGE is an honour to the arts, only as the patron himself is honourable. To become the favourite of the great and powerful, by an accommodation to their follies or vices, to humiliate talents, the gift of our Creator,

to the purposes of luxury, or to render them the obsequious vassals of caprice, changeful as the cameleon, and dependent on the breath of a moment;—for such a purpose, to confine, and perhaps to stifle, the expanding feelings of the heart; to conceal, or shut from the world, the debt it has a right to claim, or (according to the sentiment of a late amiable Poet) to " give up to" a narrow individual " what is meant for mankind;"—when such are the conditions of patronage, what but disgrace and inward mortification awaits the pampered victim! *That* public patronage alone is honourable, which, inflamed with love of noble purposes, elects the objects of its grace, not for the qualities of individuals, but because the powers of those individuals are proved best adapted to be the ministers of its designs.

Such patronage the arts once found in PERICLES, who, when he was intrusted with the management of the most polished and most flourishing state in Europe, became enamoured of the honours of the republic, and finding his country replete with men of admirable talents, amassed the wealth of intellect for the service of the state, and consecrated at once the Artist and the Arts to religion and public virtue.

It is matter of pleasing wonder to reflect, that in the

short space of forty years, during which he either conjointly or solely administered the republic, such splendid, noble, and sublime works of architecture and sculpture were begun and completed, as rendered Athens for ever renowned in the records of the arts, and left its splendour to remotest ages without a rival.

There is something so interesting in the account given by Plutarch of this great patron, that your readers would perhaps forgive me, if I were to present them with a brief abstract of his life; but, in conformity to the general design of your papers, I shall particularly consider him in such circumstances only as are relative to the arts which he favoured.

"The magnificence of the temples and public structures," says the writer just mentioned, "was the chief delight and ornament of Athens, and the wonder of all strangers." Of these works, far the noblest were owing to the care and patronage of Pericles, whose conduct in the prosecution of such undertakings is well worthy to be made the guide of later nations. Although himself delighting, and (as is supposed) somewhat versed in the study of architecture, he knew too well the insufficiency of fortuitous acquirements, and was too well aware of the

importance of professional advantages, to entrust the execution of his splendid schemes to any other controul than that of the renowned sculptor, whose merits he so justly supported. This sculptor was PHIDIAS, who enjoyed at that epoch the highest reputation for taste as well as skill. He had added beauty to the Temples of the Graces, and solemnity to Religion itself. His eminent talents obtained for him the friendship of Pericles, and, when his illustrious patron determined to augment, by every possible method, the splendour and beauty of Athens, and had, with this view, collected in the city all the most able professors in the various departments of the arts, (among whom was the celebrated Zeuxis,) the appropriate direction of their talents was left to the discernment of Phidias.

However difficult or invidious the task imposed on this great Artist might appear, his profound and admirable professional knowledge enabled him to form such an arrangement, that every thing conspired to answer the end designed by Pericles, and Athens itself became the temple of genius. Notwithstanding the astonishing magnitude of the various structures, and the inimitable beauty and perfection of the workmanship, every artificer being ambitious that the excellence of his performance might vie

with the magnificence of the design, those works which seemed to require the labour of successive ages, were all finished *during the administration of one man.* "They were formed," says Plutarch, "with such a lasting beauty, that they have now the freshness of a modern work. They seem to be preserved from the injuries of time by a kind of vital principle, which produces a vigour that cannot be impaired, and a bloom that will never fade."

Glory was evidently the object of Pericles, but virtuous glory, the glory of contributing to exalt the renown and happiness of his country. Of his achievements it may be said, in the motto which Horace has applied to one who was proud of his wealth—

Veluti virtute paratum
Speravit magnæ laudi fore.

A passion of so lofty a nature disdained to admit the slightest claim of selfishness. The historian Thucydides, who was for many years the greatest rival and opponent of Pericles, has paid this tribute to his character, that his extraordinary influence was not owing merely to his eloquence, however surpassing and powerful, but to his unblemished integrity and contempt of riches; for though he

had rendered that great city still more great and opulent, though his power exceeded that of many kings, who have bequeathed sovereignty to their children, yet he never made even the smallest addition to his paternal estate.

The riches of Athens and her citizens appeared at all times the supreme wish of his heart; and his comprehensive genius embraced all objects which tended to that point, and accomplished them. In the bounty of his patronage, the various splendours of public undertakings neither left the artificer in the servitude of unremunerated toil, nor in the indolence of unearned favour.

One only instance occurred of neglect in the duties which he had thus imposed on himself; and it cannot be denied that it is of considerable note.

The philosopher Anaxagoras, who had been his early tutor, and from whose lessons he had derived that all-commanding power of words by which he was distinguished, finding himself overlooked amidst the regulated bounties of Pericles, covered his head, agreeably to the custom of the times, and laid himself down to die. But Pericles was no sooner made acquainted with the circumstance, than he flew anxiously to his relief, and effectually

employed the eloquence he had learned from his master, in recalling him to life and comfort.

When the fame excited by his munificence had begun to raise up envious enemies, and he was accused of squandering the public treasure in works of decoration and vanity, he defended himself by alleging, that, after the city was well supplied with every thing necessary for its exigencies, the superfluity of its wealth ought to be expended in such works as "could not fail, during their progress, to diffuse plenty among the ranks of industrious citizens; and when completed, would be an eternal monument of their glory." The opposite party in the state, (at the head of which Thucydides still ranged himself,) continuing to prefer against him several charges of the same import, he at length convened the people, and appealed to them, desiring them to declare, whether they thought that such of his expenses, as were of the nature before explained, had been too great.

"Much too great," was the reply that resounded from every quarter. "Then," rejoined Pericles, "the expenses of the *public buildings* shall be *mine*, and *my* name shall be inscribed on them." The public of Athens, accustomed

to the most refined satire, understood the reproof, and ratified his munificence by acclamation.

The closing hours of this great man's life are singularly affecting; and, though they have been often related, there is one circumstance which would very unfitly pass without notice in this place. The page of the Artist should in no wise omit the grateful, honourable record, that the greatest patron the Fine Arts have ever known, who thought their cultivation important to an exalted state and conducive to its glory, was the man who, having been the sole, uncontrouled administrator of the power of Athens for fifteen years, was able, on his death-bed, to say, "This is my glory, that no Athenian has ever through my means put on mourning."

*Graphicus.*

## No. VI.

# ON UNIFORMITY OF CHARACTER IN NATURE.

*Speculum mentis est facies, et*
*taciti oculi cordis arcana fatentur.*
JEROM.

THAT nice uniformity, or unity, of character, which may be constantly observed in every organized natural object, which has been deservedly admired in the imitative works of the Greek masters, and which can never be too forcibly inculcated into the mind of the young student, is the subject upon which I shall briefly attempt to offer a few observations, tending to illustrate the extent, and, in some measure, the origin, of that great principle.

There is a certain mutual correspondence between the works of the creation, whether they be considered in parts, or in the whole, which never fails to impress the mind of a careful and unbiassed observer with awe and admiration.—It is the existence of an universal balance, so well

poised as to admit of no partial alteration without deranging the whole organism of nature; or, in other words, it is the dependance of one part of the creation upon another, so strict and so comprehensive, as to leave nothing out of the general concatenation.

If we contemplate the celestial objects, astronomers inform us, that a series of accurate observations, and of indisputable mathematical demonstrations, proves, that the Sun and the Planets gravitate upon, and mutually detain each other within their proper limits; also, that should the weight, the velocity, or the distance, of any one of those bodies, be increased or diminished, the harmony of the whole would be inevitably disturbed, and every part of the system would feel the effect.

If we examine the phenomena that occur nearer to us, we shall find the same mutual dependance of the bodies that are concerned in it. Take, for instance, the descent of bodies towards the earth, and philosophers shew, that when a stone, or other heavy body, is left unsupported in the air, that stone, in falling, moves towards the earth, at the same time that the earth moves towards the stone (that phenomenon taking place in consequence of their mutual attraction); but the distances through which

they move are inversely as their quantities of matter; so that if the stone weighs, for instance, one pound, and the earth weighs one million of millions of pounds, then the space through which the earth moves towards the stone, is to the space through which the stone moves towards the earth, as one to one million of millions; therefore the movement of the former, though it does actually take place, is too small to be perceived by our senses.

If we consider the constitution of the atmosphere, we shall easily discover the immense nicety with which it has been adjusted, and how detrimental the alteration of any of its properties would prove. Thus, if the weight of the air were to be increased, neither our persons, nor our buildings, nor the trees, &c. could resist the motion of it (viz. the wind). Should, on the other hand, its weight be diminished, the birds would not be able to fly, and navigation could not be accomplished with sufficient promptitude. Were the air much purer than it now is, animal life and burning bodies would be consumed too fast, and so forth.

A similar investigation may be applied to other parts of the creation, and the same principle of connexion or dependance will be discovered in them all; so that if our perceptions were much more acute than they are in

our present state, we might doubtless discover that the meanest insect, which basks in the sunshine of a summer's day, has its share of influence in the general concatenation.

Let us now consider the human being as a whole of itself, and independent on other objects, and we shall easily discover the same general and mutual dependance of every organism, of every feature, and even of every action, upon each other; for the soul must act through the physical organs, and the display of every energy demands a suitable disposition of members.—The soul of Vestris, confined into the body of a dog, would not enable it to dance like a human being; and had Newton been born blind, he would never have made those wonderful discoveries in optics which have immortalized his name. The inactivity and imbecility of the mind of a *Cretin* (as Dr. Reeve observed in Switzerland, Phil. Trans. for the year 1808) is depicted in his countenance.

*Cretinism*, a word of uncertain derivation, has been used to denote a peculiar disorder with which human beings are frequently afflicted in mountainous countries. It is to be met with in the vallies of the Alps, in Switzerland, in the Valais, amongst the mountains of Germany, of

Spain, and Sir George Staunton observed it also in the Chinese part of Tartary. " The enlargement of the thyroid gland, called goitre, *Dr. Reeve says*, is the most striking feature in the unsightly aspect of a Cretin. But this is not a constant attendant: his head also is deformed, his stature diminutive, his complexion sickly, his countenance vacant and destitute of meaning, his lips and eyelids coarse and prominent, his skin wrinkled and pendulous, his muscles loose and flabby. The qualities of his mind correspond to the deranged state of the body which it inhabits; and Cretinism prevails in all the intermediate degrees, from excessive stupidity to complete fatuity."

In his description of a plate of illustration, Dr. R. says, " It is the cranium of a Cretin, who died at the age of thirty; yet the fontanelle is not closed, the second set of teeth are not out of their sockets, and none of the bones are distinctly and completely formed. The head is very large, the face small; it is like the skull of an adult joined to the face of a child; every part bears marks of irregularity in the growth and formation; and irregular action must have been the concomitant of such a morbid structure, whether the appearances be considered as cause or effect."

It was not a vain assertion of St. Jerome, that the countenance reflects or indicates the state of the mind, and that the silent eyes confess the secrets of the heart.

In the 17th century, a book was written by an attentive observer of human nature, the title of which was, *De incessu animi indice;* wherein the author endeavoured to prove, that by their deportment in walking, men shew a great deal of their natural dispositions. But we may find instances of the above-mentioned observations in almost every department of social life. Thus officers of state, justices, schoolmasters, and others, who are under the necessity of conversing with a variety of individuals in different circumstances, easily acquire the habit of distinguishing and appreciating characters, from external appearances and common actions. A person, surprised by an unexpected event, instantly changes his countenance. The news of an irremediable misfortune occasions a relaxation of all the muscular fibres, or even actual fainting. And artful indeed must be that person, who can suffer some great emotion of his soul without a suitable alteration of his countenance.

The principal objects, which particularly deserve the attention of the young artist in this field of interesting

inquiry, are the external conformation of parts in each individual, suitably to each other, and the alterations of features which are produced by the different passions.—To the latter, indeed, considerable attention is paid by our ingenious artists, and their scholars are pretty well furnished with rules and samples necessary for the purpose; but with respect to the former, they generally remain satisfied with two or three scales of proportional parts, whose module is either the head or the trunk of the human form, and seldom extend their inquiries effectually beyond those limits.

With respect to this, I must beg leave to observe, that the parts of every individual follow a peculiar proportion, as well as a peculiar conformation, by which they accord with each other, at the same time that they differ, in some measure, from the similar parts of every other individual. Compare, for instance, an African with an Indian, an Indian with an European. In short, if you examine the bodies of persons of different nations, or even of different families, you will find that the proportion of their limbs, their external conformation, and even the grain of their skins, are so very different, that with very little attention you may learn to distinguish the national, the family, and the individual difference. This is the case with bodies that

may be called perfect; but if, in consequence of an accident at the birth or during the growth of an individual, any part of the body acquire an irregular conformation, then other parts, by their dependance on the former, also become distorted or disproportionate. Thus it may be commonly observed, that a person with a distorted spine generally has the fingers longer than usual; the lower jaw is larger, and so on. Hence it is that a lameness or a distortion may be generally distinguished by only looking at the face of the person.

This correspondence of parts is observable not only in cases of the above-mentioned essential blemishes, but likewise in the most trifling deviations from the regular form. Thus a long head or a hooked nose is accompanied with peculiarities in other parts; so is a compressed head, or a broad chest, &c.

It is difficult, and it may probably be utterly impracticable, to trace the cause of this correspondence of parts throughout the whole body; but some idea of it may be formed by observing, that during the development of parts in the growth of an individual, each part contributes to the increase and proper formation of the rest, either by secreting or by absorbing particular fluids; by its action

or its weight, &c.; therefore, when one of those parts happens to be defective, other parts must likewise become proportionably defective, for want of that fostering asssistance which otherwise they would have derived from the former. When one limb is wanting or useless, its share of action in the general organization naturally devolves upon other limbs, whose shape, or size, or motion, is thereby altered by this unusual application.

Let this, however, be as it may, the fact is undoubtedly evident, and young artists ought to pay particular attention to it; since the beauty of a figure, whether in statuary or in painting—the perfection of art, seems in great measure to depend upon it.

I shall conclude these observations by briefly mentioning an instance of the application of the above-mentioned principle, and of the advantage which was derived from it, by an ingenious painter, the late Mr. G. Hussey. This gentleman formed certain rules, (by some method known only to himself,) which enabled him to fix the proportion of parts which must naturally take place in consequence of a given peculiar conformation of a principal part. Thus he would say, if the nose is so long or so shaped, then the lips must have this or that particular form; the chin must be

so and so, &c. Those who were personally acquainted with him, say, that Mr. Hussey was not only very successful in painting portraits, which he would even do from memorandums in words, when the person was not present; but that he would sometimes correct portraits painted by other persons, and of persons unknown to himself; saying, that such a mouth cannot agree with such a chin, but it must be larger or smaller, and so forth.

Mr. Hussey has left several manuscripts, and sketches of figures with geometrical lines, and numbers annexed to them; but no person that has perused them has been able to discover the method or the rules by which those lines and numbers were laid down.

*T. C.*

## No. VII.

## THE SLIGHTED BEAUTY.

*Rei simulacrum et imago*
*Ante oculos semper nobis versatur et instat.*

MR. ARTIST,

THE person whose history I here send you, is well known to us both; therefore, as you are able, you ought to be willing to assist your friend by every laudable means in your power; and, as you understand her sorrows, become her champion, prove her blameless before the world, and shew that her low and degraded condition is not her fault, but her misfortune only; and that, by a little attention and decent good usage, she might have become the ornament of the kingdom and the delight of Europe.

The matter, to which I solicit the attention of the compassionate readers, is what is commonly called a

case. It is the true and most piteous case of a *Slighted Beauty*, who is not yet quite dead, and therefore may be recovered and restored to her friends. I have concealed her name by her own desire, because she, with her usual sweetness and modesty, said, she did not wish to come before the public as a complaining sufferer, but chose to pine in obscurity, rather than appear as an impertinent intruder;—that was her very expression. I candidly told her, I was unused to writing, and therefore much feared I should not do her cause that justice which it deserved. "Ah!" said she, "we must depend on the force of truth alone, which may do more, and make a greater impression on the tender-hearted, than even eloquence itself; for I have often observed, that simple and unadorned truth has in its nature a power which neither the highest art or most fertile invention can supply; and sorrow sometimes makes even silence her best aid, and her best orator."

I sat a good while with her, and we had a long consultation on what would be the best and most effectual mode of delivering her story, so as to draw attention from an idle or a busy world; and, in the end, she kindly paid me the compliment to say, that she should place full confidence in

my will, as well as in my power, and left me entirely to my own discretion to act as I thought best.

I have therefore related her case in the manner of a narrative, from the time of her birth to the moment I was sitting at her bed-side, where she was confined by a sad cold, caught, I believe, by wearing wet shoes.

I have so sincere a friendship for this lady, that I am filled with apprehensions of not having given her case that entertaining and attractive air, which might create an interest for her suffering virtues, and make her painful situation sufficiently known for her own benefit. I was always a great lover of strict and hard truth, and have told her disastrous history without any of those beautifying incidents which captivate the polite readers of the present day. This compendium of sorrows is no novel of invention, in which you are to expect astonishing adventures and hair-breadth escapes; it contains no scenes of disappointed and distracted love, no display of unexampled villainy, no ghosts, witches, enchantments, foundlings, sentimental court ladies, philosophers, waiting-maids, lords, gamesters, assassins, or inn-keepers. Moreover, the perfections and imperfections of my unfortunate friend are here set down without fancied or fantastic exaggerations. In short, the

whole interest must depend on its being received as a simple and true statement of her sad case; and I now deliver it to the world, with the hope it may be of service to her, equal to my wish to serve her.

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*Of the Education and personal Perfections of our Heroine, and how she became the adopted Daughter of a Sovereign Prince.*

The enchanting, but unfortunate young lady, whose memoirs are the subject of the following sad pages, was not more eminent for her extraordinary accomplishments, than for the ill-treatment which she has experienced in her progress through life; and which ill-treatment is the more to be marvelled at, when we take into consideration the auspicious appearance of her early years, and the fortunate circumstances which attended them; all which I shall presently relate.

As to her birth, no very clear account of it can be given; but her family is said to be of very great antiquity, and she herself is supposed to be descended, in a direct line, from the great Apelles, of everlasting fame. This, I

believe, is a literal truth, and no false emblazonment made out through thick and thin, in imitation of those liberal-minded gentlemen, the heralds, who possess so much of the milk of human kindness, that they make but little difficulty in decorating with two or three hundred years of ancestry those lucky children of poverty who have gained high titles, no matter how; whether by virtue, or by vice. It is fully sufficient for my purpose, to inform the gentle reader, that the family of our heroine had indeed lain for a very long time in obscurity, and, as I may say, under a cloud; but its character was still so much respected in the country in which she was born, that no sooner was her birth declared, than she was adopted by the sovereign, and immediately entrusted to the care of a venerable matron, to whose extraordinary virtues and knowledge he himself was indebted, not only for the great strength he had acquired in his limbs during his infancy, but also for the surprising influence which he afterwards gained in his own dominions, and those of his neighbours; and happy would it have been for him, and for the rest of mankind, if he had continued to conform to her sage counsels, and had not indulged himself in so many of his own capricious whims and fancies as he afterwards shewed;

for he was a prince of despotic power, and of the highest order of sovereigns.

This potentate was somewhat singular in his character; and it is necessary that I should inform the reader of some of those singularities, that he may have the clearer idea of the kind of education and manner of life in which our young heroine was brought up under this fond patron.

In the first place, he might be considered, without any dispute, as the most learned prince in Europe, having a consummate knowledge of the world; a master of politics; and, for all matters of taste, exquisite in his perceptions beyond all competition; and so supreme was his dominion, (in his own opinion at least,) that he conceived he had not only the command over the bodies of his subjects, but that their souls also were at his disposal. Notwithstanding all this, there was such a mildness in his government over all those who acknowledged his whimsical authority, that his indulgences became a proverb; for he has often and often been known to grant free pardon to such as most richly deserved to have been hanged, and, moreover, to bestow his blessing on them. But then he could not bear the least contradiction, and

on frequent occasions would fall into paroxysms of rage, and pour out such a volley of frightful oaths and curses, that it would have made your hair stand an end only to have heard them. He would most gladly have seen the objects of his wrath burnt to a cinder without mercy, and actually has commanded those deeds of cruelty to be executed on certain culprits, when he could lay hold on them; which made all those who had offended him keep out of his reach. Yet, that he was a wise prince, cannot be denied, in spite of the many odd humours to which I have said he was subject; one of which was, that he would always persist in wearing three crowns upon his head at one and the same time. He was also surprisingly devout, and spent a very large portion of his time in prayer and religious ceremonies; for he was the supreme head of his church, and supremely partial to its interest and aggrandisement. To this is to be added, that whatever end he desired to gain, was sought for by any species of means best fitted to his purpose; sometimes by eminent learning, piety, or virtue; sometimes by art and cunning; and sometimes he gained his wish by the mere chance of good fortune.

Such, then, was the nature of that court in which our

favoured heroine received the first impressions on her mind; but, although thus nursed by Fortune, and assisted by powerful patronage and adoption, all seemed less than her deserts, and, when balanced in the scale against her own various accomplishments, was but as chaff weighed against gold.

Her person, even from her childhood, was beautiful, and, as she grew up, became a model of the most perfect proportion. Indeed, it was a common saying, that the Medicean Venus might have passed for her portrait, or that she herself had been formed from that statue. Her mind was not less accomplished than her body, and each seemed to strive with the other for pre-eminence. The gracefulness of her action was like that to be seen in the highest efforts of design by Parmegiano, accompanied by a melting softness and sweetness, such as we find only in the pictures of Correggio, and which cannot be described by words. The fascinating expression of her eyes and countenance might vie with the utmost exertions of the pencil of Raffaelle himself, and was attended with all his simplicity; and the texture of her skin, and glow of her complexion, can only be compared to the happiest tints of Titian. When she became animated by ex-

traordinary events, she could assume a dignity of deportment that would astonish, and raise herself to be on a par with the sublimity of Michael Angelo; then, again, soften into all the exquisite feminine mildness, beauty, or patient piety, expressed by Guido or Domenichino. Her dress was regulated by that taste, which no rule can give or controul: it comprehended all the advantages of the ancient statues; it displayed all the perfections of her exquisite form, yet seemed like the garb of purity itself. She despised all trivial ornaments, and indeed, as the poet says, appeared "most adorned" without them. She was, from her cradle, the subject of universal admiration, yet flattery never made her vain to her detriment: it only increased her desire to deserve praise; beautiful without conceit, graceful without affectation, playful without vulgarity, grand without arrogance, soft without weakness, and wise without austerity.

Thus accomplished, it is natural to suppose that she must have been sought after and courted by princes of the greatest kingdoms, and that happiness must have been her lot; but this record will serve to shew, how uncertain are all the fortunes of this life. Her patron father had often promised to deck her with princely honours and

titles; but various accidents interrupted those intentions, so that they never came to completion. I observed before, that from her earliest infancy, she had been intrusted to the care of a wise and prudent governess, one who had dedicated herself to the holy offices of the church; and her scholar, educated by her in all its solemnities, had acquired a kind of awful, pensive dignity of demeanour, which, like nature itself, pervaded her behaviour in every action, and gave a grace that seemed divine. As she was the adopted daughter of a princely father, who, it must be remembered, was high-priest as well as temporal sovereign of his empire, most of her time, in compliance with his pleasure as well as her own gratification, was dedicated to the pious service of the church, in which she assisted, and adorned it with surpassing skill, judgment, and taste. This gained her universal admiration, and the homage paid to her was carried to such an extent, that it only fell short of raising altars to her name.

*How our Heroine grew tired of her Father's Court, and how she set out on her Travels to see the World.*

The eminence and fame of our fair lady soon became the universal topic of conversation, and she was earnestly solicited by the greatest personages to visit every kingdom of Europe. This highly gratified her only foible (if it may so be deemed), a little tincture of the romantic, which produced a desire to wander into countries known to her merely by their names; and when thus pressed on every side, so consistently with her own inclination, no wonder if she easily yielded, and formed the resolution to become a traveller and see the world. Thus determined, she soon afterwards quitted her father's court, accompanied by her faithful protectress, who was firmly attached to her by the strongest ties of friendship, and a kind of parental affection. She received her father's benediction at her departure, and, by his command, a splendid retinue in the service of the church attended in her train. She rested at most of the cities in the districts under her father's dominion, and conducted herself so admirably, that she was

treated with little less reverence than that which would have been paid to himself if present.—She also made a visit to Venice, where she continued for some time, appearing in great splendour; and it was remarked, that the front of her palace was most superbly ornamented, and that nobody had ever before hoisted such brilliant colours on their gondola.—She thence took the route of Germany, and shortly after arrived in that country, where she was likewise received with the utmost possible marks of respect, and every honour was paid her agreeably to the dignity of her origin and connexions, and her own virtues and accomplishments. What added eminently to the grandeur of her apppearance (which seemed to claim respect above a mortal) was the religious retinue, which still attended on her, and threw a sacred air over her, which excluded all idle and vulgar intruders.

But here we may observe the ill consequences of a circumstance which particularly affects those who are not of age sufficiently mature to have their habits fixed. In Germany, she had no longer those high examples of conduct before her, which she was wont to contemplate and imitate; and, being suddenly deprived of those, she scarcely knew at first how to deport herself, and her manner

became stiff, dry, and awkward; and when she shook off this, and attempted grace and greatness, she only made the matter worse, by running into absolute affectation and ranting bombast.—She soon quitted this region, to gratify Spain with the honour of her presence; and when there, as if inspired by that grave and dignified people, she became herself again: her whole conduct, during her stay in that country, was a display of piety, dignity, and genius. She was accordingly treated with singular attention, and loaded with honours and with profit. She was still under the guidance of her faithful governess, and in no period of her life did she shew herself a more laudable example of universal imitation: it is no wonder, therefore, that, though urged by curiosity and strong desire to proceed on her travels, she could not leave Spain without regret.—She quitted it at length for Flanders, where she assumed a new appearance and mode of carriage. In this country it was that she made the first considerable departure from her original dignity and gravity of character. Owing to the free manners of the people with whom she consorted, and to the continuance of absence from her father's controul, she seemed by degrees (in her own apprehension at least) more at liberty to act

for herself; and, being inexperienced in the world, she saw every thing in a new light, and felt great enjoyment in the state of freedom which she conceived she had attained. She found herself perfectly cleared from the stateliness, and (as it now seemed) gloomy dignity of the solemn institutions to which she had dedicated her first studies. Her deportment from this time began to alter greatly. One of the first symptoms remarkable in this change, was the prodigious fondness she shewed for dress and every species of finery, so very contrary to any thing of the kind which had hitherto manifested itself in her disposition, except when at Venice, where she had acquired great credit by the brilliancy of her appearance; a circumstance which now encouraged her to carry it to excess, to the equal surprise and grief of her faithful protectress, who one day saw her going into public dressed out with silks and ribbands, which contained every gaudy colour of the rainbow: red, blue, yellow, purple, green, orange, as if striving which should shew the brightest, were floating in the air in all directions at every step she took. She shewed also a prodigious love for flowers, and frequently would adorn herself with such enormous nosegays, that at times you could not see her face for

them. All this fondness for shewy colours gave inexpressible trouble to her prudent guardian, who would often enter into discourse on the subject, and finish with long and most sagacious lectures and admonitions. She observed to her, how much such frippery took from dignity, obscured real beauty, betrayed a vulgar taste, and was wholly incompatible with a character of importance, or even of chastity. But all this was said in vain: Miss was enamoured of a rainbow, and nothing seemed likely to cure her of her fancy. Her sage adviser had only the consolation of remarking, that she always kept herself extremely clean, and that she had so judiciously assorted those glowing hues, that they wonderfully set off each other. But the most odd part was, that she would not give up the pleasure of showing off in those bright tints, how much soever the circumstances of her situation seemed to demand it; and often went in her favourite gaudy dress to accompany the mourners at a funeral, where, if she wept, she still looked gay.

She was now become a buxom, laughing, joking girl; romped with the men, and so much enjoyed herself, that she eat and drank in such sort as to grow enormously lusty, and soon became nearly as broad as she was high. The

beauties and graces of the Grecian contour were now no longer to be discerned; the whole form was lost in the quantity of flesh, which engrossed her once delicate and graceful limbs, and her brawny shoulders, fat elbows, and cherry cheeks, appeared as red as a brickbat.

In derision, her companions gave her the nick-name of the *flesh shambles*.

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*How the beautiful Wanderer became so well pleased with travelling, that she* would *go on with it; also of the pithy Advice that was given her by her old Duenna, who* would not *go on with her.*

Our Beauty became so gay, and so well pleased with these first essays of her travels, that nothing would satisfy her humour, but she would proceed in quest of new adventures; and, at first, she concluded that her pious companion would still have attended her; but, on the question being put, the answer was an absolute refusal, accompanied with a thousand entreaties, that she would not thus court disaster, penury, and contempt, nor obtrude herself an unwelcome visitor in strange countries. But, buoyed up

by success and flattery, and still impelled by curiosity, she turned a deaf ear to every argument which could be offered against her darling wish; for she was filled with the notion of her own consequence, and sufficiently convinced in her mind that she should meet with a joyful reception in whatever place she deigned to bless with her presence; and, in spite of all dangers, she resolved to go on, although alone (her religious retinue having now left her), unfriended, and without a guide: like another Minerva, she was above those weaknesses so common to the female sex, and she became very impatient till the hour was fixed, at which she was to pursue her wandering project. When, at last, the time of her departure was arrived, the final leave which took place between her and her sacred friend, hitherto her protectress, was very affecting, and many tears were shed on each part. Nothing could prevail on the devotee to accompany her ward one step further; but she wept and embraced, and embraced and wept again: she implored heaven that every blessing might attend on all her beloved wanderer's ways;—"But many," said she, "are the sad forebodings of my mind, that all your days of good are past, never more to return. When both religion and the church have forsaken you,

I much fear a curse will light upon your head.—Poor unfortunate child! will you urge your fate? Will you seek the land where you will cry in vain for succour? Thy soft voice cannot, will not be heard in the world's tumult, nor can the intrinsic benefits of thy great faculties, when dimly seen (most assuredly) under the cloud of adversity, appear to be sufficiently important to claim the notice of a state.

"My darling child," continued she, "pray you, take care! Do not descend to mean and servile tricks; rather embrace poverty, even to death, than submit to such resources. Remember the dignity of your extraction, the purity of your education, and the high importance of your first employments. Regard ever with reverential awe those powers which Heaven has entrusted to your guidance, and use them only for the best and purest services of mankind, as you were wont to do heretofore.

"I have reason to think your prudence already lessened, but much I fear that in other countries it will be wholly lost. I but too plainly foresee that you will be reduced to the extreme verge of want, and therefore will abandon yourself to all the imperious caprices of the ignorant or the

rich. How different was once your state, under the protection, the splendid influence of a beneficent, an indulgent father! one of such acknowledged judgment and taste, who loved to see you in the full exertion of your talents, displaying them with that dignity which ever must accompany their services in the cause of devotion and of heroic virtue! No longer is thy elevated mind to be employed in awful contemplation on the divine missions of prophets and apostles, no more to be enrapt in heavenly glories of descending angels o'er the Saviour of the world, nor evermore be called in aid to represent the sacred ecstacies of expiring saints and holy martyrs!—Go, go, presumptuous, friendless orphan!—(O cutting, mortifying reflection!)—Go, and meet thy future doom, to aid the vulgar mirth of boors in their hovels, and join their dance to ill-played tunes on fiddles and on bagpipes; to repeat their childish humours, and be thy very self no more! Go, keep a small-ware shop, be the retailer of ribbands and of frippery; turn milliner, and watch the passing moment of the mode, lest it perish e'er you catch it! Thus become the historian of the idle; and remember that, like a stage dancer, you keep a fixed eternal smirk upon your face, lest

you should be thought too grave, and thereby disgust your customers.—Prepare thyself for all this, for this, I predict, will be thy fate.

" Little do you know or reflect on the value of your protectress, whom you now quit and lose for ever, and with her all your earthly importance; for with me I shall withdraw that sacred veil in which you seemed to be enshrined; you will become now no better than a forlorn abandoned wanderer, a vagabond, an outcast! You will find, my child, by sad experience, that you have lost your terrestrial paradise: it is a rude world that lies before you, in which to seek your dwelling-place, and folly for your guide.—Farewell, my daughter! farewell for ever!" Her voice was choaked, and she turned away, bathed in a flood of useless tears.

Thus finished the remonstrance of the enthusiastic devotee. Our young heroine also shed tears; but these, like the showers of spring, were soon dried up, and their cause as soon forgotten.

*How the Beauty continued her Travels, and how the Author cannot tell whither, but supposes it was to England; and of the strange Adventures she met with there.*

At this period of our Beauty's history, a doubt occurs, which it will puzzle future connoisseurs and antiquaries to clear up; and in distant ages, when this renowned and ever to be remembered history becomes the subject of the remarks, annotations, and animadversions of future critics, whose grandfathers are yet unborn, it will then, I say, be found that the author did not know whether the fair wanderer's first visit, after she quitted Flanders, was to France, or England; and, for any help that I can give them, it must remain in eternal obscurity, as she herself never informed me, and I, from my profound respect to her, never presumed to trouble her with any inquiries, fearing I might give offence. I received whatever she chose to relate to me, and only added to it from my own certain knowledge of her adventures. Thus, then, it stands; for I would not, in this my unbiassed, unadulterated, unsophisticated, and true

history, given to the best of my knowledge, relate a single incident, when I was not fully convinced of its authenticity.

It is a certain fact, however, that both these kingdoms of England and France obtained the honour of her presence, as I shall hereafter shew. And I must also observe, that to whichever it was that she paid the first visit, it makes no material difference in regard to the great and important purpose for which I became the humble historian of her chequered life. Therefore, to proceed without further interruption, I shall conclude that her next visit was paid to England, which country, for certain, she had long desired to see; and it is equally certain, that, at her arrival, she was received with the kindest welcome, and, at first, every appearance seemed to be in her favour; for it is with pleasure I am able to say, that, during her abode in our country, she was flattered by the addresses of no less than two admirers, (at different periods,) both of the highest rank in the kingdom. The first of these received and cherished her, when but a stranger in the land, with tokens of the highest regard; though, in the end, he became her real enemy, and gave a fatal blow to her interest in this country; for he was in his nature a fickle

tyrant, and had treated his wives no better; for out of six, which he had married, he cruelly murdered two, yet persisted in saying that they died a proper death, and so got rid of the vile business.

Her next admirer was a man of the most accomplished manners, of high taste, refined mind, and possessed of a thousand virtues. She loved him sincerely, but lost him by an untimely death, so undeserved, that the awful recollection is terrible. An enthusiastic crew assassinated him, and then seized on all his property, and possessed themselves of all his power. This event threw her into such a deplorable state of melancholy and despondence, that it had very nearly cost her her life. She mourned his loss, not only as her lover, but also as her protector, friend, and patron; for, had he lived longer, he would have aggrandized her to the utmost of her wishes. But there had been no opportunity, during the short period of their acquaintance, for him to give her that high importance to which she had been accustomed in her early days; and, at last, his own affairs became so embarrassed, that it was no longer in his power. But he loved and encouraged her endeavours, and afforded her a thousand opportunities of displaying her exquisite taste, judgment, and fine genius;

and happy were all her days until his fatal death!—What also at the time increased her calamity, (already too great,) was, that those who laid claim to his effects, as his successors, immediately set about to wreak their utmost vengeance on all his late favourites, and on herself amongst the rest. Indeed, she was the particular object of their abomination; first, for her own sake, for they could discern no virtues which she possessed; next, because she had been the favourite of their predecessor; and, lastly, on account of her father, to them most detestable, whom they called by the formidable appellation of the Scarlet Whore of Babylon. In short, they conceived such an inveterate hatred against her, that they lost no time in satisfying their fury but posted suddenly away to her place of residence, and broke into the house with an intent, if possible, to have annihilated her at once; but by good luck she escaped out of their hands alive, though not till her clothes were almost torn off her body. After having thus frightened her into flight, they directed their vengeance against all that appertained to her, and instantly made seizure of every particle of her property, which at the time was very considerable; and this was done, not with the intention to make any use of it for their own good, but merely by way

of expressing their inveterate spite and detestation of her power, being tastelessly insensible to her merits. They, with violent and rude hands, tore down all the beautiful ornaments and hangings of the rooms, which they burnt or broke to pieces, and wished to have done it before her face: they also demolished every bit of glass in all the windows, only because it had been placed there by her desire. Then, filled with all that confidence of superiority and pride, which conceit and ignorance only can bestow, they paused; and, blessing themselves while they surveyed the precious ruin, turning up the whites of their puritanical eyes in pious ecstacy of zeal, cried, "Now behold the downfal of this vile harlot's witchery and popish charms! No more shall such vicious trumpery disgrace our venerable walls; let them in future be all pure, and plain white-wash; or, if they ever are to be discoloured, let it be by natural damps, black smoke, or green mildew; for true devotion can defy all filth! No popish stuff or show for us! And we also prophecy, that our pure example shall be observed, and imitated, (in this our own country at least,) till time shall be no more!"

It might have been expected, that after all this was done, their rage would have been satiated: but no; they

were not content with destroying her substance, and driving her from her habitation, but they also vowed their utmost vengeance against all those, who should dare even to give her harbour, and aimed at starving her to death, or at least driving her out of the country; and they still heightened the bitterness of her calamity by the addition of most virulent abuse, inventing a thousand falsehoods to her prejudice, and setting all the neighbourhood against her; accusing her of profligacy, saying, they were well assured of her wicked life and conversation; that she had connived with and assisted a diabolical old wizard—a father, as she called him, and had been his chief instrument to inoculate the world with sin, by promoting and assisting all his vile juggling tricks, and had given a helping hand to all his impostures; that she was no better than a sorceress, and that none of her wicked arts should ever in future be played on their premises; that she was a vile limb of the devil, and trained to serve his evil purposes; that she deserved no less punishment than excommunication, and therefore was, by their supreme order and decree, from that moment excommunicate and curst out of church, and solemnly forbid ever again to enter its gates.

These pious tyrants next levelled their vengeance at a

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person who was only her cousin-german. He was one who possessed great talents, had been for some time settled in the kingdom, and was become a man of considerable consequence, having acquired the dignity of a doctor in the universities. This victim they now doomed to share nearly the same fate with our Beauty. He was accordingly most rudely turned out of the church, on the charge of having practised a vile habit of whistling jigs there in service-time; besides which, they had much other matter to urge against his conduct, such as that he was a noisy, inflated, roaring, empty fellow, with a voice like a trumpet, insomuch that, wherever he was present, nothing could be heard but himself. Thus, by the loudness of his voice alone, he could force into silence the gravest preacher or the gayest wit; that he was a great encourager of hops and dancing meetings, in which he was sure always to be one amongst the thickest of them; that he was fond of singing what is called a good song in company, to the great delight of sinners, and the great annoyance of the trembling saints.

All this, and more, was uttered by the pious, in their wrath against him, on his being cast out from amongst them, as an abomination to their tabernacle.

He cared, however, very little for this spiteful crew of

enemies, as he was a light-hearted, well-meaning, pleasant fellow, and was always sure of a welcome wherever he came; for he had such a fascinating power, that the men followed him with delight, and as to the ladies, they were all in love with him to distraction; insomuch that, in a very few years after this, he got again into favour, and was caressed and cherished even in the heart of the church; and, although he was of a gay and expensive turn, yet he was never left in want of either meal or money.

But it was far otherwise in the case of our unfortunate Beauty; the antipathy to her was inveterate and lasting: when she was dismissed by the church, it was to return no more;—she was, indeed, the veriest sport of Fortune.

*J. N.*

*(To be continued.)*

THE

# ARTIST.

## *Part II.*

## 1809.

" *Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,*
" *And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire;*
" *An ardent judge, who, zealous to his trust,*
" *With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;*
" *Whose own example strengthens all his laws,*
" *And is himself the great sublime he draws.*"

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

" IN THE ARTS," says the Author of " *Elements of Art*," " nothing is knowledge which is not made our own by observation and experiment." I have so long been convinced of the truth of this maxim, and have seen it so constantly controverted by the pretensions of

numerous claimants to knowledge in concerns of Art, that, at the conclusion of the first series of these Essays, I proposed as a topic for discussion, "*The due limits of professional and unprofessional Criticism;*" and I have had the pleasure of finding that the question has since given rise to much speculation in the circle of my acquaintance.

I am indebted for the following letter to a conversation, which took place in a company where I was lately present, respecting "the fashionable use of metaphysical criticism on works of invention;" and I have selected it from several which have been sent to me, not only because the writer has taken a ground, with which his habitual studies render him particularly conversant, but also because his reflections, in the latter part, are immediately applicable to the subject above proposed. His opinions on it will, I have little doubt, be allowed to form a just balance of the arguments on either side of the question: at least, though I cannot take upon me to vouch for the *Critics*, I am persuaded that the *Professors* of any art will chcerfully accede to them. Professional men are generally at war with another set of men, who are indefinitely termed critics, and who,

(though frequently possessed of very general learning) having never studiously investigated the particular subject on which they pass sentence, are found to set up their own partialities and prejudices as their standard, and then muster all their forces of reasoning and other acquirements to support it; but, unless when vanity intervenes, or from some accidental cause, Professors are seldom at variance with real judges of their art, and surely not with a Critic of that kind, which the following letter describes. Poets, it is to be presumed, have no quarrel with Aristotle and Longinus. It is by such Critics that they have ever solicited to be judged, and have submitted to their decisions without a question;

"Receiv'd their laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit."

The remaining papers of this second series (which, on account of the lateness of the season, are collected in a single publication,) will consist of several letters on the Drama and its present state amongst us; philosophical Sketches, and Essays by professional men, concerning the practice or study of their respective arts; together

with some papers of a lighter cast. One of the few fragments, left by our regretted Opie, will be found in this collection, and the rest will follow at a future period: the style appears less highly finished than in his four Lectures lately published, but they discover, in no less a degree, the penetration of mind and ardour of research so conspicuous in all his pursuits, and will form a valuable addition to the catalogue of his literary compositions.

I have also continued the relation of *The Slighted Beauty's* adventures in England, the scene in which her history is more immediately designed to be of advantage to my countrymen.

*The Artist.*

*Dec.* 1, 1809.

## No. VIII.

*TO THE ARTIST.*

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH conscious of my inexperience in the art of writing, and more than suspecting the insufficiency of my technical knowledge, I will, nevertheless, according to your desire, submit to your perusal the occasional and rambling reflections, that have occurred to me on the subject of our late conversation. It is fortunate for my want of skill, that what I shall have to offer on the present occasion, does not seem to require either a strict definition of Poetry as an art considered in its essence, or even any very accurate determination of that disputable point, its real end and aim; for whether that be supposed to be pleasure alone, or pleasure combined with instruction, will it not equally be true that a Poem, in order to be considered a good

Poem, *must* possess the power of affording pleasure?—Now, pleasure being a sensation, will it not thence follow, (as in every other instance which terminates in sensation,) that the presence or absence of this power in any given Poem must always remain much more a question of fact than of reasoning?

Under these impressions, I am inclined to suspect that the prevailing habit of applying metaphysical discussion immediately to subjects of Poetry (indeed to all subjects of taste) is liable to the risk of introducing erroneous and fanciful theories into the art of Criticism. It appears to me that Criticism, as applicable to subjects of taste, is a safe guide only while she draws her conclusions, by direct analogies, from existing and established models. For, whenever she presumes to promulgate doctrines, founded on deductions from *assumed* first principles, is not the basis of such Criticism, however ingenious, a *mere hypothesis?* and can any mere hypothesis be resorted to as a safe and unerring rule?

It is probable, these sentiments will be strongly controverted by such votaries of the art, as think they exalt Poetry by calling it a *species of moral Philosophy teaching by example*, and then ask, wherefore, as meta-

physical disquisition is essentially necessary to *philosophical* studies, should Poetry reject its powerful aid?—To these or similar objections I beg leave to answer, first, that it is my intention to plead for a *limitation*, and not a *rejection* of this aid; and secondly, that, though I fully admit that the higher class of Poetry emulates moral philosophy in its intention *to make us wiser and better*, still I conceive that the means it must employ are characteristically different. The Poet addresses himself to the *heart*, the Philosopher to the *head*. The Poet endeavours so to influence our passions, that they may decide our will to actions honourable to ourselves and useful to others: the Philosopher, so to strengthen our reason, that, by subjugating our passions, it may always go direct and straight to its proper object. To a being supposed to be all intellect, (that is, devoid of passion) Poetry would be a nullity: to such a being all ornament in the writings of a Philosopher would be a positive defect.—But *man* is not such a being; he is always a compound of intellect and passion; though the relative proportion, in which the intellect and passion exist in different individuals, is indefinitely diversified. It is therefore no contradiction to my sentiments, that the writings of the most admired Philosophers are elo-

quent, or that the most approved Poets are instructive. It will suffice for the distinction which I wish to impress, if it be admitted that the Philosopher is to consider our pleasure no farther than is necessary to keep up our attention, and can never be justified, if he sacrifices perspicuity to elegance; whereas pleasure or delight ought to be so essential an object even to the gravest Poet, that those subjects alone are properly allowed to his choice, in which they [pleasure or delight] may be excited in the greatest intensity as to *themselves*, and with the least diminution as to *instruction*. These remarks, as far as they relate to philosophy, may appear irrelevant to my proposed subject; but I conceive them necessary, to obviate any misapprehension that might arise, in a further investigation of the real bearings of what I take leave to call metaphysical Criticism, on subjects of taste.

As I profess to offer only loose remarks, (and from me you can expect no other,) it is needless to apologise for digressions. I will therefore pause here, to premise once for all, that, on most speculative points, I hold certainty so nearly unattainable, that, though I may at times appear to express myself with positiveness, (either through inadvertency or to avoid circumlocution) it will scarcely

ever be my intention to imply any greater degree of conviction, than a simple assent to what seems to me, on the whole, most probable. With this caution, which I wish you to bear in mind throughout, I shall now venture to call your attention to the following propositions.—

1st. Though I believe the objects of taste determined in nature, I believe their essence inscrutable, and, therefore, that they can neither be discovered nor ascertained by mere abstract reasoning, but that they may be learned or known as far as examples reach, and no farther.

Taste (as far as I understand the word) implies a faculty, and a sensation, or rather a susceptibility of a sensation. As a faculty, it may, like all faculties, be improved or deteriorated:—as a sense, it is, like all senses, greatly influenced by habit. Taste therefore may differ in different nations at the same time, and at different times in the same nation. The best taste *relatively*, or that which will be called the best taste in the present day, is that which is most approved by the majority of enlightened nations at the present time: the best taste *positively*, is that which has been most approved by the majority of supposed competent judges, of all nations and

all times historically known, considered, together with the present majority, as an *aggregate* in existence.—Now, as Criticism should always coincide with the best possible taste, those poems, or parts of poems, that have been praised or condemned from antiquity, can alone be considered as safe examples, from which to draw rules or conclusions. The productions of the moderns may, and probably do, afford real examples of equal merit or defect; but rules or conclusions drawn from them will be less certain than those drawn from the ancient writers, in the degree that the majority of the present moment is assumed from a less number, than a majority taken from an aggregate of the present times with all that is known of former ages.

My position is, not that a modern poet may not be as good a poet as Homer; but that a modern poem is necessarily unequal to the Iliad, *when considered as affording groundwork, on which to form canons of criticism.* Therefore—

2dly. Metaphysical Criticism, when applied to poems that have stood the test of ages, may be confided in, (if skilfully executed,) as far as it confirms the dictates of time: but when it attempts to revoke those dictates, it is at best hypothetical, more or less ingenious, more or

less persuasive, but never conclusive; and every metaphysical writer, in such attempts, will always be liable to be misunderstood, except by those who are nearly his equals in abilities and erudition.

3dly. Metaphysical Criticism should never be applied to poems at the moment of publication. For poems are then on their trial; and it is only after competent judges (of course I mean the enlightened public) have given their verdict from *sensation*, that they can in any way become fit objects for metaphysical disquisition.

I fancy such disquisitions may discover to us why or how we *have been* pleased or displeased, but scarcely ever *a priori* what is likely, or ought to please either ourselves or others.—In an unbeaten track, I conceive the latter [to please] as it relates to *others*, is discovered only by the intuition of genius; and, in the imitations of what has been done before, by steady attention to the works we propose as our models, and by carefully observing and watching our sensations as they arise; not by directing our attention to the metaphysical discussion of *how they are excited:* for this last exertion will necessarily decrease the intensity and permanency of the sensation itself; which evil will be but ill compensated by any fanciful

theories of its causation.—To exemplify ;—An Englishman, travelling in a foreign country, meets with an English poem, which he had never seen :—to do either the poem or himself justice, he should, when he sits down to the perusal, divest his mind of all preconceived rules as extraneous matter, and give himself up entirely to the emotions the poem itself is calculated to excite.—Let us suppose the poem has given him considerable pleasure.—If he be of a reflecting mind, he may wish to discover the sources whence his pleasure arose, and with that intention he re-examines the composition of the poem, both as a whole and also as to its parts.—To his surprise, he finds its structure absolutely different from all the approved models with which he was acquainted, and his pleasure excited by causes which he cannot metaphysically deduce:—still to *him*, if it continued to give him pleasure, it would necessarily be a good poem; and if, on his return and bringing this poem to London, the majority of the real literati should feel as he had done, how much soever their researches, as to the cause of their pleasure, were as vain as his had been, it would be the height of bigotry, if they denied the real merit of the composition.

It never can be too often repeated, that it is *feeling* alone, which informs us when we are pleased, and though disquisition may sometimes tell us *why* or *how*, our pleasure is equally real, whether it can or not. It may be right also to repeat, that this feeling is, as I conceive, one part of what we call taste.—But now comes in a common irregularity, or rather laxity, of language. Taste sometimes means simply the feeling; for we say a good taste and a bad taste;—sometimes again the word is confined to the feeling exalted or cultivated into a degree of correctness, as in the phrases *a man of taste* and *a man of no taste.* These seem verbal minutiæ; but I firmly believe that this laxity of, and difficulty in accurately ascertaining, the terms *taste* and *criticism*, is the great cause of dissension in the question we here wish to resolve.

Quitting this digression, I am disposed to think that either the neglecting or confusing the palpable distinction between the different provinces of feeling and disquisition, has given rise to many of the volumes which have issued from the press, so whimsically called philosophical. Some of them are indeed so ludicrously

scientific, that they excite a smile—certainly not of admiration. Let me not, however, be suspected of intending to disparage metaphysics;—on the contrary, I esteem that science, when treated in a proper manner and applied to proper subjects, as the great enlightener of mind and best investigator of truth: But it is an old adage, that the best things perverted become the worst; metaphysics ill expounded, and addressed to an ill judged end, become of all things the most ridiculous. The ridicule that attaches to the misapplication of the science, will be soonest felt by its warmest admirers: when, therefore, I smile, or perhaps laugh, at the pedantic attempts to apply it to such parts of criticism as are not of its cognizance, I no more mean to speak with disrespect of either of those useful sciences, than Voltaire meant to vilify algebra, by making Candide report, that a certain academician had demonstrated by A plus B, minus C, divided by Z, that the sheep of Eldorado were necessarily red, and would die of the rot.

For, admitting Poetry of the higher class to have the two aims which I have before stated, pleasure and instruction, it appears to me that criticism certainly applies to both,

but that it should confine metaphysical disquisition almost wholly to its inquiries as to the latter.—The following reflection induces me to think, that, as far as pleasure is the object, little advantage can be gained in criticism from merely abstract reasoning.—If our mental mechanism could (which I believe impossible) be so accurately known, that we could positively determine why any given object excites its corresponding emotion, still I should venture to assert such knowledge to be so absolutely distinct from the emotion itself, that, as many men would feel the emotion without possessing the knowledge, some one man, from particular circumstances or conformation, might possess the knowledge, without its being ever possible to make him sensible of the emotion; as for instance, a man born deaf might be rendered so skilful in composition, as far as relates to harmony, that he could put a regular bass to any given melody, which others might approve or condemn, but of whose effect he would necessarily remain ignorant.—But here I perceive myself called on to make a very material distinction. I do not mean to infer that pleasure, as originating in poetry, is to be judged of arbitrarily from vulgar feeling: no; it is certainly of the province of true criticism to cultivate

our feelings into true and perfect taste. I only meant to shew that this branch of criticism is not metaphysical, but derives its information from very different sources—what they are, I may endeavour hereafter shortly to investigate.

I shall now recur to the consideration, *how far*, and *in what manner*, metaphysical disquisition is really assistant to true criticism, when it applies itself to the second aim of poetry, which I have called *Instruction*. Here I believe it to be really useful, for without it this branch of criticism will generally be superficial and inconclusive. But, unfortunately it is of most difficult management: of course, few writers can carry on with precision a continued train of abstract reasoning, and as few readers can perceive whether they do or not; and if the author make a slip, and the reader overlook it, the disquisition, though written with the best intentions, may lead to gross and dangerous error. The danger and the excellence of metaphysical research may be said, in one sense, to proceed from the same cause, namely, the high generalization, from whence it commences.—If the start be just, and the train correct, it leads, beyond all other means, to the most beautiful truths; but if either the start or train be

faulty, its unbounded velocity and power to advance, only lead us farther astray; and, consequently, notwithstanding my high value and respect for metaphysical researches, I deprecate their formal or intentional introduction into works of criticism and taste, excepting when such works are really profound, and immediately addressed to the serious student; for in lighter works, such as are intended for general use, the discarding all abstruse research will be safest, almost always to the reader, and sometimes, as I have before hinted, even to the writer himself. Every man of moderate capacity may certainly attain in some degree the science of metaphysics, but the best capacity will require considerable previous application and practice, to express metaphysical conceptions either correctly or intelligibly.—The profound and general critic must necessarily be a metaphysician; but I am persuaded that men of genius, writing on the pleasing arts, will render their reflections, if they are delivered in a popular form, at least equally, and perhaps more useful, by the omission of metaphysical disquisition.

For, even supposing metaphysics, in such works, to be well and properly introduced, they will form but a small part of the whole, and refer to what (if I may be allowed

the expression as speaking of poetry) can scarcely be called poetic.—Nature, in all her various workings, is equally the object of study to the poet and to the metaphysician,—but they view her differently and to different ends. The poet studies her, as the artist views his model: the metaphysician, as the anatomist dissects the corpse. As far as metaphysics are connected with criticism, their chief utility is not so much that they improve our knowledge of poetry, as that they make poetry itself subservient to our more intimate knowledge of nature. This may require some farther elucidation.—The higher poetry is supposed to increase the dimensions of what it represents,—it magnifies its hero and his actions,—it, as it were, enlarges the natural scale of its objects. In viewing this enlarged representation, the metaphysician may perceive some minutiæ, which had before escaped him. If he be wise, he will not at once consider this as knowledge, but, treasuring the remark in his mind, he will seek for its prototype in real life, and he may thus discover what otherwise would have passed unheeded; for surely it is needless to impress, that many things will be discovered when looked for, which of themselves would scarcely have excited attention:—Now, as the knowledge

of nature is so intricate and multifarious, that every new conception may fill up the gap in an interrupted series, or lead to very remote consequences, a distinct and new conception, which might as to itself appear of little value, may yet be essential to the future attainment of truths of the highest interest.

With regard to the Poet himself, so far from conceiving metaphysics to be at all essential to him, I rather suspect they might injure his imagery, if he were sedulously to accustom his mind to the abstractions and generalizations, which metaphysical studies so constantly require. I know it is often urged by the enthusiasts in every art, that every human endowment and every human acquirement, at least of the liberal kind, is essential to excellence in the particular art which they wish to exalt. If the enthusiast has ingenuity, it will be easy for him, in most cases, to make this rhapsody plausible;—but, after all, to what does it amount more than this, namely, that a perfect mind will be perfect in production? But, the mind of man is not infinite, neither is the time of man unlimited: his exertions are confined to what he is able to perform; and the greatest

genius, like the veriest dolt, cannot recal the hour that is passed by. Surely then, if to excel in poetry or metaphysics is the business of a whole life, (and the votaries of either will readily admit that it is) will it be presumption to assert the moral impossibility of the same man excelling in both, in the same degree that he might have done, had he applied to either separately?—may it not even be rational to suppose, that, being in their nature so distinct, a sedulous attention to the one will unfit us for the other? and ought not the knowledge of that one which we mean to consider secondary, to be always pursued with a cautious reference to this our intention? After the perusal of some of the decidedly Metaphysical Criticisms of the present day, I have sometimes fancied, nay indeed felt, my metaphysical knowledge improved; but in truth, I never felt my real judgment in Poetry (I mean my true perception of the Beauties of Poetry) advanced one iota. I conceive it to be the part of real and sound judgment in Poetry, so to decide of the merits of a poem, (that is, of its poetical beauties and defects) that our decision shall prove in unison with the decision of the greater number of men

of approved taste. The ability to defend our own opinion (be its merit what it may) with distinctness, and the perspicacity to discover the fallacies in the arguments of our opponents, is a mere metaphysical qualification, and I am persuaded that it is only this ability and this perspicacity that metaphysical Criticisms ever essentially assist.

But do I then think that there is no scientific Criticism really and properly applicable to Poetry and subjects of taste? By no means; I conceive, on the contrary, that without it, no safe or sound judgment could be formed on poetic merit, excepting by those whom Nature had blessed with high poetic genius.—In what then do I conceive this peculiar and really valuable criticism to consist? Although I have no pretensions on this point to any thing like accurate knowledge, and it is, of consequence, impossible for me to enter into the detail, I will venture to state, in general terms, in what I believe this species of Criticism does really consist. *I believe it to be a kind of Grammar, that will teach us how to study nature poetically.* The ornaments of Poetry are selected from all the varying views of natural objects: the matter itself of the higher Poetry is the various passions of

*man* in their external appearance, and the actions they produce. When superior beings are introduced, the Poet can only make them *superior men.* When unimpassioned wisdom is displayed, the Poet of Genius may, by dexterous skill, cheat us into the misconception that it is a principal or dignified feature; but, on examination, we shall find that it only becomes poetic, as far as it is a foil or contrast to some highly impassioned character, naturally more congenial to the Poet's art. Does not this, therefore, point out the Critic's duty? He is to impress on the minds of his readers the absolute necessity, if they wish to become scientifically skilful, of observing with diligence the visible appearance of natural objects—the change and habits of such as have mutation—and, of the principal man, the varying and fluctuating intricacies of his countenance, passions, and actions. This is a serious study, and the essential basis of all profound Criticism; and in this, a degree of metaphysics may facilitate the arrangement of what diligence and sagacity may treasure up from observation. In all parts of this knowledge, the Critic must be supposed sufficiently versed and skilful,

and able to communicate to his readers as much as can be communicated by instruction: he is likewise to point out how and where this knowledge has been employed by eminent Poets to the greatest advantage, and where and why others less successful have failed; he is also to shew and explain the particular structure of the Poems most admired, and the advantages thence derived; as likewise the probable or necessary inconveniencies of more faulty composition in the fable.

Though it may perhaps be improperly digressive, I wish to subjoin, that I also conceive it best accords with the Critic's duty, in his remarks on the works of genius, to dwell on *beauties*, and not on faults, unless when they are of such a nature as to be mistaken for beauties by the careless or superficial reader,—a mistake which may easily happen, either from the passage having a false glare of merit, or, where the merit is real (as to the passage taken singly), from the passage itself being improper in kind or position, as to the general tone and context of the work into which it is introduced. In truth, I firmly believe that both our judgment, our taste, and our morals will be much more improved by the habitual contemplation of excellence,

than of its contrary; for let our minds be but once strongly impressed with the steady perception of excellence, they will readily, and of themselves, revolt at whatever is essentially defective. Does not this, I may ask, seem probable in nature? and do not the writings of Aristotle and Longinus warrant the supposition that they held this sentiment? Then how strange and unaccountable the vulgar misconception, that Criticism is the *Art of finding fault!* As well might the study and cultivation of music be called the art of discovering dissonancy. The highly cultivated ear will indeed most quickly perceive a discordant sound; but it does not seek it: in the same manner, the true Critic, whose taste is refined, will be soonest sore to the error of language or discrepance of thought, when they intrude; (and what he perceives, he is bound to notice;) but still they never can be the objects of his voluntary or predetermined research, without its being some deflection from the candour and dignity of his personal character.

In fact, the only true and useful Critic, is he who teaches us, without bias or prejudice, how to observe nature with a view to Poetry, and how to read Poems with a proper recurrence to the real objects of real life.

This I really believe is what the Critic can in part do for the poetical student or reader. Whether this or more can tend to *production*, that is, can make a Poet, or really advantage him who is naturally so, is not for me to *determine*. The first, viz. to *make* a Poet, I suspect to be impossible; the second, to *advantage* him, I think most likely.

But, even if it be generally admitted that the works of Criticism will benefit the *Poet born*, still the Critic will be to the Poet only as the Grammarian to the Orator. This consideration leads, I conceive, in some degree, to determine the question proposed by you, and so often discussed between the professed Critic and the professed Artist, as to what the public ought to concede to their relative judgments. If the Poet excels from having added regular education to natural genius, he necessarily must be among the best of Critics; but if his superiority in his art is from the exuberancy of native fire, I will not say unpolished, but untrammelled by rules; if so, however exalted his superiority in his own performances, and however penetrating his judgment of the performances of others may sometimes be, such a man, although much to be ad-

mired, might be ill qualified to fulfil all the duties of Criticism: for, not having attained his knowledge by the graduated steps of regular instruction, the rapid and bounding power of his mind would have a tendency to make him overlook them, when he might chance to make instruction, not production, his object. Thinking this suspicion well founded, I conceive that, although the Poet may be the great, and perhaps the *only real* improver of the rising genius who aims at emulation, still the professed Critic must, to the mass of mankind, be the principal, or at least the *safest* instructor in the art of Poetry;—not because he is supposed to know more of Poetry than the Poet himself, which would indeed be a ridiculous assertion; but because, of what the Critic *does* know, it is likely he has attained the knowledge by more regular steps:—and I am fully persuaded that, of two men of competent, though unequal, information, the superiority as a *teacher* would be with the inferior in skill, provided only, he be supposed superior in the power of retracing in his mind the regular progress, by which that degree of knowledge which he possessed had been gradually obtained.

I hope it is neither conceit, nor arrogance, that induces

me to think, that in this dispute, supposed to exist between the Professors and their Judges, (by whom I mean *professional* Critics,) the terms used are so general, and the assertions in such extremes, that a plain man, who seeks truth, immediately sees uncertainty and fallacy on either side.

A very few words more may be necessary, lest I appear guilty of that laxity of expression, which I have ventured to blame in others.—When I have spoken of Poets and Critics, I meant those who are really such; men, who have given their productions to the world, and announced their serious intention of resting their fame and reputation on their excellence in their respective arts: for who will deny, that the mere effusions of literary leisure will never exalt their writer into a *Poet?* Then how can the desultory application of men like myself vindicate to us the title of *Critics?*

Criticism is an art of difficult acquirement: the Critic, (I speak of such who really deserve the name) is a character of high respectability, though certainly inferior to the Poet as an object of admiration. The same distinction will hold true of the arts themselves, professed by both; for however high we value Criticism, we should

reflect, that, were it not for Poetry and her sister arts, Criticism itself would have no object; and thence the conclusion is so obvious, that it cannot be made more so, even by the following quotation from one of the greatest Philosophers and Critics the world has to boast:—"It often happens that arts rise one above another in dignity, and that all those of an inferior sort are subservient to one principal." "The end of the subservient art is plainly less valuable than that of the art to which it ministers, because the former is pursued merely for the sake of the latter."

But if I had proceeded with the above quotation, (unfortunately too long,) I should have continued its great authority in support of a doctrine, which strikes me as often overlooked; namely, that an art being subservient to another, does not imply that the art, to which it is subservient, includes it: it does not therefore follow, that, because Criticism is subservient to Poetry, the Poet is *de facto* a Critic. It is true that, as in their two arts many of the mental qualities and faculties required are similar, (however much some few are different,) it is not at all improbable that a good Poet may very often be a good Critic; but I do not perceive why it should be deemed a matter of course;

however, I am most willing to admit, that the superior Critic, to be an Aristotle or a Longinus, must participate of the Poet's feeling and fire; and that regular and first-rate Poets, a Homer, a Virgil, or a Milton, must necessarily have possessed the Critic's judgment and learning in a very exalted degree.

After all, if able Critics and heaven-born Poets really hold extremes of sentiment to the contrary respecting each other, I may regret that I may never be able to agree with either, but I shall certainly continue to admire both.

Yours, &c. &c.

## No. IX.

ON THE

# CONFLAGRATION OF THE THEATRES

OF

# DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

*Collucent flammis: quæ tantum accenderit ignem,*
*Causa latet.*

THERE is something so awful in any of the great visitations of the elements, that they seldom or never occur without exciting a train of serious reflections in the minds of those who happen to witness them. I once heard a person declare, that, on being waked in his bed by an unusually loud and continued peal of thunder, he felt a sudden impression, more lively than reason had at any time been able to produce on his mind, of the neces-

sity of his future appearance at the tribunal of an infinite Creator; and that this extraordinary sense of inevitable futurity remained immoveably present in his thoughts for a continuance of several weeks:

"It is the glorious God, that maketh the thunder."
"The voice of thy thunder, O God! was heard round about."
PSALMS.

Hurricanes, and earthquakes,

"When rock the mountains, and when groans the ground,"

have naturally been supposed to be productive of similar effects, and to have

"Taught the proud to pray,
"To Pow'r unseen and mightier far than they."

Yet, greatly as religious humility becomes our mortal and imperfect condition, I do not remember that it has ever been asserted by Divines, that those electric sparks of devotion can be considered as adding much of ornament to the human character. At the best, they are certainly unfit to be compared with the mild and constant fervour of a truly religious frame of mind, which disposes its possessors to contemplate the Supreme Being in

every event, and every moment of existence, and to walk calmly under all his dispensations; and when, with a judgment, as hasty as the emotion which calls it forth, we presume to discern, in those phænomena of nature, some particular intent and direction of Almighty power to exemplary purposes, it may be doubted, whether we do not open an inlet to sentiments of arrogance and uncharitableness, and establish the pretensions of prejudice to the future sway of our bosoms beyond controul.

The late extraordinary conflagration of our two great Theatres appears to have given rise to many rash speculations of the nature above alluded to. In the visions of the zealot and the enthusiast, the hand of Divine vengeance has been seen, stretched forth to cut short the growth of impieties, which Theatres have been accused of nourishing; and the conviction of some superstitious spirits has been so violent, as to lead them to foresee, and perhaps even to foretel, the recurrence of similar chastisements, already suspended over the vain attempts at rebuilding edifices, mysteriously delivered to destruction.

That such sentiments should exist, against any of the

instruments of popular civilization, is a circumstance at all times to be regretted;—that such should be uttered, by ministers of any religious denomination, is an event that cannot be too deeply lamented.

The following Essay, relative to some occurrences of the description just noticed, is from a writer, whose distinguished talents have invariably been employed in the cause of Virtue, Humanity, and Common-sense. The indignation which animates its style, appears to have been chiefly excited by certain passages in a periodical Publication, mentioned in one of its latter pages, and to be deservedly pointed against the misguided zeal, which triumphs in the distress of the sufferer.—My readers will not, I trust, regret, that it was written before the commencement of the tumults at the *New* Theatre; and that they consequently meet with no allusions to a disgraceful period, of which it were desirable that every authentic trace should be obliterated.

*A.*

Dec. 31.

## *TO THE ARTIST.*

*May 15th*, 1809.

*—With Tyranny then Superstition join'd;*
*As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;*
*Much was believed, but little understood;*
*And to be dull was constru'd to be good;*
*A second deluge Learning thus o'errun,*
*And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.*

POPE.

SIR,

AS the Stage is very nearly related to the Arts, if not actually one of their sisters, I am induced to address a few pages to you on that popular subject; the which, will, of necessity, involve another of much higher importance.

It is said, that—"He is a good divine who follows his own teaching,"—but, at the present day, this proverb is too often reversed, and he would be frequently considered as an unworthy member of society, who should even whisper that slander in private life which he ostentatiously utters from the pulpit.

That this licensed * calumny is not in practice with the learned, and more enlightened part of the ministers of our holy religion, is no complete consolation, when we behold—that, in consequence of this Christian forbearance, their churches are, many of them, deserted; and themselves branded, from those censorious pulpits, with the name of Anti-Christian.

Defamation is, unhappily, a vice of most persuasive eloquence; and to the low, the laborious, and vulgar part of our community, its allurements are wholly irresistible. There is a certain solace for the minds of such persons in having them impressed with the transgressions of their refined and wealthy neighbours. They are cheered by comparison,—and the expected joys of heaven are inexpressibly enhanced by the assurance, that very different regions are in reserve for those who, in this world, are styled their superiors.

False imputation is a tax so rigidly imposed upon the successful, that it was scarcely possible that the late flourishing state of the English theatres, and the prosperity of all their adherents, should be exempted from

* Our Magistrates grant Licences to a certain order of Preachers—the same as they do to Vintners.

the common tribute levied by envy and spleen: it is only matter of astonishment and extreme concern, when those unpitying tax-gatherers bear the denomination of—Ministers of the Gospel.

To counteract the zealot's furious persecution, and to vindicate that literary amusement which inspired the pen of Britain's highest boast—the Poet and the Player—a sacred advocate has, lately, been impelled, to make strict inquiry into all the controversies that have arisen in this country upon the lawfulness, or the utility of the Stage;—and he has had the charitable fortitude, or rather the sagacious penetration, to deliver a favourable opinion upon the merits and uses of the English drama, before a congregation assembled at one of our first seats of learning.

The arguments adduced on this occasion, the evident clemency of the design, the steady contempt for all fanatic opposition demonstrated by the Reverend Preacher, secured, to no less than four of his discourses, upon the same peculiar theme, so thankful a reception, that they have since been given to the public from the Press, with copious notes; and they shall now supply a few extracts to this little Essay, in order to recommend to the Artist and his readers, by a more forcible pen than my own, the present critical state of all dramatic avocation.

The Reverend James Plumptre, Fellow of Clare Hall, delivered the following lines on Sunday the 25th of September, and on Sunday the 2d of October, 1808, in Great St. Mary's church, Cambridge.

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" —It may be remarked too, that St. Paul (Acts xvii. 28), in his address to the Athenians, quotes the saying of one of their *poets*, and in the xvth chap. of 1 Cor. (ver. 33) he quotes the words of the dramatic poet Menander. Now, had he considered dramas as so *absolutely unlawful*, so *bad* in their *origin*, and so corrupt in their very nature, surely he would not have given this sanction to their instructive sayings!"

—— " Nor is it fair to object against the stage, That it hath sometimes been abused to the worst of purposes. What gift of God, and which of his institutions have not been so? Hath not even the holy worship appointed by himself been perverted to the exaltation of Baal, Moloch, and the myriad of heathen deities? Hath not the abomination of desolation been set up in the holy places?"

" We are told by the author of the book of Ecclesiasticus (xxvii. 2), that " As a nail sticketh fast in the

joinings of the stones, so doth sin stick fast between buying and selling." But what then? is *all* buying and selling unlawful, and must we give up all merchandize? No; let us put away the sin of it, and let our merchandize be "*holiness unto the Lord.*" Isaiah xxiii.

"Again, what blessing hath been more abused than that of strong drinks and wine? How few, how very few, are temperate as they should be, drinking only for the sake of their health, or to exhilarate the heart, stopping short before the glass of excess! Yet, because this blessing is daily and hourly abused, shall we prohibit it, and put it away from us? No: it is given to comfort us in our "*often infirmities*" (1 Tim. ver. 23); it is given us "To make glad the heart of man," (Psalm civ. 15) and it is one of the symbols of our salvation (Matt. xxvi. 27, 29). Let us put away the sin, and when we drink, do it "to the glory of God." So let it be with the amusement in question."

— "The Stage, abstractedly considered, does not seem to bear a character so decidedly different from preaching, from conversation, from reading pious and moral books and instructive history, and of setting a good example to "Let our light shine before men," to make us doubt

its propriety. The Drama is, in fact, embodied history, brought visibly before our eyes, to afford us examples of bad men to be avoided, and of good men to be followed. It can introduce us to the manners and customs of distant nations, and almost give us the advantage of having lived in remoter ages, and profiting by the examples of others, who have long since ceased to be inhabitants of the world."

"A good play (says a late writer) is an exact picture of human life. There we see our fellow-creatures placed in a variety of interesting situations, and speaking and acting as those situations would naturally lead them to do. Thus the young man becomes acquainted with the world in which he is to live; he sees the effect of those passions which are his most dangerous enemies; and he learns to shun the errors and vices which are there held up to detestation: and where can he exercise his judgment with so little danger as in fictitious representation?

"At every step in his passage through life he will be called "to refuse the evil and chuse the good." It is not on the stage alone that false honour will wear a pleasing form, that beauty will smile to betray, and that wit will

be employed in opposition to virtue; but it is on the stage alone that he will be a cool spectator of those abuses. In the world he must act as well as think; and there it is to be feared that he will no longer form an unprejudiced judgment between pleasure and virtue."

Having finished his quotation, the preacher soon after adds—" When we consider too, that many who frequent plays never go to a church, or any where else, where they might learn that which is good, we are, perhaps, indebted to the good sentiments and good examples exhibited on the stage, that those persons learn *some* good, and that men are not worse than they are. The place where we are now assembled does not seem to authorise descending to particulars; but, besides the instances to which I have before alluded, it may be said in general, that the Stage hath, in these times, contributed much to maintain in the minds of the people *sentiments of patriotism and loyalty*, and sentiments of *generosity* and *philanthropy*. The Stage, I believe, hath had a very considerable part in influencing the public mind with respect to the state of the negroes, and the infamous traffic of the slave trade: nor hath *religion*, the purity and superiority of the Christian

religion, been wholly neglected in some of our dramas."

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Convincing as this reasoning must be to all but the willingly prejudiced, the Preacher, in his notes to the publication of these sermons, has produced authorities in support of his opinion, and those authorities the highest of all under heaven;—the judgment of men renowned for wisdom and piety. Milton, Addison, Young, and Dr. Samuel Johnson, are not only applied to as dramatic writers, in proof of their approbation of the Stage, but independent of the plays which they wrote, their sentiments in favour of the utility as well as the amusement of the drama are recorded. To this list of eminent names of dramatists, are added quotations in favour of the same opinion from Archbishop Tillotson, Sir Richard Blackmore, Rapin, Dr. Watts, Bishop Rundle, Jonas Hanway, Gilpin, Professor Gilbert, Blair, Cumberland, Dr. Barrow, Gisborne, Bishop Porteus, and even the enthusiastically pious Cowper.

To libel theatrical representations is, of course, to libel all its patrons; and those defamers seem to forget that their king, their virtuous, pious sovereign, and those

inestimable females that form his domestic circle, and are nearest his heart,—those ornaments of England and their sex, are warm admirers, benevolent protectors, and frequent spectators at the Theatre. These libellers have assuredly forgotten all this, or else they remember it too well. It was one of the charges against Charles the First by some of his bigot subjects, "that he was an admirer of Shakespear."

An extract here from Mr. Plumptre's notes is so applicable it cannot be resisted.

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"To comply with men's tastes, as far as we innocently can, in the little incidents and daily occurrences of life, to bear a part in their favourite diversions, and to adjust our tempers to theirs, it is this which knits men's hearts to one another, and lays the foundations of friendship.—The man, who, though generally intent on great matters, yet can occasionally condescend to little things, without making himself little, *singular* in nothing but *goodness*, and *uncomplying* in nothing but *vice*. The man, who is, "in all things like unto *us*, *sin* only *excepted*," takes the most effectual method of making us like unto *him* in *virtue*. Whereas, a person who looks

upon all pleasantry as criminal, whatever other duties he may practise, forgets one of the most material of all, that of gaining over others to the interests of virtue, by making it appear to be, what it really is, a lovely form. I would not be thought to pass a general undistinguishing censure upon *all* plays: some of them are rational and manly entertainments, and may be read with improvement as well as delight." *See Sermon IX.*

Professor Gilbert is next quoted, who says, "It is not by the magisterial decision of a philosopher or a theologian, that we ought to determine what influence the Stage has on morals, and whether it may not contribute, by the Poet's fault, or some other cause, to foment human passions. But this is certain, that, theologian or not, a man who calls himself a Christian, and is such, in fact, ought not to think himself authorised to pronounce in this matter, without having examined whether his understanding is sufficiently enlightened for the task; for much judgment is certainly requisite, to decide on the morality of a kind of amusement and pleasure, *which must be owned to have nothing criminal in its nature, but merely to become so from certain necessary causes, which it might not be impossible to remove.*"

A third short quotation from an eminent Divine presses for insertion:—speaking on the subject of superstition, he says, "It is an enemy to reason, and to the Arts and Sciences. If the fine arts are only *neglected* by the superstitious, they are fortunate; they may easily get reckoned supporters of impiety, and then they will suffer *persecution*."

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The aforesaid superstition and persecution cannot, perhaps, be more clearly illustrated than by a periodical work of most extensive circulation, *called* "the *Evangelical* Magazine," [for April 1809,] wherein, the gift of prophecy is presumptuously ascribed to certain inhabitants of London, solely to gratify an uncharitable triumph upon an event, of infinite calamity to hundreds of their fellow-creatures. After giving a precise and apparently malicious account of a late dreadful conflagration, the writer adds—that pious persons, as they passed Drury Lane Theatre, while it was building, exclaimed, "This house can never prosper*."

* It is asserted in this Magazine, that the workmen employed, performed their labour on Sundays—As this charge is mere assertion without proof, it

To this it may be answered, religious people did also, perchance, foretel the burning of the Catholic Chapels in 1780; for those houses dedicated to the worship of God, were buildings equally offensive to the eye of certain Religious people, as the Playhouses.——And yet so strong a tie is the bond of superstition, that it will unite in the self-same sentiments, even a Catholic and a Methodist, when persecution is the temptation, and the object a poor player.

The Catholic Clergy, in England, both preach and write against the Drama *; and in France, under the late Monarchies, they would not allow an actor Christian burial: But those same holy rites, of hope in salvation, were equally denied to heretics;—and that very clergy

may merely be observed in reply—that, as the Society for the Suppression of Vice are known to have prosecuted Bakers, Barbers, and other poor tradesmen, who have offended in this way, they would have neglected their duty by conniving at the guilt of the managers of a theatre.—That Sabbath-breaking is a heinous crime, every man of religious principles must allow—on the other side, who were such rigid observers of the Sabbath as the Pharisees?

* See the Catholic "*Laity Directory*" *for* 1809, where the Revolution in France is attributed to Stage Plays!

would no more have permitted the dust of Calvin, Westley, or Whitfield, to have polluted their consecrated ground, than the ashes of the most profligate actor.

The Methodist accuses the Catholic of profaneness and idolatry; ignorance or blasphemy is the gentle retort. Ought not the comedian to be therefore consoled under their joint reproaches? for not all their revilings, at his lawful profession, can amount to charges half so weighty as these. But still let him beware, strictly beware, how, employed in that profession, he *justly* draws on himself their most trivial accusation.—Let him call to mind, that at the present era, when modern dramas are perfectly refined, greater refinement is required from our old plays than from any other ancient books;—and let him so curtail the dialogue of each old dramatist, as ever to be strictly delicate according to the mode of the times.—Then let him rest assured, that when these, his two powerful foes, the intolerant Catholic, and gloomy Methodist (their errors fully pardoned) shall meet in heaven,—they will neither of them be so much surprised to behold *him* there,—as they will on seeing each other.

A successful female Dramatist (and more successful still in decrying her former occupation) has one of her many objections to the stage thus admirably answered, in the notes which have furnished already so many extracts.—She has observed—

" That love being the grand business of plays, those young ladies who are frequently attending them, will be liable to nourish a feeling, which is often strong enough of itself, without this constant supply of foreign fuel, namely that Love is the grand business of life also."

To which is said in reply.———" To me it appears that in the present state of society, there is *too little*, not *too much*, of that tender and delicate attachment, which should unite hearts as well as hands in marriage; and that if women as well as men, were taught to seek for happiness in such an attachment, instead of an union formed entirely on ideas of interest or convenience, it would, next to religious principles, be the best possible preservative against those frequent violations of the marriage vow, which are the disgrace of an enlightened age, and a Christian nation."—Again " The theatre is the only place of public amusement which

leads the young votary of pleasure from constant attention to *Self*. Vanity and affectation, dress and appearance, the rival and the beau, are there almost forgotten, and the selfish passions are suspended by the superior interest which is awakened by the persons represented in the Drama."

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And now, Mr. Artist, to sum up the consequences which would inevitably ensue, were the amusement of the drama banished from this country, the following appear as the most obvious—

Our women of fashion would be less impressed by the passion of love, allied with virtue, than they are at present—Their hearts would be also less softened to the distresses of the poor;—for where can *they* see poverty but in fiction?—and those hours of instruction, passed with our best dramatic writers, would be exchanged for the masquerade, or more ruinous card-table.

Taverns, gaming-houses, or houses of yet viler resort, would waste the fortune and health of our men of quality; whom the characters on the stage often teach to reflect, and not unfrequently to—repent.

Seditious politics would occupy those Critics who com-

pose the audience of the Pit;—and drunkenness, or rebellion entertain the accustomed visitors of the Gallery.

The actors themselves, destitute of employment and impatient for public notice, would become founders of new Religious Sects—of which we have too many at present—and the mere strolling-player, would, of necessity, turn Itinerant Preacher.

The foregoing pages, it is to be hoped, Sir, will be kindly received by the reverend ministers to whom they apply; and who, in fact, have sought after accusation; for in their censure upon all persons of a certain calling, they have acted, no doubt, from that leading precept of Christianity———"As you would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

*A* CHRISTIAN, *but*
*no* FANATICK.

## No. X.

# ON COMPOSITION IN PAINTING.

(FRAGMENT.)

*Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus.*

COMPOSITION, or the power of forming a whole, is one of the most important branches of painting; and it is generally one of the last excellencies a painter acquires, as it demands a considerable experience and knowledge of the works of others, as well as a comprehensive judgment and correct taste; to enable him to select and determine the situation, and relative degree of consequence, of every figure, group, action, animal, piece of architecture, or other object that constitutes a

part of the picture, and to give them such an harmonious arrangement, as shall best contribute to their mutually illustrating and supporting each other; on which every work of art ultimately depends for a lively and powerful effect.

So congenial to our feelings are the principles of composition, that, even in nature as well as in art, it is imposible to take any pleasurable cognizance, or acquire a rapid and clear comprehension of, any varied and complicated subject, where its rules are neglected or violated. Thus, in an extensive prospect, we must not only have the chain of mountains, the spreading forest, and the expanded plain or lake, as the grand divisions, on which the eye may rest, and under which the numerous objects of lesser importance may be classed; but the several contrasts, of high and low—the bright and the obscure—the near and the distant—the distinct and the evanescent—, and a kind of equilibrium or balance of the whole, are necessary, to render it striking, interesting, and agreeable in the highest degree. The imagination is chiefly struck by comparison; that which has many equals cannot be grand; and where we are presented with a multiplicity of objects of like im-

portance—as, for instance, scattered cottages, numerous fields and hedges, a succession of little hills and detached trees—, though the perspective be extended to the skies, in regard to the picturesque we find it little better than a weary waste; the eye soon becomes tired with the endless catalogue, which, however useful and agreeable to the farmer, affords to the descriptive poet, and the painter, only what Boilcau calls "a sterile abundance."

Thus also, in viewing the heavens on a clear night, the eye, after a short time, shrinking involuntarily from perplexing uniformity and unlimited dispersion, fixes itself on those parts, where the stars are more thickly sown; and the mind eagerly catches at every appearance of division and distribution, by which, possibly, the order may be unravelled, and the plan of the whole rendered, in some degree, intelligible.

Such being the importance of this principle, it will readily be imagined, that the labour of attaining it cannot be disproportionate. Let us hear the opinion of the first modern painter and critic, on this subject: "Composition," says Sir J. Reynolds, "is one of the greatest difficulties an artist has to encounter. Every man, who can paint at all, can execute individual parts; but to keep those parts

in due subordination, as relative to the whole, requires a comprehension, that more strongly implies genius, than any other quality whatever."

The laws of this branch of the art admit of some variation and relaxation, according to the nature and destination of the *work*. At present, however, I shall only consider them, as they relate to the highest and most energetic stile of painting; in respect to which, it should, in the first place, be the artist's care, that all superfluous and irrelevant matter be rejected: every thing, that does not add to, diminishes the beauty of a piece; let nothing, therefore, be admitted, that is not proper and convenient to the subject. In a picture, as in a play, all characters, persons, or incidents, that are not of use to the main design or action, are properly no parts or members of its body, but warts, wens, excrescences, *six fingers to a hand*, according to Dryden, or, as Caracci very properly denominates them, *figures to be let*. We must not even stop here; not only every thing unnecessary, but every thing that can possibly be spared, should be excluded. A multiplicity of parts, as before observed, only serves to distract the attention. To the imagination, many little things do not produce the effect of a great one; they are, in general,

only repetitions of weakness: hence the fewer characters an artist introduces, provided the story be clearly told, the greater his power, and the greater and more touching will be the effect of his work. Such is the force of unity, that we are more struck and affected with the death of one individual, than with that of a thousand. "I was going," says Sterne, in his beautiful little apologue of the Captive, "to begin with millions of my fellow creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is, which arises from hope deferred———upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish---in thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood---he had seen no sun---no moon, in all that time---nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through the lattice."

Instead of repeating what the recollection of every one will readily supply, suffice it to say, that here we expe-

rience the hand of a master; and this one example will explain and enforce the rule I am contending for, better than an hundred precepts or arguments.

The violation of this principle has been one of the greatest defects of modern art, in every stage of its progress. It has been much too frequently the practice of even the greatest masters, to overcrowd the canvass, and overlay the subject, by the introduction, on all occasions, of numberless redundant and common-place figures, which generally usurp the situation of, and always attract the attention from, the main action of the piece. Whether this conduct proceed from a desire of filling and balancing the whole, whether it be adopted to shew the artist's ability in painting certain favourite objects, or (as is most likely) to hide in a crowd his want of power to do justice to the principal figures, and throw into them their true character, expression, and interest, it is necessarily destructive of all simplicity and grandeur of effect; and, however it may entertain some "quantity of barren spectators," it cannot but "make the judicious grieve;" let us therefore, hope to see it "altogether reformed" in the works of the English school.

But though I am an advocate for the severest simpli-

city, I am not of opinion, with Carracci, that twelve figures are as many as can ever be required by any possible subject. On the contrary, there are many stories, and those well worthy the pencil, to characterise which with proper and full effect, twenty figures would be insufficient. In these cases, perspicuity and unity may be preserved, by the skilful classing, grouping, and subordination of the inferior members to the principal figure or hero of the piece, which should, at the first glance, command the eye of the spectator, seize on his attention, and manifest itself as the centre of the composition, on which all the other parts are suspended, from which they derive all their consequence, and to which, in return, they afford all their support; pointing it out as the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, of the work; where we first fix, to learn the nature and aim of the subject; whence we are directed to the surrounding objects, in the order of their importance; and to which, we must again return, to enjoy the full and united impression of the whole.

This judicious method of arrangement, by which all ambiguity and confusion are avoided, and the doors of the artist's meaning thrown completely open—by which we are instantly made partners in his scene, and partakers of

all the passions and sympathies in his intention, or power, to express—is no where more happily exemplified than by Raffaelle, in his Cartoon of the Death of Ananias, where the dying victim at the first moment arrests the eye of the beholder, which then passes, by an easy transition, to the majestic and evidently inspired figure of the Apostle, who, standing over him, appeals to heaven, as he pronounces his doom. Our attention is next caught by the variously terrified and astonished witnesses of the sudden and altogether unexpected vengeance; by whom we are again naturally pushed back, scarcely less terrified, to the palsied heaven-struck wretch, in whom the whole originates *.

* Mr. Opie, in another smaller fragment, thus describes the Cartoon here mentioned:

"In the Cartoon of the Death of Ananias, the Apostle's inspired countenance, and his hand raised towards Heaven, give us an idea of his supernatural powers, of which the miserable victim appears immediately before us, falling! convulsed! his colour turned to ashes! his expiring gasp on his lips!—we see him stiffen in the agonies of death! we almost hear his last groan! the terror and astonishment of the spectators shew that the event was sudden and unexpected!—and this is strengthened by the knowledge of it appearing to be confined to the immediate circle surrounding the sufferer; the distant figures being employed in various ways according to the supposed preceding circumstances, and perfectly unconscious of the dreadful visitation at that moment taking place."

Another admirable instance (on a smaller scale) of this masterly conduct, which art and nature, reason and feeling, equally dictate, occurs in the painting of Ugolino and his sons, starving to death in prison, (taken from Dante's Inferno,) by the prince and father of the English school. In this picture, despair personified first takes the attention, in the haggard, horror-struck, but still dignified countenance of the principal figure. The next interesting victim then attracts us,—Anselmo, his dearest, youngest son, hanging by the unconscious parent's arm, looking up piteously in his face, and asking for bread: from thence, with increasing sympathy, we pass on to the more remote group of his other sons, one of whom, completely famished, is dying in the arms of his brother, who vainly looks round, and calls on his father for assistance. The anguish, excited by this spectacle, is now doubled, by observing the massy iron bars and thick walls of the dungeon, which sternly inform us that relief and escape are equally impossible; and we are now conducted back again to the principal sufferer, whose situation every step has discovered to be more and more dreadful; for whom we can form no hope—but that, from his fixedly-clasped hands and motionless attitude, he is

about to be transformed into stone, having reached the acme of human wretchedness—that of seeing his whole progeny perish before his face!

"This, this is misery, the last, the worst,
"That man can feel, *man* fated to be curst."

Whenever Raffaelle has been eminently successful in his arrangement, as in the instance lately mentioned, in the St. Paul preaching at Athens, in Christ's charge to Peter, and the Heliodorus in the Vatican, the eye is always directed to the principal figure, by its occupying the most conspicuous situation in the composition, and being insulated or detached completely from all the surrounding objects; of which, the figure or group, next in importance to the principal, occupies the next most distinguished place; and so on of the rest. This is the natural order, in which they would be conceived by the mind, and undoubtedly one of the best possible modes of distribution; but it not being, in all cases, practicable, other great composers have invented and adopted different methods, according to their different genius, the nature of their subjects, and the kind of effect, which they wished to produce.

Rubens, in his famous picture of the Descent from the Cross, rivets the spectator's attention on the body of the Saviour, by placing it on a white drapery, extended on all sides considerably beyond the extremities of the figure, and forming with it a great mass of light, which, at the same time that it so powerfully relieves and points out the principal figure, contributes, by its singular breadth, a wonderful grandeur, splendour, and repose to the whole. The circumstance of such a spread of white linen, opposed and united to flesh, (which gives a peculiarity never to be forgotten,) no man less daring than Rubens would have attempted; and no man less consummate as a colourist could have executed with success. But he knew and profited of its value to the utmost extent; and the picture is, in consequence, one of his first and most celebrated works. The figure of Christ, a great critic considers as one of the finest ever invented; most correctly drawn, though in an attitude of the utmost difficulty to execute. The hanging of the head on one shoulder, and the falling of the body on one side, gives, says he, such a perfect idea of the heaviness of death, as can never be exceeded.

Rubens rarely insulates his principal figure: with him,

it is generally like the key-stone of an arch, the centre and support of a group; and, if not white itself, is commonly borne up by a mass of white, and another of red, which lift it forward full upon the spectators, as if coming out of the picture.

Thus, in his Conversion of St. Paul, (lately brought into this country) the Apostle, struck blind and senseless by the heavenly communication, falls headlong from a white horse; immediately behind which, other equestrian figures, bearing a red standard reared high in the air, complete one of the most magnificent groups ever conceived by man.

Rembrandt accomplished the same purposes of composition, partly by insulating his principal figure, but chiefly by his skilful management of Chiaro scuro, by making his light fall from a lanthorn, or through a window, or, through an opening in the clouds, beam full and vividly upon it; a striking example of which, occurs in his celebrated Crucifixion, at Dusseldorp, where the sky, and the greater part of the rest of the picture, being enveloped in obscurity, the body of Christ elevated on the cross, and passing obliquely upwards, appears as if illuminated by a flash of lightning, which, after striking on the white horse of one of the officers, and breaking on the black armour of one of the execu-

tioners, loses itself in total darkness. The uncommon, sublime, and awful effect of this conduct, so admirably adapted to the grandeur and solemnity of the subject, it is not easy, without the aid of a print, to conceive or impress. In his raising of Lazarus, he has produced an effect almost equally striking, by means exactly the reverse of those just mentioned: here the figure of Christ, with his hand elevated, appears on the foreground, robed in dark drapery, and opposed to the blaze of a bright sky, seen through the mouth of a cavern; whilst Lazarus, rising in obedience to the divine command, and surrounded by a group of astonished spectators, occupies the lower, more remote and obscure part of the picture.

Rembrandt's stile of composition is apt to appear artificial, or what the painters call *mannered*, if too generally applied (as it often has been) to all kinds of subjects: but when, as in these instances, and many more that might be adduced, it accords with the spirit and sentiment of the story, its effect is frequently of the most touching and magical kind.

Subjects, which require two principal figures, or, to speak more properly, in which two figures of equal importance necessarily appear, though they have been sometimes handled with tolerable success, may, in general,

be set down as unfavourable to Painting and Poetry. The imagination loves a climax, and ascends or descends with vivacity and rapidity, but is generally somewhat checked and disturbed by equality: two heroes, like a double scent, throw it out, and a diminution of force is inevitable. In addition to which, it is also a task of considerable difficulty, to vary and contrast them sufficiently, and at the same time distinguish them eminently from the inferior characters: while we labour to beautify and aggrandize one, says Dryden, we are very liable to lose the other king of Brentford in the crowd.

In the proper division and classing his objects, the several points, which require the artist's more immediate attention, are the situation, forms, and number of his groups or masses of figures: *these*, like the acts in a play, should present the leading circumstances of the story, and enable the mind to embrace them separately, with a view to its more rapid and full comprehension of the whole; they should rise or fall in force and brilliancy, and occupy a central, or remote situation, in proportion as they contain matter more or less interesting and necessary to the developement of the catastrophe; they should reciprocally differ in every possible way, and possess space

enough to make them objects of distinct consideration and connection, enough to afford the sight an easy passage from the one to another.

It has been pronounced by high authority, that the number of groups in a picture should, in no case whatever, exceed three. This, however, (with all due submission) I would rather say, ought to be determined by the nature of the subject; recommending it, at the same time, as a principle never to be unnecessarily departed from, that, provided the parts, into which the composition is divided, are not too large, or too complicated, for the capacity of the eye and the understanding to take in at once, they should be the fewest possible.

In regard to their forms, a point also of some considerable importance, Titian's bunch of grapes offers a model for a well compacted group, that can hardly be surpassed; as nothing more clearly exemplifies the unity produced by joining a great number of objects agreeably together, which thus become one mass, and make one undivided impression on the sight.

As the bunch of grapes is one of the happiest images of a well composed group, so the grapes plucked asunder,

and dispersed about, present one of the best illustrations of the confusion, distraction, and want of effect consequent on a bad and disorderly disposition of the materials of a picture; most decisively proving, that, where the composition is broken and divided into numerous small and detached parts, the whole, in losing its union, instantly loses that pause, that majestic silence, as Carracci emphatically calls it, which is so soothing to the imagination, and affords so much pleasure to the sight: the eye is apt to be as much hurt by many lights scattered injudiciously over the surface of a picture, as the ear by the confused noise of many speaking at once in an assembly. It cannot therefore be too often repeated, nor impressed too strongly on the mind, that, in every kind of subject, unless order and harmony prevail through the whole, and every part address the spectator in its turn in the proper key, whatever other merit it may possess, it is no composition.

But we must not consider grouping as invented merely for the convenience and gratification of the sight: being founded in nature, it contributes equally to truth, beauty, and perspicuity in art. The first sign of any uncommon or interesting event, is the rush and concourse of people from all parts, and in all directions, to the scene of action,

where they immediately collect into one or more knots or groups, to gratify their curiosity, and communicate their opinions, hopes, and fears, respecting the object of notice. Knowing this, we never see them so collected, without feeling ourselves excited, in proportion to their numbers, and the eagerness with which they press together. Hence, grouping becomes a vehicle of expression, and, by its general appearance and movement, we first form an idea of the nature and importance of the principal action, as well as of the degree of passion and interest excited by it.

When a composition consists of several groups, it will be proper, also, that each should have a prevailing character, differing, in kind or degree, from those of its neighbours. This will be found most happily exemplified in Rubens's grand composition of the Elevation of the Cross, formerly at Antwerp, but now at Paris, and consisting chiefly of three distinct groups; the first and central one, characterised by the depraved, unfeeling, and unreflecting alacrity of the executioners, employed in every attitude, and straining every nerve, to bring the cross, on which the principal figure is extended, into an erect position; the second, a mass of common spectators,

in whose countenances a kind of vulgar commiseration, mixed with much curiosity and some astonishment, generally prevails, and completely separates it from the third, composed of the Virgin Mother, Mary Magdalen, St. John the beloved Disciple, and others, of a higher character and nearer relation to the majestic sufferer: in these, deep touches of sincere affection, profound veneration, and heart-felt pity, form the leading sentiments. The expression of the Redeemer is of the most affecting and sublime kind: delivered over to his enemies, he is resigned; and, in the midst of the extremest torture, seems to look up and say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—This was the first picture painted by the artist on his return from Italy: the subject was expressly chosen to exhibit his extraordinary powers in the strongest light; and being filled with all the beauties, and all the difficulties of the art, satisfactorily proved to his fellow citizens, that their countryman equalled the greatest of his predecessors in invention, colouring, and execution, and far exceeded them all in his skilful manner of arranging and combining a whole.

Another fine instance of this judicious mode of classing the expressions, occurs in Sir J. Reynolds's Nativity, and

its accompaniments, as they are combined in the window of New College, Oxford; a work, in which are united the splendour of Rubens, the glow of Titian, the magic tones of Rembrandt, and the bewitching graces of Correggio. In this picture, justly considered as one of the proudest ornaments of the English School, the innocent and rapturous delight of the angels attending the new-born babe, the eager admiration and veneration of the first group of shepherds, and the more simple curiosity of another group of the same class of people, not yet arrived near enough to understand the nature and importance of the extraordinary event that has just taken place, form such a correct and beautiful climax of passion, as is scarcely to be paralleled in the whole circle of art.

This naturally brings me to notice another principle, no less necessary, than union, to a good picture,—that is, *contrast*, or the proper opposition of all the component parts of a work, one to another; as, light to shade, colour to colour, lines to lines, and quantity to space; as also, the diversifying the characters, ages, sexes, as well as the actions, attitudes, and positions of the limbs, of all the different figures, in whatever situation, as standing single,

or forming parts of a group. To prove that this is founded, and originates, in nature, we have only to suppose, as before, a group collected on some extraordinary and interesting occasion; and the first glance will shew the principle of contrast completely pervading it in every part. Every figure, in conformity to its character and situation, adopts a peculiarity of action; the low look up, the high look down, the strong stand erect, the feeble lean and totter, the well-bred move with propriety, the clownish with awkwardness, the courageous approach, the timid shrink from the object of their attention. Thus, if it be a fight, some rush to encourage the combatants, others to part them; some look with eagerness, others with anxiety, some with interest, others with disgust; some take one part, some another; from all which, as modified by the different ages, sexes, and powers of the individuals, and heightened by the different passions of rage, fear, grief, hope, or exultation, there spring a certain opposition of motion, and variety of attitude and expression, which, if well rendered, give grace, energy, and animation to each part of a picture or group, much beyond what it would appear to possess in an insulated or detached situation. Contrast is the

antithesis of painting, and in lines and actions, as well as in light and shade and colours, if not affectedly and unnaturally introduced, it adds to the pungency and vivacity of the effect, each part seeming more vigorous, and more vivid, by being in immediate comparison with its opposite.

Contrast demands as much attention in composing single figures, as in composing groups; otherwise, they are likely to be very deficient both in grace and energy, which require a continually varying opposition in the actions and positions of the limbs in regard to one another, and also in regard to the head and trunk. Thus, in the finest antique statues, the corresponding members will very rarely be found in similar positions: if one leg be straight, the other is bent; if one arm be pushed forward, the other is probably thrown back; and if the body be erect, and seen directly in front, the head is generally bent downwards, or turned in profile. But, though contrast, when used in moderation, is productive of such agreeable effects, it cannot be admitted with too much care and circumspection, as no part of the art is more difficult to manage, more apt to betray want of judgment, and to degenerate into insufferable affectation,

distortion, and bombast. This is clearly evinced by most of the inferior Florentine artists, and their imitators, of the old German school, who pursued it *to death*, and sacrificed all truth, propriety, sentiment, grace, energy, and expression, to the false point and contemptible glitter of forced, unnatural, and unceasing opposition.

It would be difficult to give any rule respecting this principle, general enough to embrace all, and close enough to bear much upon particular, cases. The man of judgment will readily perceive, that contrast must never be sought for on its own account, but adopted solely when it springs naturally from, and sits ornamentally on, something more substantial. It is in painting, what aromatics, spices, or other ingredients that add to the flavor, are in cookery; and he that follows the taste I have just been reprehending, makes as ridiculous a mistake, as the Irishman, who wanted to have his apple-pie made wholly of quinces.

It has been much questioned, whether the ancients ever made any considerable proficiency in composition; and, however difficult it may be to suppose, while we bear in mind their exalted eminence in all other points, yet, as no pictures of any consequence have reached us, it

must be confessed, that the proofs of their excellence are less decisive and overpowering, in regard to this, than in regard to any other branch of the art. The arguments on the negative side of the question rest chiefly on the apparently bald and severe simplicity of style, observable in the greater and better part of the antique bassi-relievi, in which the arrangement consists of little more than apposition, or the placing their figures parallel to, and following, each other in a file: to which it may be answered, that the radical difference in constitution and destination, between Painting and Basso-relievo, is such, as forbids the application of any common rule to them in many points, and particularly with respect to composition. This branch of sculpture having been chiefly appropriated as an ornament to architecture, sarcophagi, vases, and pieces of furniture, in situations where no depth beyond the surface could properly be supposed, its figures are necessarily all on the same plane, and its degree of projection being likewise limited, no opportunity is afforded for producing breadth of effect by masses of light and shade. Hence it follows of course, that any attempt to rival the richness and plenitude of painting, which professes to annihilate the plane of the

picture, and admits, nay requires, all possible depth and projection, must be in the highest degree absurd and abortive. On this ground, the ancients saw the propriety of keeping the boundaries of these arts distinct, and of confining their attempts in Basso-relievo to the production of such simple and refined beauties of form, character, and expression, as the nature and powers of the machine render it best fitted for accomplishing; by which they gave at once the most complete proof of a sound judgment and a correct taste.

Of the propriety of their conduct we may form a clearer judgment, by observing the wretched attempts of the modern Italian and French sculptors, to engraft the picturesque on this species of sculpture; wherein, though they have egregiously failed of producing richness and effect, they have at least succeeded in destroying grandeur and simplicity, and in furnishing an additional proof, if any were wanted, of the correct principles of the ancients.

Among the anecdotes, handed down to us, concerning the ancient art, there is one told by Strabo, of a picture painted by Protogenes, representing a satyr reposing

himself at the foot of a column, on the top of which was perched a partridge, painted with such exquisite force and truth, that tame birds, on being brought in sight of it, never failed to give the call; and the picture in consequence became the theme of universal admiration. The painter, however, instead of being pleased, was so irritated at finding the subordinate part of his work more noticed than the principal, that, under pretence of retouching, he entirely effaced the unlucky favourite of the public. Considered as an evidence of great merit, this story, like many others, may be very inconclusive; but it sufficiently proves, that the artists of the time were well acquainted with at least one branch of composition, and held it in such esteem, that Protogenes thought no admiration of the public weighty enough to balance the disgrace of having failed in so important a point.

In addition to this, we learn from Pliny, that Apelles, whose name, according to this author, never was, nor will be, rivalled, and whose merits, in some instances, exceeded even those of Homer, confessed himself outdone by Asclepiodorus in correctness of drawing, and by Amphion

in *ordonnance* or *composition*. This passage appears to me clear and decisive: composition was an object of attention to their first artists, and being so, there can be no good reason for doubting that the same transcendent abilities, which attained such unexampled eminence in all other branches of the art, would also carry this to a proportionate degree of perfection.

J. O.

## No. XI.

# ON THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMAN BODY,

WITH A PREVIOUS SUMMARY STATEMEMT OF THE

TEMPERATURE OF THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

THE inclination of the axis of the earth to its orbit, and that inclination being always directed the same way, (excepting a very slight deviation, which produces what astronomers call the precession of the equinoxes, and which, for our present purpose, need not be regarded,) are the causes which produce the vicissitudes of the seasons; so as to expose every part of the surface of the earth to a regular succession of heat and cold; or, more

properly speaking, to a periodical increase and decrease of heat. The action and the extent of each of those causes is so admirably well adapted, by the wisdom of the Creator, to the conformation of the earth, and of the whole worldly system, as to leave, at least in our weak minds, no rational wish of improvement or alteration. Yet, notwithstanding this astonishing disposition, the equatorial and polar regions of the earth would still exceed, in degrees of heat and cold, those limits in which the human species could possibly exist, were it not for the interference of other circumstances, which greatly tend to moderate the excessive heat of the equatorial, and the intense cold of the polar, parts. The most powerful of those equalizing causes, are the winds, the extent of the ocean, with its currents or other movements, and the properties of water with respect to its powers of imbibing, propagating, and evolving heat. Of all the abovementioned circumstances; that is, of those which produce the seasons, and of those which tend to equalize the temperature throughout the surface of the earth, I shall now merely give a slight and concise explanation, as preparatory to the principal subject of this essay, which is to illustrate the more

essential circumstances that relate to the temperature of the human body.—Whoever wishes to be more particularly informed respecting those circumstances, may consult the writers on astronomy, the writers on geography, and Count Rumford's Essays, especially the seventh.

The last reflection on the form and annual motion of the earth, will easily shew that in consequence of the inclination of the axis of the earth to its orbit, and of that inclination being constantly directed the same way, every part of the surface of the earth, must, in the course of the annual revolution, have the sun successively nearer and farther from its vertex, or its zenith. It follows also, that whilst one polar region enjoys the vivifying influence of the sun's rays, the other polar region is deprived of it for a certain period, after which the latter is illumined, and the former remains in darkness during another period, and so on alternately. The rest of the surface of the earth constantly enjoys, in the course of every day, (though not every spot in an equal degree,) the light of the great luminary.

It is a kind of compensation to each polar region, for the total absence of the sun in their respective winters,

that when the sun becomes visible, it remains above the horizon of that region, during either the whole, or a very considerable part, of each four and twenty hours. Thus, in the middle of summer, when the equatorial parts of the earth, or the torrid zone, see the sun for about twelve hours each day, the northern polar region enjoys the sight and the vivifying influence of it, during the whole twenty-four hours.

A superficial observer may be easily induced to suppose, that it would be a much better disposition of the world, if the axis of the earth, instead of being inclined to its orbit, stood perpendicular to it; for in that case, every part of the surface of the earth would be illumined by the sun during the half of each day; excepting, indeed, the very narrow spots about the poles. But the least reflection will easily shew, that if such were the case, the temperature of each particular spot and day, would continue the same throughout the whole year, and the distinction of seasons would vanish; in consequence of which, the natural powers of vegetation, animalization, &c. would be exhausted in some regions, and would not have sufficient energy in others; whereas, in the present wise disposition of nature, every part of the earth has,

more or less, the season of exertion, and of repose, the time for expending vigour, and the time for recruiting, in alternate and regular succession.

Of the circumstances which tend to equalize the temperatures of different countries, so as to blunt the rigorous cold of some, and to mitigate the excessive heat of others, the action of winds is too common, and too powerful, to escape observation. Thus, the cold air from the polar regions of the earth, rushing towards the torrid zone, in the more or less regular winds which are known to blow in those directions, greatly contributes to cool that zone; and on the other hand, the hot winds which blow from the equatorial to the polar regions, greatly tend to moderate the rigorous cold of the latter. Thus also on this island, every one must have often remarked how pleasant southerly winds prove in the winter, and how refreshing northerly winds are in the summer.

The influence of the sea, of the rain, or of water in general, on the temperature of countries, cannot be understood without the previous acquaintance with the properties of that fluid in relation to heat. These I shall therefore briefly premise.—Water is known

under three states of existence, which are remarkably different from each other.—It is a solid, called ice, under the temperature of 32 degrees, according to Fahrenheit's thermometer. It is a liquid between the temperatures of 32°, and 212°; and it assumes the elastic form; viz. it becomes vapour, or steam, in a temperature higher than 212°. The bulk of water, like that of other bodies, is increased by heat, and is contracted by cold; so that it becomes lighter and lighter, according as it receives more and more heat; but it differs from other bodies in a singular manner, by the circumstance of its contracting its bulk only as far down as the 40th degree of temperature, according to the scale of the abovementioned thermometer, or thereabout, which limit is about eight degrees above the freezing point. And below that degree, its bulk begins to increase again. It then becomes larger and larger, and of course specifically lighter and lighter, according as it grows colder and colder; and hence it is that ice swims upon fluid water.

Farther, it must be remarked, that water, in its three different forms, contains very different quantities of heat in a combined, or latent state, so that they cannot be

discovered by the thermometer; but they are known to exist, in consequence of experiments and observations made upon the transitions of water from any one of the abovementioned states to the other.—Two or three results of those experiments will easily illustrate the meaning of this assertion.—Ice contains the least quantity of latent heat; but fluid water contains a great deal more heat; and steam contains a quantity of heat still much greater than water does. Now it must be observed, that those peculiar quantities of heat are absolutely and essentially necessary for the three different states of water; so that ice cannot become liquid water without absorbing that additional quantity of heat which is required for maintaining the liquid form of water; nor can water be converted into ice without depriving it of that quantity of heat which water contains more than ice. The same thing must be understood with respect to the conversion of water into steam; that is, water cannot become steam without absorbing a considerable quantity of heat; nor can steam be condensed into liquid water without depositing, upon the surrounding bodies, that quantity of heat which was necessary for its vapourous state. Take a quantity of ice at the tem-

perature of 32°, and an equal weight of water, likewise at the temperature of 32°: put them separately in two vessels of the same form, and expose them to the heat of a common fire; viz. place them at an equal distance from the fire, and as soon as the ice is melted, examine, by means of the thermometer, the temperature of the contents of both the vessels. It will be found that the water, which was fluid water when placed before the fire, has been heated by several degrees above its original temperature of 32°; but the melted ice, though equally exposed, will be found at the temperature of 32°, as it was originally; which shews, that the same quantity of heat which has raised the temperature of liquid water, has been absorbed by the ice, and remains latent in the water which has been obtained from it.

On the other hand, water cannot become ice, without depositing a great deal of its combined heat; so much so, that if a thermometer be placed in a vessel full of water, and the vessel be surrounded by a freezing mixture of salt and ice; the moment that the water begins to freeze, which it does suddenly, the thermometer will be seen to rise several degrees at once, shewing that

the small portion of the water which has been frozen, has, in its transition from the liquid to the solid state, deposited a considerable quantity of heat upon the surrounding fluid water, thermometer, &c. And in order to freeze more of the water, time must be allowed for the expulsion of this additional heat, &c.—A similar effect takes place at the conversion of water into vapour and *vice versa;* viz. the water cannot become vapour without absorbing a considerable quantity of heat; nor can vapour be converted into water, without depositing that quantity of heat which is necessary to give it the elastic form.

The application of those properties to the elucidation of the natural phenomena of temperature, is by no means difficult.—In the summer season, especially within the tropics, the sea receives a great deal of heat from the sun, which it retains for a considerable time, and by the continual motion of its waters, under the denomination of tides and currents, the heat of the warmest part of it is communicated to those parts which are more northerly and southerly, at the same time that the colder water of the latter parts mixes with that of the former.—The very same coldness of

the atmosphere, which occasions the freezing of water, tends, by that identical effect, to moderate itself; for, the ice which is formed on the surface of the water in the depth of winter, by giving out that quantity of heat which it necessarily contained in the state of liquid water, contributes to warm the air. The like also takes place when vapour is condensed into rain; for the vapour, in the act of becoming liquid water, must deposit, on the surrounding air, that quantity of heat which it contained under the form of vapour. And the effect is much greater when it falls under the form of snow.—This is the reason why the weather becomes generally milder after a fall of snow. It is vulgarly said, *that the weather is very cold because there is snow in the sky; but that if the snow came down, the weather would become milder.* — The true reason, however, of the great cold previous to the fall of snow, and of the warmer sensation which succeeds, is not owing to the existence, or non-existence of snow in the sky, but to the existence of vapour, which, on its becoming water, and especially on its becoming snow, deposits its heat upon the air, and thus renders the atmosphere milder.

The preceding statements of the peculiar properties of water, vapour, &c. are applicable not only to the temperature of the atmosphere and of the surface of the earth; but likewise to the temperature of the human body, which I shall now proceed to examine.

A variety of assertions, of doubts, and of wonders, are frequently expressed with respect to the temperature of our bodies; which apparently seem to establish a kind of contradiction or of error, both in the theory, and in the indications, and for the removal of which, certain necessary explanations have been deemed useful, and may in great measure be found satisfactory; at least so far as to shew, that every phenomenon depends upon an adequate cause; though it may be found difficult accurately to appreciate the value, and the extent, of each particular concurring cause.

It often happens, that, the thermometer remaining at the very same degree of temperature, one person feels himself comfortably warm, another person feels it cold; or the very same person feels it cold at one time, and warm at another time, though the thermometer shews no variation. These, and other similar observations, have, at first sight, the appearance of contradiction, and seem

altogether inexplicable; but the true state of the case is, that the thermometer and the human body are affected by different causes, or rather, that the temperature of the human body depends upon various other circumstances, besides the mere temperature of the surrounding bodies; but the thermometer is merely passive, and by the expansion or contraction of its enclosed fluid, it accurately indicates the temperature of the surrounding air, or of other substances that are placed in contact with it.

The human body has the power of generating heat within itself, and the heat so generated is carried off more or less readily, according to the nature and disposition of the body itself, of the copiousness of that production, of the surrounding bodies, and so forth; therefore, in order to understand why a human body feels cold, or hot, or temperate, it is not the thermometer alone that must be consulted; but all the concurring circumstances must be duly estimated. The principal of those concurring circumstances will be found briefly stated in the following paragraphs.

1. The air of the atmosphere is a bad conductor of heat, but it will conduct better and better in proportion

as it is more and more damp; hence, *cæteris paribus*, a heated body, or one that generates heat, like the human body, will be cooled quicker in damp than in dry air; yet the thermometer in both cases may indicate precisely the same degree of atmospherical temperature.

2. The heat which is produced in the human body by the process of life; be it from respiration, from sanguification, from digestion, &c. not being easily carried away by the surrounding air, which is a bad conductor of heat, forms a kind of warm atmosphere round the body; viz. the air within a certain distance of the body is rendered warmer than that which stands farther off; and this kind of atmosphere greatly contributes to prevent the dissipation of heat from the human body; but if this body be exposed to a current of air, viz. to the wind, then the warm atmosphere is quickly removed, cooler air comes quickly and successively in contact with the body, and of course the latter is cooled much quicker; yet the thermometer is not affected by the wind, because it does not produce a warm atmosphere round itself like the human body.

3. The density of the air, or that state of it, which is

indicated by the barometer, does likewise contribute to alter the temperature of the human body, but not that of the thermometer; so that the latter may indicate the same temperature, whilst the former is differently affected by the greater or lesser gravity of the air.

4. Evaporation; viz. the conversion of a liquid into vapour, as has been already mentioned, carries away a great deal of heat from the bodies which are in contact with that liquid; hence the latter are cooled by it.—Moisten the skin of your hand with water, then expose it to the ambient air, and the hand will be sensibly cooled by the evaporation of the water. If you blow upon the wet hand, the evaporation will thereby be increased, and the cold will become much more sensible.—Instead of water, the hand may be moistened with spirit of wine, or with ether; and as those substances, especially the latter, are much more evaporable than water, the cold which will thereby be produced, will be found to exceed considerably that which is produced by the evaporation of water. The human body, which is more or less, but always, in a state of evaporation, commonly called perspiration, loses by

that means a considerable quantity of its heat. And it is pleasing to contemplate the wise disposition of nature; for when a human being is exposed to a high temperature, its perspiration is increased, and carries away a great deal of that very heat, which produces it, and which otherwise would oppress that body.

5. Different persons have different powers of generating heat, some producing more than others. Also the very same person generates more heat in certain circumstances, and less in others. More heat is generated in a state of repletion than otherwise. — An increased respiration, which quickens the pulsation of the arteries, promotes the generation of heat; hence motion, and bodily labour, by increasing those natural processes, increase likewise the generation of heat.

6. Mathematicians demonstrate, that the surfaces of similar bodies are proportionate to the squares of their homologous linear dimensions; but that the solid contents of such bodies are proportionate to the cubes of those dimensions; so that if a ball A have its diameter double that of another ball B, then the surface of A is four times as large as that of the ball B;

but the solid contents of A are eight times as heavy, or as great, as the solid contents of B. Therefore a thin, slender, or small human being presents a much larger surface (in proportion to its bulk) to the ambient air, than a corpulent one; hence, in similar circumstances, the former is more easily heated or cooled by the vicissitudes of the atmosphere, than the latter.

7. We may lastly notice the nature of the garments, which are generally worn by human beings, and upon which the preservation of natural heat in great measure depends. It is not their quantity or thickness alone that should be regarded, but likewise their peculiar nature, and even their colour; for the substances of some of those garments, such as furs, downs, wool, &c. are much worse conductors of heat than others, (see Count Rumford's Essays) and of course greatly tend to prevent the dissipation of heat. Their colour likewise, when exposed to the rays of the sun, and in some measure also when exposed to a strong day-light, produces a sensible effect; for the light colours, as white, red, or yellow, attract the rays of the sun much less powerfully than black, blue, or purple; so

that the latter are justly reckoned warmer (and of course are preferred in winter,) than the former, which are preferred for summer garments. This property of colours may be shewn by a variety of experiments; but perhaps by none in a more easy and familiar way, than by the following.—When the ground is covered with snow, and the sun shines upon it, let several pieces of cloth of different colours be cut of the same size and shape, and let these be laid flat, and separate from each other, upon the surface of the snow. In a very short time it will be found that the piece of black cloth has made quite a hole in the snow and has sunk in it, in consequence of its having attracted a great deal of the sun's heat; but the white cloth will appear to remain on the surface of the snow, whilst all the other coloured pieces of cloth have sunk more or less into the snow, according to their peculiar colours.

Such are the principal, if not all, the circumstances, which affect the temperature of the human body, and from a due estimate of which the total effect must be derived. It is not practicable to give any rules for the purpose of making such an estimate; actual obser-

vation, and a careful attention to particular circumstances, may enable the observer to account upon the whole for any particular effect; yet the difficulty of ascertaining with precision the number, and the quantities, of the abovementioned circumstances, will perhaps ever render the theoretical conclusion more or less different from the experimental result.

The greatest difficulty seems to occur in the determination of the effect of two or more of the abovementioned causes, when they act in opposition to each other; and it must be remarked with admiration, that by means of this opposition or counteraction, nature preserves an uniformity of temperature in the internal parts of a human body, which hardly admits the variation of a very few degrees between winter and summer, exposure and confinement, rest and exercise.—A person may feel cold or hot from external application, and in consequence of the exertion which his body must make, in order to counteract those impressions, which undoubtedly and evidently affect the external parts; yet his internal parts, or his blood, will always be found at the temperature of 95°. of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and a deviation of three or

four degrees from that point is hardly ever to be observed. This fact contributes to prove the difficulty of appreciating with precision the action of each particular circumstance, which co-operates in the adjustment of the animal temperature. But it has been often observed, that in physical affairs, especially in those of a complicated nature, though our inquiries should always look out for accuracy and perfection, yet we must remain thankfully satisfied with approximations to truth, which are generally sufficient to supply our wants.

T. C.

## No. XII.

*—Apis mbre,—*
*Grata carpentis thyma:*

I SHALL devote this paper to the favours of my casual Correspondents.

*TO THE ARTIST.*

SIR,

THE series of essays and letters which you publish are so very interesting, that there is not a lover of the Arts, with whom I have conversed, who does not wish continuance and success to the work. I am particularly pleased with the entertaining variety I find in your first series, and I make no doubt that, by persevering in it, your correspondents will become still more numerous. The field is so extensive, the subjects which

bear affinity and claim relation to the arts so various, the sentiments and views of men concerning them so different, that I cannot imagine any topic more pregnant with matter, or more interesting to cultivated minds, than that of science and art. Perhaps Artists may be thought enthusiasts in their way, and, as such, not much entitled to credit; therefore, even should they be pitied, they may not be believed. That they are enthusiasts, is, I believe, generally admitted; for it is almost a necessary ingredient in the constitution of an artist. He must be carried on by a kind of enthusiasm for the art he has embraced; for without such an impulse, he could never pursue, with sufficient perseverance, the necessary studies, to arrive at any tolerable degree of proficiency: Led on by enthusiasm, he is either blind to the difficulties that surround him, or he braves them all.

You have already had so many abler writers on the theory of the arts, and their influence in a political point of view, that, if you can descend from the altitude of theory to common practice, I shall beg leave to lay before you a very general subject of complaint amongst Painters, and at the same time suggest a remedy to the evil, in hopes, that, through the channel of your

paper, something may be done to relieve them from the embarrassing uncertainty, which it occasions.

It is obvious, that artists have no time to grind and prepare the materials they use; although the quantity be small, the variety of them is great, and except they keep a man on purpose, they must trust to the colour-shop. Amongst the vast number of those shops, a few pretend to be particularly for the use of artists; but even these are kept in general by men, who understand nothing of the nature of the materials which they sell: Perhaps they have succeeded to that trade by inheritance, or have purchased the concern on speculation, because it was long established, and, by keeping the same shopman or foreman, they go on in the same routine as before, without knowing why; preparing the colours alike for every body, notwithstanding the art is various, and painters paint ever so differently. This throws an obstacle in the way of any research that an artist is disposed to make; and is so very destructive of any improvement in the art itself, that it calls loudly for redress: If the artist complains, they will tell him, that they have the best materials, or that they have them from the best warehouse in London.

The artist may be perfectly acquainted with all the *Materia Pictoria*, but he cannot be sure that what he uses is genuine, although it was sold to him as such, and the appearance be beautiful; he has no laboratory, and, in some instances, he is not chemist enough to detect the trick.

Chemistry, which has of late been so astonishingly improved, serves in this instance only to adulterate or to imitate the productions of nature; it favours trade by making the materials cheaper, to the great injury of the art.

Nature produces the minerals and other pigments which we use, by a slow process; but they are lasting. The painter knows the effect a mixture of two or three minerals will have on each other; but adulterations, or imitations, will operate in a very different manner, and time alone will discover to the disappointed artist their melancholy effect. The vehicles used at the shops in the grinding of colours furnish another matter of complaint. The painter never knows, or at least is never certain what oil these pigments are ground with; and in general they are in such a liquid state, that he has it not in his power to alter or improve them by the addition

of any vehicle of his own*. The preparation of the cloth, or ground work of the picture, is another very material grievance: In short there would be no end, were I to enumerate and describe minutely all the uneasiness created in the mind of the painter by his uncertainty as to the nature of the pigments, which he has no means of ascertaining, without immense trouble and loss of time.

As a remedy for this growing evil, I would recommend, Sir, in imitation of the apothecaries, who some time ago laboured under a similar grievance, to form an establishment under the sanction of a body of Artists, where all the Materia Pictoria should be found in perfection, and where an artist, willing to try any preparation of his own, might be served in his own way. For that purpose, an able chemist should have the management of all that concerns the nature of colours, oils, spirits, or gums, and be ready to make the experiments, suggested to him by any artist willing to pay for the materials employed in such experiments.

* The colours should be sold to him, ground fine no doubt, but stiff, that he may add to them whatever he pleases.

The chemist should be remunerated for his time, by a good salary and a share in the concern; a person, belonging to the establishment, should be also properly licensed to prepare canvasses for painting, in any manner that may be required; then we should not have all canvasses prepared alike, nor all colours ground in the same manner; and should not be liable to imposition from quacks, who pretend to secrets, in regard to grounds which have been known from time immemorial: yet I would not entirely exclude the researches of those adventurers, as they might sometimes lead to useful discoveries.

Such an institution should be, as I before observed, under the inspection and control of a body of artists, and set up at their own expense. If a proper house were taken for it, it might be an honourable retreat for one of their own members, who should have the management of it; and it would not only support itself, but yield a handsome profit, in addition to the revenue of that society, which should undertake it. It was my intention to have explained more fully the necessity of an able chemist being employed in such an establishment;

for chemistry is to painting what anatomy is to drawing. The artist should be acquainted with them, but not bestow too much of his time on either. The Italian saying—*tanto che basti*—will apply to both, as also to my adding no more at present, than to assure you, how much I am,

Sir,

Your sincere friend, and well wisher,

*A* PAINTER.

P. S. It is remarkable, that in the 15th and 16th centuries, the painters had their colours from the chemists and druggists shops, and no other.

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IN behalf of the Art of Painting, I recommend the letter of *a Painter* to the notice of the Directors of the two excellent establishments, the *Royal*, and the *British Institutions*. They will perceive that the circumstances mentioned in it, are essentially important to the interests of Painting, which the latter Institution has so much at heart, and towards which its muni-

ficence is so laudably directed; and a regular process of chemical operations consistent with *a Painter's* wishes, might (perhaps without difficulty) occupy a subordinate and truly useful part, amidst the scientific arrangements of the former.

*A.*

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*TO THE ARTIST.*

DEAR ARTIST,

IN the very judicious enumeration, in your first series, of the various advances in learning, to which the studies of the last century have given birth, I am somewhat surprized that you lay so great a stress on the improvements made in chemistry itself, and so little on those which have taken place in the *terms* appertaining to that science, and which have so eminently promoted the ease and readiness of mutual intercourse on the subject. Without assuming to myself any extraordinary sagacity, allow me to tell you, that long before the promulgation of the *New Chemical Nomenclature*, I deeply regretted the former oblique modes of

speech, by which substances were denominated merely from some peculiarity of their distinguishing qualities, instead of being expressed by radical terms, denoting their original cause and structure.—Salt, for instance;—to what shifts were we formerly driven, in order to let a waiter at table know what it was we wanted, when we asked for that article! for though we wished only for *common salt*, he was left utterly in doubt whether we did not mean Malden salt, rock salt, or bay salt, or finally, Glauber salts, volatile salts, or salt of tartar; in short, his confusion (if he was at all a reflecting character) was endless.—But these difficulties are now vanished, when, with a precision at once elegant and useful, we order him to bring us *muriate of soda*, or, agreeably to the improved state of electro-chemical science, *muriate of oxid of sodium*.

But, while I am filled with exultation at seeing a great province of human learning so completely defæcated, and while I also admire the profound insight, which has enabled our neighbours the French, (who, I believe, were the happy authors of these great improvements,) to find names for *essences*, the bare existence of which remains to be discovered by posterity, I cannot

but wonder at the supineness, or unusual bashfulness of those philosophers, in not extending a similar reform over the whole kingdom of animate as well as of inanimate nature. If I am not misled by my enthusiasm on a favourite topic, the benefit which might accrue to mankind by such an achievement, is truly incalculable. I shall refrain from acquainting you with my entire plan on this subject, until I have thoroughly matured it, when I mean to present it at the next meeting of the Society of Arts: I shall here barely *sketch out* a few samples of my intended improvements.

Suppose, Mr. Artist, we mention a certain animal called *Man*.—What do we mean by that term? Do *you* know, Sir? or does any body know?—Has it not been, and does it not still continue to be a ground of endless difference of opinion? *e. g.* Shakespeare says,

"What a piece of work is *Man!* how noble in reason! in action how like an angel!"—and so forth; whereas, on the other hand, a favourite German play exhibits a female, who, venting the roll of her reproaches against a treacherous lover, points their summit like a needle with the piercing, opprobrious epithet—*Man!* And so, in our own George Barnwell, Millwood says—"Fool, hypo-

crite, villain—*Man!* Mr. Locke says indeed, that *Man* is an abstract idea; but I deny, Sir, that it is any idea at all, but an idle monosyllable, whose prototype in nature, as Diogenes has shewn us, is not to be found without a lanthorn.

Now, if, in the manner of the New Chemical Nomenclature, I express his qualities—if I call man a *logicate* of *myo-neuro-osteo-zote*, (which I need not tell you, means the *reasoning talker, of animals formed with muscles, nerves, and bones,)* how much more expressive my discourse instantly becomes!—and, in effect, how much more *im*pressive also! for what an awful idea (*e. g.*) does it give of any great battle of modern days, when it is related as inevitably *oudenizing* (I offer this term to the curious) 100,000 logicates of myo-neuro-osteo-zote!—In comparison, how trivial appears the account of putting to death a hundred thousand rank and file!

But next, as animals, or animal substances, are distinguished by sex, it becomes requisite to point out the distinction between man and woman. And this I propose to do with a most delicate facility, the beauty of which, I trust, you will thoroughly feel. A woman, Mr. Artist, resembles a man in all parts of my new term, except

that of reason, of which she is supposed incapable. I impress this elegant distinction by the simple anteposition of the Greek negative particle, and I accordingly denominate her the *a*logicate of myo-neuro-osteo-zote. The obvious simplicity of this discrimination will be adequately valued by all your readers.

Nor is this all. There are other distinctions, of which the same term is readily capable, for instance, those of age. A *boy*, who is a being not yet arrived at the point of rational powers, will be expressed by the same variation of a single letter, that forms the future tense of the Greek verb.—Logisate of myo-neuro-osteo-zote, and a *girl* (in the same manner as a woman) *A*logisate of myo-neuro-osteo-zote.

The proof, or root, of all these I shall demonstrate to be the essential reasoning *basis*, or genium, *logiston* or *logogenium*, which I shall endeavour to shew, in the course of my work, to be innate and intimate in the human combination, although frequently, like the eclipses of this year in Moore's Almanack, totally invisible to certain parts of the globe; and I propose to define it with such precision, as to leave only one question with two sides on the subject, viz. whether there be any such

thing as *logiston* or not, which, from a fluctuating principle of vitality in similar sounds, I hold it adviseable not to decide at once. This mode of proceeding, founded on sound precedent, I am confident all good pupils of the modern school will highly approve.

By a process of this nature, I propose to banish arbitrary terms, which have so long degraded language and abbreviated discourse, thereby not only abridging one of the most social as well as the most innocent modes which mankind have discovered of passing their time, but tending also to prevent the moral uses of speech, and even to pervert it to pernicious purposes. For what is so often destructive of our interests, and sometimes even of life itself, as a *hasty* speech? Now, it is self-evident that, in the new mode which my improved nomenclature will introduce into conversation, no such fatal source of mischief can exist. "A soft (that is a slow) answer," says Solomon, "turneth away wrath;" and agreeably to my scheme, all answers will be slow; so that we may have great reason to hope that the passion of anger, for instance, will thus for mere want of exercise, in time, and in the progress of human perfectibility, (so clearly

asserted by late writers,) be totally extirpated!!—what a triumph for the Logicates!

How indeed can we ever hope to grow wiser or better by the constant bandying of undefined names of things! —mere sounds—with no more of meaning than the grunt or squeak of a hog, the chirrup of a sparrow, or the slender note of the lately authenticated mermaid—all of which, I dare say, are abstract terms, expressive of some combined sensations, which those inferior creatures are not, like us, endowed with faculties to decompose and analyse.

In confirmation of what I have just said, I shall take this opportunity of noticing some other moral tendencies of my new nomenclature. When a man, I mean a logicate of myo-neuro-osteo-zote, is told by another similar substance, in the present absurd and imperfect state of our language, that he is a *liar*,—what is the consequence? Does not the fellow-logicate instantly become furious, and without farther, or rather without *any* reflection, strive to kick, knock down, or even sometimes to stab the offending speaker? No moral good ensues—all is strife, violence, and perhaps destruction.—Now, observe the

difference. As I propose to reduce all actions and dispositions to generic classes, I find that *liar* stands in the class of *Aischro-phobo-æsthithes;* of which as every distinct species must have its appropriate term of discrimination, I borrow for the word here in question an increment from another language (for that mode of combining produces no confusion in a new vocabulary) and I call a liar a *simulate* of *aischro-phobo-æsthegen;* and should it ever be my unfortunate lot to be under the necessity of charging a fellow-creature with the crime implied in this appellation, the advantage that will result from the change of nomenclature, will be obvious in the effect produced on him. For hearing himself reminded, that by the act of dissimulation he discovers himself to be a creature or *zote* of base cowardly feelings, instead of bursting into rage, he will begin to *reflect;* and reflection, we all know, is the first step to peace and cordiality among men. Thence, the mortifying view of the baseness of his nature will incline him to humility; and instead of making an enemy and having my throat cut, I shall reform an offender, and save him from the guilt of murder and the pains of future punishment. All this, remember, is the pure effect of the new nomenclature.

Farther, many phrases at present of an ambiguous nature, will be reduced to precise and distinct meanings. Instead of speaking of the *honour* of a gamester or a duellist, the apt radical definition which I have discovered of that phrase, will fully express the savage craft or strength, which has hitherto enabled persons of those descriptions to make you look out words in their own vocabulary, and accept *their* definitions of them, by holding a pistol or a sword to your breast, while you are turning over the leaves.

Thus likewise, you will be in no danger of confounding the prostitution of female refinement and delicacy of mind and person, in a lady of accomplished education or high rank, with the more ordinary and pitiable surrender of the body to sensual pollution, from the impulse of penury and the defect of parental care; an error hitherto unavoidable from our indiscriminately blending the two sinful *alogicates* under the same common abstract appellation of a w——.—I give these as instances merely for the present. The reader will find the whole classes properly arranged in my nomenclature.

One word more of essences.—Did you not some time ago complain of a deficient vocabulary in one of your various arts?—I engage to set you forward as far beyond

the present state of knowledge respecting the art, in my new vocabulary, as your old one is behind it. The French nomenclators shall no longer stand unrivalled—I hope to invest every art with a copious set of undiscovered simple and undecompounded bases, beyond the reach of Professor D——y himself, that inveterate rebel against all due systematic repose. Painters shall have their morphogenium and Poets their aoidic-um, no less than Chemists their oxy-genium, gaso-genium, their bombic-um, carbonic-um, zoonic-um, and as my *cock-neigh* cousin pronounces it, all their other *Ilu*——, —but I am fearful this last expression might have the appearance of a joke.

I will also briefly notice another beauty in which I hope to rival and even surpass the Chemists. Though I very much admire their innocent version of several old English words into latinized ones, (for why should a boy pass ten years in learning Latin at Eton, if he is to speak English all the rest of his life?) such as *sour milk* into *acid lactic*, *vinegar* into *acid acetous*, &c. &c. I propose in most instances to adopt the *Chinese* tongue!—which indeed I wonder the authors of the New Chemical Nomenclature should have overlooked, as it is found capable of expressing by a series of

combinations, not only the source, cause, essence, substance, nature, date, and age of the thing specified, but also its actual vitality or decay, as well as all the future uses to which by combinations, either of substances or events, it may be applied, and of course is far more congenial to my invaluable new project than the Latin; and I hope thus to assist the progress of the nineteenth European century backward to those primitive nations, whose customs we have so many profound reasons to respect.

To express every thing openly, in its plain signification and at full length, is the admirable practice of all pure times, and nothing but the corruptness and laziness of civilized society can have induced the coinage of brief terms, which merely denote things sufficiently to prevent your mistaking one for another, and no more define their fabric or qualities, than the names of *Henry* or *John* do those of the individuals who bear them; appellatives, which, together with all those names so long improperly called *proper*, will, I trust, as soon as my plan shall be made public, be abolished by the natural feelings of the logicate; for what can be the degree of pleasure in learning that a friend or relation, under

the name of *Thomas* or *Stephen*, *Mr.* — or *Dr.* —, is at my door, (or supposing you yourself were there,) compared with the gratification which I shall derive from hearing my footman announce a *compound epithet expressing at once the combination of bases and substances, as well as the genealogy, temperament, amiability*, and *probable durability* of each!—All these things, I conceive, are as clear as the Radiate of Phosogen (old name, *Sun*).

In short, (and I trust you will assist me in the *Augean* task,) I propose a more complete victory over simple and abstract terms in every province, than the Chemists have yet gained in theirs—over *book*, *candle*, *door*, *bread*, *table*, *basket*, *rain*, *snow*, *husband*, *wife*, *colour*, *palette*, *painter*, *pen*, *poet*, &c. &c. all of which description, as you by this time perceive, only serve to stifle reflection, and obstruct the progress of reform and true philosophy.

Let me know your opinion of my design, and believe me,

Dear Artist,

Yours insolubly,

*Cainoglottic.at.*

## *Lines written under the celebrated Picture by Guido, called* THE AURORA, *representing the advance of the Chariot of the Sun, accompanied by the* HOURS.

WHERE the bright ruler of the rising day,
In mystic vision, takes his airy way,
Not void of precept, in their graceful dance,
With varied step the circling *Hours* advance.

Mark, how with warning hand, her face withdrawn,
First glides the *past*;—and points the fading dawn!
The *present*, next succeeds; with secret flight,
Half veil'd in shade, she seems t' elude the sight.
Then beams the *coming* hour, in promise new,
With open arms, and swelling to the view;
Joyous her mien, her steps fantastic bound;
Her parting vesture flutters gaily round:
Bright with perpetual smiles, her heedless eye
Rolls lightly on the train, that follows nigh,
Whose forms more faint, as more at distance seen,
Close, with uncertain hues, the moral scene.

The Painter's art, the grace of human kind,
Thus lights the fancy, and expands the mind.

P.

## No. XIII.

# THE SLIGHTED BEAUTY.

*(Continued from page 103.)*

*Rei simulacrum et imago*
*Ante oculos semper nobis versatur et instat.*

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***How the Beauty makes a sudden retreat into Holland, and of the strangeness of her whims in that country.***

OUR fair heroine, being reduced to the miserable plight in which we left her, was obliged to quit England as quickly as possible, or it would have been worse for her. "The rich," says a certain author, "may revenge themselves with arms; the poor have only tears."

She skulked about for a short time in a starving state, and then fled into Holland, where, being by this time pretty much humbled through her late afflictions, she was, from stern necessity, determined

for the present to conform her manners entirely to the humours of the people, who were so much her friends as to receive her and give her harbour.—Now, as a fallen angel, shorn of her rays, she no longer beamed with holy splendour. Her original dignity, though it never forsook her, was for a time totally forgotten. Like the Cameleon, she seemed only to crawl upon the earth, reflecting the image of whatever was nearest to her. She sung and she danced, she played childish fooleries with the boors, and many tricks she practised, all in a most enchanting manner. Among these, were her surprising feats by candle-light, which she performed often to the infinite pleasure of all the spectators. She also practised in artificial flower-making with surprising success: indeed her fruit and flowers would equally deceive and delight the dilettante, or still greater connoisseur, the insect. She gamed, smoaked, and sometimes even fought with the most vulgar in their carousing booths, and imitated all their manners to the life: she no longer prided herself on grace, beauty, or even on being a human figure; in truth, you would scarcely have recognised her original person; she now seemed without form, from the quantity of her petticoats—

absolutely a shapeless wallet with feet, hands, and a face—but she captivated the crowd, and they rewarded her in return, not indeed with splendour, but with plenty.

It was about this time (I think) that she received a most pressing invitation to pay a visit to France, where every indulgence was promised her, and where she was assured that every caprice of her humour would be regarded with delight and applause. Such fair offers from that gay country soon prevailed, and she accordingly made preparations for a speedy departure.

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*What a fool the Beauty was in France; and what a fool she was to leave it.*

WE have already seen the great change in our Beauty's conduct, as compared with her former character: her example proved most conspicuously the old proverb, that "evil communications corrupt good manners;" and it will be found that in France she still upheld its truth, having in her disposition from nature,

a strong desire to indulge all those who paid court to her. The sagacious reader must have already made the remark, that, in every country in which she resided, she always subdued her own better knowledge, judgment, manners, or even virtues, in order to please, and was humbly content to become the mere echo, as I may term it, of the nation with whom she was to live, and by whom she was to be supported. She could not bear to be neglected, neither could she exist without pecuniary aid, and for those weighty reasons alone, was always forced to be the true mirror of the people, and reflect back to them their own image. It was as necessary to do this, as to speak their language, especially when she was amongst those whom the inherent dignity of her own nature had no powers to charm.

But to proceed in our history. We now find the fair heroine safely arrived in France, where she was but too soon obliged to adopt all the modes and frivolous airs of that volatile nation. None of her changes was more surprising or more quickly executed; she seemed presently to be one of their own creation. She dressed and simpered with the gayest, and when she chose to

appear grave, would quickly assume an elegant desponding air, would lay herself down in an attitude of the most studied grace, on a gilded sopha, canopied with festoons of jessamine and roses;—she painted her cheeks, and bit her lips to make them red, and, prettily lisping, talked as if she was a forsaken, half naked, Arcadian shepherdess.—Sometimes, she fancied herself Venus attended by the Graces, with a flight of little playful Cupids floating round her; at other times she would deck herself out in a helmet and armour made of foil and gilt leather, with a truncheon in one hand and paper thunder-bolts in the other, strut about her apartments, and call herself Minerva or Juno, talk of Homer, and give herself such airs, that you would have taken her for one crazed in her wits. Then again she affectedly assumed all the solemn gravity of religion; then quickly dressed herself like Harlequin or Columbine, and looked just as if she was about to dance a jig in a booth before a puppet-show. In short, I cannot but own, that, during her abode in France, she at times made herself more justly a subject of ridicule and contempt, than in any other country she had visited, —her conceit and affectation were so great. Nevertheless

she was well received throughout the whole kingdom, and was courted, caressed, and handsomely rewarded, so as to pass her days in affluence and pleasure.

Yet to do her character all justice, it must be confessed, that during the part of her time in France, in which she associated with such persons as were of learning and science, she conducted herself with that degree of propriety and judgment, that she justly deserved the applause she gained by it; thus affording another proof of her powers and versatility, by shewing that she could be great when with the great, and as little when with the little.

*A wonderful discovery, which does not much forward the progress of the story.*

THE courteous reader may easily conceive the painful state of my mind, when I inform him that I have heard various mortifying opinions given upon the former part of this simple narrative by different individuals who have perused it. Some have called it a romantick

fable, declared it was impossible to be a truth, or even founded on truth; and of so wild and incoherent a kind, that they could not conceive what it was about; and have finished by determining, that it was not a real and pure statement of any case whatever. Thus it appears that I have lost my labour with those readers, having done no good or service to my forlorn friend.

On the other hand, those of a higher degree of sagacity, who conceive they can see deeper into a mill-stone than their neighbours, affect to discover a subtle meaning in this my pitiable relation: They grant it is a fable, but make out the full interpretation of it in their own minds, as clear as the sun at noon-day is to their sight. "It alludes," say they, "to things real, though mixed with things imaginary; and this mode has been adopted by the writer, in order to give a more distinct idea of the subject in hand, as viewed from a certain point." The *Slighted Beauty*, according to them, (for I am well aware of what they have said,) is no more than a personification of the Art of Painting. The *father* who adopted her, must mean the Popes or Bishops of Rome; by her old *duenna*, is signified the Romish religion; her conduct in Flanders is supposed to be

the type or emblem of the prevalent characteristics of the Flemish school of art; and the same of Holland, France, Spain, England, &c. &c.—Her two *lovers* mean Henry the Eighth and Charles the First; and the banishment of herself and her *cousin-german* alludes to the conduct of the Puritans, when they discharged painting and music from the service of the church:" and thus they go on, as if they had it all their own way, without ever consulting the poor author, or thinking it in the least degree necessary to have his consent; they have thus determined, and, as that excellent and sage proverb has it, "Just as the fool thinketh, so the bell clinketh." But to do them full justice, it must be confessed, that they are willing to do the author the same, and thus they go about it:

"It is not intended," say they, "in this hasty sketch, to throw any slight upon the multifarious practice of the graphick art in this country, but merely some opinions are given, to serve as a vindication of British talents against those foreigners and others, who have endeavoured to prove that Englishmen do not possess, equally with other nations, that native genius requisite to qualify them for becoming illustrious, in what, by the ladies and

their maids, is termed *the polite arts;* and that the author has, in his simplicity, attempted to give, in this tale, his own notions why the sublime in art does not thrive in the bosom of this his own dear country:" and they very candidly allow, that, if what the author has asserted cannot be denied to be a true statement, (and which they very kindly say it cannot,) why, then it proves, that the cause is not the want of intellectual powers in our countrymen, but the want of opportunity only to display them.

They still proceed—" Neither is it (say they) intended in this little work, to deny that a most ample share of fame, patronage, and profit, (at least equal to the just claims,) is bestowed on those departments of art, which, in conformity to the disposition of the natives, occupy its professors in this country. But," they say, " there is another distinct province of art, which is totally unknown in this country, and, there is also great reason to fear, will ever so remain. It is that, in which were produced the Cartoons of Raffaelle, and the Capella Sistina of Michael Angelo; that, in which Painting makes its claim to such high intellectual pre-eminence," and they declare

it to be that description of art *alone*, which is here alluded to. As the author, I cannot but in justice acknowledge, that I have very great obligations to those good commentators for so kindly informing me of what it was that I was about, or meant to do in this my work. But I beg permission to offer a few words in my own vindication; I wish I had been capable of the fancy or imagination which those criticks insinuate; then indeed I might have embellished my little history with allegory, and beguiled some idle readers, who, while they sought after amusement only, might have been cheated into knowledge, and so have made a moral use of my tale; for well I know, that to do good by stealth has been the approved practice of all degrees of philosophers, from those who conveyed it in a parable, even to those who administer it in a gilded pill. There is a strange perverseness in human nature, an unaccountable unwillingness to receive good for its own sake alone; it must be sweetened and adapted to the palate by a flavour or dash of pleasure, and thus, while the appetites are deluded and off their guard, the benefit is done against the will; and the greater or less quantity

of wholesome medicine which is conveyed to the patient's relief, must wholly depend on the address with which it is administered. The power which is thus disguised, to insinuate itself with full effect, may, (though in this respect only,) be compared to the *Trojan Horse;* that which is contained must be unknown to those who receive it, and please in the means to become powerful in the end.

I shall say nothing more in my defence, only beg leave to give a hint to those who raise such fabricks in their imaginations; to wit, that they may sometimes perchance be mistaken; and that fancy and facts do not always coincide. I shall take the liberty to produce one instance (as it is a known truth) in order to prove and explain what I now advance, and then proceed to relate the remainder of my dry but faithful story, whether it be received as truth or not.

Not long since, in a populous street of a populous city, the passengers, as well as the neighbours, were awfully alarmed by horrid shrieks of murder in one of the houses. This soon collected a vast mob of all sorts, who as soon became tumultuous; and, as they could

obtain no sort of information by repeated knocking at the door, it was determined to break it open by force, and enter the house to relieve this screaming victim from the jaws of death. But some amongst the crowd wished to oppose those violent measures, therefore a party of the guards was called in, to keep the multitude at bay; the peace-officers likewise were sent for, with the justice at their head, who was obliged to read the riot act, to keep order; but as the cries of distress still continued, it was determined at last to force the door open, in a legal way.—In the midst of this tumultuous clamour, the innocent family returned to their besieged house, having been abroad to spend a holy-day (it being Sunday). When, after great difficulty, and as great insults from the mob, they obtained a hearing from the enraged populace, they declared there could be no sufferer in the house, as no one had been left in it; and that this cruel murder, which had filled every head and heart with horror, was nothing more than the suggestion of the imagination set at work by the simple screaming of their parrot.

*How the Beauty re-embarked for England, and how she was used by the Custom-house Officers on her landing; what they took her to be, and the embarrassment it occasioned her. How she was mistaken for a Spy, and also for a Cook.*

OUR beautiful Inconstant, still panting after variety, suddenly came to a resolution to try her fortune once more in fair England, where she had long conceived an ardent desire to pay a second visit, having of late learned that the former faction of her enemies was either destroyed, or at least pretty well kept under, and sufficiently humbled, so that she might very safely shew her face again in that kingdom. She accordingly, procuring a passage, took a French leave, and soon after safely arrived on the desired shore. Immediately on her landing, she was surrounded by the petty officers of the customs, who, not well knowing what to make of her, concluded she must be a spy, and therefore made seizure of all her baggage; but fortunately for her, they overlooked a small chest containing various articles of foreign taste, which she had picked up in

the different countries in which she had resided. To this she immediately had recourse, and began to rig herself out in all the little remains of her property; and thus equipped, she made the strangest figure the world ever beheld, being obliged to wear the rags of every country in Europe. Thus, she had a scarlet *Ferraiuolo* from Rome, a ruff and scarf from Spain, a black silk skirt from Venice, a thick woollen petticoat and a pair of skaiting shoes or boots from Holland, and a spangled robe of gauze from France, trimmed with a full sufficient quantity of Flanders lace; and in consequence, she seemed, on her first appearance, to be so strongly attached to the various peculiarities and fashions of each country she had visited, that it was impossible to determine from which she came last; nor would any one of those countries have been able honestly to claim her as their own. Yet, to do her strict justice, I must remark that, after all her various turns of fortune, and in the midst of this medley of rigging, she most evidently retained the highest idea of her original importance and character, and spoke with pride and pleasure of that part alone of her life, which she had passed in her native country; condemned all others,

Spain excepted, for false taste and vulgar manners, and finished by saying, her hopes now revived in breathing again in the land of liberty, liberality, and refinement. Being however rather reduced in her finances, she began to look about her for some proper mode, by which to get a reputable livelihood.

Endowed by nature with great abilities, (and those well cultivated, by every possible advantage of education, to fit her for employments which required the highest taste,) and having been particularly successful and admired by all the world, while in the court of her father, for her exquisite judgment in enriching, as well as adorning, so many magnificent churches, chapels, and halls, during all which time practice had added to the improvement of her talents; she therefore congratulated herself on her powers, and immediately fixed on the highest department of her skill, as the proper object of her future attention, and best befitting her rank and lofty genius. She now encouraged herself in the most sanguine hopes; in so much that not a doubt remained in her mind, but that her fortune was made; especially when she saw the forlorn and unfurnished condition, as it appeared to her, of those numerous publick build-

ings of the kingdom: fired with all that enthusiasm which ever attends on genius, in the joy of her heart she exclaimed, "Now it is, that I shall again be seen in my original splendour, and shine the brighter by my late eclipse. Behold the land abounding with riches and public benevolence! a country whose annals teem with records of heroism and of virtue! Here indeed I shall find room for the exertions of genius! here give unbounded scope to fancy, and display before a wondering world such rare examples of novelty and of excellence, as shall surpass perhaps all that I have already achieved! nothing can bar my way or intercept my course;—and I am the more assured of this, when I reflect upon the many wealthy, splendid, and liberal *companies*, which compose the mighty mass of this immense metropolis; all of whom have superb halls, in which to hold their councils,—and those still remaining unadorned—surely, it would seem, on my account, and only so left, because I did not return sooner to the kingdom."

Thus full of herself, she indulged in fantastic reveries; she fancied the joyful reception she should meet with, on the discovery of her person to those who had been so long in the expectation of her coming; and

even enjoyed the idea of playing off a kind of teasing pleasantry upon them, before she discovered to those friends, who and what she was.

Her temperature was of a kind too energetick, to suffer her to remain long idle. She therefore immediately began to put her plan in execution; and, to increase the pleasure, was determined to apply, herself in person, to those in power, and surprise her future patrons at once with her presence. Thus resolved, she sallied forth, full fraught with her own consequence, and, with courage and unshaken perseverance, as if Apollo had gallantly led her by the hand, she went from house to house, and from hall to hall, but soon found the difficulty of obtaining admittance to any of the principal persons of those corporations; and when at last she had the good fortune to gain a parley, she found it still more difficult to make them comprehend what it was she wanted of them. This she at first attributed to her not being able to speak very distinct English; but some of the society, who thought they understood her better than their neighbours, answering for them, told her that they had no employment for her in the line she professed, for that all their banners and

ornaments were generally painted by one of their own society, and it could not be expected that they should take the profits and advantages from him, to give it to a stranger who had not even the freedom of the guild.

To several others of those fraternities she was still more incomprehensible, and much less able to make her case clear. They distinctly heard her use the words *decorating* and *dressing* out their halls with *taste;* but taste with them had another signification, and decorating and dressing was by them mistaken for decorating their table and dressing publick dinners; and therefore they answered her, that they did not dress their dinners in their halls, that they had a spacious and well furnished kitchen for that purpose alone, and then demanded of her if she was a professed cook, and in want of a situation.

To be thus defeated in her first essay, not a little discomposed her, and her spirits sunk on finding that nothing was to be done in this channel.

Those opulent traders, whose bounties are ever ready in all cases and on all occasions which you can once get them to comprehend, soon perceived her state

of chagrin and disappointment with a sense of pity, and were willing to relieve her wants, had they but known how; one way indeed occurred—by them considered as a sovereign remedy in such dilemmas—to which they accordingly had recourse, and, to stay her stomach, immediately presented her with a large bason of the richest turtle soup, which, in point of exquisite taste in its way, would not yield the palm to any production of taste in her own. The offer therefore was irresistible, especially to a craving appetite just arrived from France; she mildly took it, smiled on their simplicity, and eat it, although in the only place which their politeness had allotted her, to wit, the porch or lobby, after which she retired to the contemplation of her present forlorn condition.

"Ah!" said she, with a deep sigh, "here is no hope that the great actions of philosophers or heroes shall adorn *their* walls, who are much more edified by viewing in portrait the honest representation of some prudent successful trader, staring them in the face, to prove how much may be gained by industry and plodding, without the help of learning or of arts!"

*How the Beauty was disappointed in all her views, and how she had like to have been starved to death.*

AFTER the cutting repulse (just related) of our Beauty's proffered services, she remained for some time in that state of painful depression, which is so well known to all those who suffer from mortified self opinion; to which was added the immediate fear of poverty and dependence. She now called to mind her ancient and first friend the Church, and resuming her courage, resolved to make application immediately to that excellent source of patronage, learning, and benignity: "Here at least," said she, "I shall have to deal with persons of wisdom, science, and piety, whose minds have been enlightened by education, and whose habits are directed by virtue. Now I shall have no difficulty in making myself understood; those learned men are sufficiently acquainted with the zeal I have shewn in the service of morality, and will quickly receive me as a bosom friend, as they will readily perceive that they have an opportunity to encourage a branch of science and of art, which demands, for the execution of its

purposes with just effect, the closest study, added to the highest intellectual powers."

On making the trial, however, she found to her exquisite mortification, that she was indeed but too well understood; for, she perceived, that although her former inveterate enemies were dispersed, yet the old prejudices against her character and connections still remained in all their original force. She was roughly answered, that none of her mummery or trumpery was wanted there; that her pretensions had already been maturely considered; and it was deemed highly necessary to inform her that her demand was impious, that her seducing character was clearly and thoroughly known, and her assurance amazing in applying to that source, or expecting that any assistance would be obtained from it to such heretical arts as hers. "Also, she must surely very well remember, that she had been already curst out of the pale of the church, and no new reason had occurred to render it proper to reverse the judgment, which had been so dispassionately and so justly passed upon her; that it had cost trouble enough to get rid of her, and especial care would be taken in future effectually to prevent her ever again getting any footing in their precincts, for that, when she was let into

their sanctuary, she did nothing but mischief, by daubing and scrawling on the walls, and playing such anticks as drew off the attention of the congregation from the teacher, and his pious office."

At hearing this she trembled exceedingly, and felt instantly convinced that the deadly blow to all her hopes of succour, respect, or even sufferance in this country, had been struck at the time when she was first attacked by that horde of inveterate enemies, who with such accumulated and unnatural vengeance had driven her from the realm; and that, notwithstanding she might, at this more calm time, escape the rigour of the law's power against her, yet (she plainly perceived) she should still be looked upon as an alien, as one who had been publickly cursed, and neither countenanced by church or state, denied all degrees in the universities, and considered only as a base trapping of detested popery, or at best but a gawdy decorator of rooms for banquet or for revel.

The curate, the clerk, the beadle, the tax-gatherer, and the sexton were all present at this interview, and much they enjoyed her state of mortification, each wishing to put in a word on the occasion; when the

clerk, seeing her treated with so little ceremony, and perceiving she was about to withdraw, boldly ventured to give his opinion, and plainly told her, "That she had much better take herself off while she was well, and go practise her trickery in some other place, for it would not do *there*, and she might depend upon it, that every thing in his power would be done to prevent the evil effect of such *papish* fooleries."

Then the curate spoke, and gently addressing her, said he shrewdly suspected that she still held correspondence with her vile father, as she was pleased to call him, and was still ready and willing to assist his impostures.

In vain with plaintive accents she pleaded the innocence both of herself and her father, in respect to any evil intentions in what she had done, and asserted that she never had conceived it possible that her work could be viewed in so base a light! "Surely," said she, "in its very worst aspect, it can only be considered as matter of ornament, and that of the most simple and innocent kind. But may it not," she continued, "be also a silent help to piety and reflection, a means of instruction to the unlearned part of the world? for pictures, says Gregory

the Great, are the books of the ignorant, where they may learn what they ought to practise.—Can it be wrong to produce, by objects of sight, those awful ideas, which are allowed to be so eminently useful to society, when produced by words? can it be wrong to employ means, by which a more impressive image is given of what has been read or said, than vulgar minds are able to conceive from their own resources?—will it not eventually tend to soften the hearts of the illiterate?"

"The instructions which are given to the young, should be pithy and short, as they will the sooner hear them, and the better keep them; and the words of Seneca are, "that men ought to teach their children the liberal sciences, if not because those sciences may give any virtue, yet because their minds by them are made apt to receive any virtue." Such is the nature of that instruction, which is derived from the works of my art, that the idle and unlettered, by the repeated view and contemplation of the characters and actions which I shew them, beaming with divinity and with morality, have their minds sown, even before they are aware, with the seeds of purity, compassion, and of general benevolence, and virtue made familiar to them; for "virtue is that alone

which maketh men on earth truly famous, in their graves glorious, and in heaven immortal."

However, this fine speech not being very clearly comprehended by her auditors, the clerk smartly told her to hold her deluding tongue; that she was a very wicked creature, and that her tricks and wiles were of the most dangerous tendency.

The curate desired the clerk not to be so flippant of speech, for he would take upon himself to lecture her. He then calmly told her, that she was a wretched, beggarly hanger on upon the public, a sort of excrescence, and considered as a burthen by all who knew her; a kind of tax on the rich, who had so many better ways of bestowing their money than to pamper her in pride; one whom they had not the heart to starve, and yet begrudged the expense to maintain—and the most costly of all toad-eaters; an enthusiastick visionary, who imagined herself, from conceit and partiality, to be something more than mortal, and, like the tomb of Mahomet, to be suspended between heaven and earth, and would scarcely know to which she belonged, if hunger did not teach her; adding that she must be possessed of a most astonishing share of

arrogance, still to persist in her fulsome notions of fancied importance, when she must so clearly see her worthlessness demonstrated in this single fact, that neither church nor state gave her presumptuous claims the least countenance, but appeared to be clearly of opinion, that the whole which could be done by the utmost exertions of her powers, was not on their part worth the smallest attention. They saw her in her true colours, as an useless intruder on society; even the very citizens beheld her with indifference, if not with scorn; and, as the proverb justly observes, "that which every body says must be true,"—that is past denying.

The clerk, interrupting the curate, observed with a significant smile on his countenance, that a good singer (the clerk was very fond of vocal musick, and was blessed with a tolerable tenor pipe of his own,) or even a dancer, was worth a million of such vermin as herself; which was evidently and repeatedly proved before her face, and truly by the most unquestionable and weightiest test, to wit, the vast difference in their rewards.

Then the beadle, winking one eye in drollery, archly

said, that if there was no other way of silencing her perpetual whining and moaning, as if she was a person really injured, and had a cause of complaint, they would soon quiet her by setting the law at her heels, and shew her the way out of the kingdom again as an alien, without any demonstrable way of livelihood; or else set her in the stocks, where she might complain at her leisure with some cause; but here the curate told him he was quite vulgar, and also wrong,—that she had not broken the law, and therefore could not be so treated.

Then the tax-gatherer, who was the most intimate chum of the sexton, and had often helped him to a job, slyly whispered him that she was a vile hypocrite, and only pretended poverty to save herself from his clutches; and that he should soon attack her for his dues, besides letting the informer bring a handsome surcharge on her; as he was very well assured, that she had a quantity of concealed jewels about her, which she had hidden on purpose to elude their search.

Lastly the sexton spoke, and finished the conversation by shrewdly observing, (making his bow,) that he should

be very happy to dig her grave, and made no doubt but, when she had been starved to death, she would be finally dismissed by her few friends, with a most pompous and splendid funeral, and therefore desired that he might engage his friend the undertaker for her, as he was apt to believe she was a much more profitable article to deal with in any manner when dead than when alive.

To be again rejected, again despised, was too much even for philosophy to bear. Almost overwhelmed with grief, even to despair, she returned to her habitation, where, unpitied and alone, she vented her anguish in a flood of tears. This second banishment struck her with the greater mortification, because her last dependence had been on the church, which had always given her protection, and had been her greatest friend, except at that particular period when bigoted, hypocritical, puritanical, enthusiastical enemies of her and of all true taste, had driven her from the land. She had reason to expect no other treatment from barbarians—they had their own schemes to promote; but when it came upon her from the mild, the educated, and refined, it wounded her to the very soul. The insults of the

vulgar we can with ease pass over, but contempt from the good, although from mistake, is truly terrible. "Surely," said she, "the soul payeth dear for hire in the body, considering what she there endureth!"

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*An account of the Beauty's two Sisters; how one of them was fortunate, courted, and indulged, till she grew so bulky, that some thought she took up too much room when at Church; and how the other was half starved, and as lean as a gridiron: serving to prove that some men find it as much trouble to digest meat, as others to get it.*

AS in a former part of my history, I gave some account of a cousin-german of our heroine, I shall in this take notice of certain others of her relatives, as not unimportant to my main purpose; for there was a circumstance rather curious, which helped not a little to aggravate the mortification attending our Beauty's deplorable state, and she could not but feel it with great pain, whenever she reflected upon it. This was the instance of a favoured sister, who was also resident in

this country, and had met with unbounded success in all her undertakings. As their pretensions were not very dissimilar, she could not help wondering by what means her sister could have obtained so decided a preference. The girl was certainly a comely, personable wench, but she had a heart of marble, and a face of brass; indeed she was apparently composed of very different materials from her sister. This young lady was just as remarkable for being the object of singular indulgence, as our Beauty was of persecution, scorn, and neglect, and most particularly with the very same Hierarchy, which had denounced our heroine by a curse, and prohibited her entrance into its sanctuaries. This brazen-faced sister, on the contrary, was a prodigious favourite, and had an uncontrouled power, insomuch that, by her will and command, she would often stop up the finest window in the church from a mere whim. Sometimes she would only modestly seat herself directly in the window, so as to obscure the light something less than stopping it up entirely. Then she would make no scruple at any time to sap the principal pillars of support, root up the foundation, build up partition walls in the aisles from the floor to the roof, bore great holes in the walls, or

open new windows in them to serve her purpose, cover the pavement, and by that means prohibit the sexton and clergy from their perquisites gained by burial ground. Still all those whims were suffered without a murmur, and so very far was this partiality extended to the pampered favourite, that her patrons, with the utmost readiness, always made a handsome recompense for all the damage she might at times occasion in any of her ingenious fantasies, in some of which she would stick herself up in the midst of a cathedral, with her elbows held out, so that you could scarcely pass by her, or, if you attempted it, she would break your shins with her great feet; for of late she was grown enormously bulky, and if you dared to complain, she would quickly clear the way before her with an iron bar. At other times, in order to shew her figure (which she thought was a good one) to advantage, she would throw herself into such attitudes as would shew her nakedness even to indecency, and all this with a face of bronze that nothing would dismay; foreside or any side was the same to her.

In short, she had been so long in the habit of taking liberties, and her protectors so long in the habit of

suffering them, that she seemed, both to them and to herself, to be infallible, and was accordingly so treated, just as if she had given them love-powder.

The surprising difference in the treatment which these two sisters met with, I never was able to account for, nor am I at present able to solve the problem.

I have already said, that whatever she did, the church and the state were well pleased; she was also as great a favourite with the city, and, in short, fortune was ever in her favour. In the city, she would sometimes exhibit herself in the streets or publick squares, and display her feats in horsemanship; but in this attempt she generally cut but an awkward figure, and rather failed in her cast of this character, as frequently, on those gay occasions, she seemed to have lost all sense of shame; for sometimes she would appear rigged out in the habit of a Roman Emperor of old, and sometimes she would exhibit herself pig-tailed, with a cocked hat and a pair of jack boots; yet her patrons were still so delighted with all her pranks, that they not only indulged, but rewarded her vagaries with enormous grants of thirty thousand pounds at a time: For she was prodigiously expensive, as nothing would suit her purpose, unless it came

from a foreign country; "far fetched and dear bought" must serve her turn, so that no small allowance would suffice for her, although one quarter of the sum would have enabled her sister to shine with the utmost splendour; for our Beauty was modest, unobtrusive, and, though pleasing in all her manners to every body, never ran into any expenses, but, on the contrary, she could give a value to that which had none in itself before; and was so humble in her deportment, that, wherever she came, she made it a point to stick herself as close to the wall as a limpet to a rock, for fear of offending, but some how she was always unfortunate, and all her care was but labour lost. Although she felt much pleasure in her fat sister's prosperity, and would have been glad of any opportunity to assist it, as she thought it a just encouragement, yet she could not survey this lavish, unbounded, and partial preference but with desiring eyes, as some half-starved cur, at humble distance, glances a longing look at a well-fed spaniel, who is feasting on the rich repast of a fine marrow-bone. One thing however must be allowed in favour of this sister, which was, that she always spoke well of the dead, and it proved to be of infinite service to her. Thus, for

instance, she would get up in the midst of the church, and, in her own way, make long harangues in various languages, filled with flattery and falsehood, praising the dead to gratify the living. It is true, it all went for nothing, as nobody attended to her, or believed one word of what she said, yet it got her many friends among those who were convinced of the necessity of such a helper.

There was also another sister, who was very ingenious, but, as she was not able to serve either city, church, or state by any of her performances, she passed her time in a most ragged condition.—I apprehend she is now defunct, as I have heard nothing from her for some time past.—In truth, any account of her is unnecessary to our present purpose, therefore she is not worth our notice. However, as I have mentioned her, I will take the liberty just to give a few particular traits of this lady's character. In the first place, she was a great talker, and delighted in words, in so much that one of her fancies was to set them down in curious shapes and rows, and she would then look at them with uncommon pleasure, always concluding, that every one who saw them would be as much delighted with them as herself. In this way she spent a great deal of her

time, and was so diverted with this play, that she conceived, even when it produced ever so great nonsense, that, thus disguised, it would pass for sense; for, like a good confectioner, she well knew that even weeds will be eaten as a delicacy, when embalmed in sugar. However I am to acknowledge, that when she was in her truly highest flights, she was really sublime. She most commonly assisted her fortunate sister in making her solemn church orations.

She was the eldest, the proudest, and the poorest of the three;—I say the poorest, because each of the others had known some intervals of prosperity, and even affluence; she never. Her whole life was spent as a pauper. Yet she carried herself with an air of the utmost dignity, even when she had neither stockings nor shoes to her poor feet. The only favour shewn to her in this country, that I ever heard of, was that she got a little matter by singing "God save the King" on festivals, now and then a cup of sack given her to cherish her soul, and the promise of a handsome burial place at her demise.

*J. N.*

*(To be continued.)*

THE

# ARTIST.

*Part III.*
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No. XIV.

CONTINUATION OF

## THE OFFICES OF PAINTING.

*Dea nominis hujus honorem!*

THE last and highest office of Painting is the *expression of poetic imagery;* in which the exertions of genius have been so predominant, as to have usurped for a single branch of the art the title to the whole, and to have confounded the various claims of the different

parts in this one superior pretension. Painting and poetry are universally said to be *sisters;* and in this province of painting, and this only, they may be strictly so called.

In my former paper on the Offices of Painting, I endeavoured to shew the steps, by which the art gradually ascends to take its station in the regions of poetry. In its first province, it might be compared, in writing, to mere descriptions of persons and things; In the second, to accounts, or characters, of men; In the third, to narrations of events, or regular history; andin the fourth, to the several, diversified kinds of historical composition, in which invention is allowed to claim a place. In the province of which I am now going to speak, it resembles the efforts of literary genius in its most exalted sphere. By the aid of fictitious images, derived from its own creative power, it melts with tenderness, it touches with pathos, it rouses with passion, it enchants with beauty, it awes with majesty, and it elevates with loftiness of conception.

The intelligent reader must have perceived, that, in the former part of my subject, when treating of *allegorical history*, as distinct from poetry, I was treading

on a ground, whose limits it is difficult, or rather (as in all cases that have a reference to mental operations) impossible to trace with precision. Allegory, when considered as subservient to the purposes of history, I classed in the historical province; and I placed the resplendent work of the Luxembourg in that class, because the main and predominant design of that work, however collaterally adorned by the profuse display of an inventive fancy, is the elucidation of *a series of actual and positive facts of history;* to which all the other circumstances, of fiction and ornament, are incidental. But it is also the part of allegory, to constitute an essential and distinct branch of poetic invention; and in this light, I here place it in the province of graphic poetry: so that I trust my design, in the distinction I have attempted to make, appears sufficiently evident. I do not treat of allegory, as a province in itself, but merely as a *mode* or instrument, equally applicable to history and to poetic fiction. I shall now notice it in the latter view.

The nature of allegory, as it is employed in poetry, is sufficiently known to every reader. In painting and sculpture, it has furnished some of the most consummate

examples of inventive art; and indeed it appears so secure an instrument in the hands of the painter, that, were I inclined to admit any comparative remark, I should be almost tempted to conjecture that it had originated with him. Some of the antique gems present the most exquisite instances of allegory; such as "Cupid riding on the back of a lion;" "Aurora conveying away the body of a child who died in infancy;" "Cupid breaking a thunderbolt;" and "Psyche (or the Soul) putting Cupid into bondage:" images at once so distinct, so agreeable to the fancy, and of so much beauty, that they seem to satisfy every wish and purpose of invention.

Titian, the great master of the Venetian school, has represented the Triumphs of Science, Fame, Death, and Revealed Religion, in separate compositions, with many attendant circumstances of invention, which (particularly in the three last) very aptly illustrate those subjects.

Holbein's unrivalled Allegory of the *Dance of Death*, (painted on the walls of the Cemetery at Basle, in Switzerland, and known by the various engravings from it,) in which every various character, from the Pope

to the Peasant, is individually seized, or accompanied by Death, is a tissue of poetic images, accomplishing completely the double aim of poetry in its highest moral department, viz. delight and instruction.

The spacious and splendid ceiling of the Barberini Palace at Rome, by Pietro da Cortona; the Cupola of the Imperial Library at Vienna, by Gran*; the ceilings of Le Brun, and the rooms of the Apotheosis of Hercules, by Le Moine*, at Versailles; and the ceiling of the Hall at Greenwich Hospital, by Sir James Thornhill, bear (unequal) testimonies of the powers of Painting in allegorical fiction.

A few specimens of allegory have been also left us by the enraptured pencil of Reynolds; *Hope nursing Love*, and *Cupid loosening the girdle of the frolic Maid*, need not be recalled to the memory of any lover of painting.

To monumental sculpture, allegory supplies almost the whole of its spiritual materials, and, whether it be employed in the service of history or poetry, the sculptor will be found to derive from it the most copious sources of delight and attraction.—But to resume the order of my subject:

* See Winckelmann.

Next to allegorical history, is to be noticed *symbolical or allusive Painting*, by which the character and genius of an age, a government, or a hero are expressed, by the representation, not of actual events immediately belonging to either, but of congenial scenes and actions, drawn from examples of celebrity in the records or traditions of former times. This mode of graphic representation, I conceive, takes its place decidedly within the threshold of Poetry, and forms a distinct branch of it. Of this species, the apartments of the Vatican, painted by Raffaelle, the Farnese Gallery by Annibale Caracci, at Bologna, and the lesser Gallery in the Farnese Palace at Rome, present the most eminent examples. It will be sufficient to mention the first and greatest of them.

In the *series of allusive pictures*, with which the rooms of the Vatican were adorned by Raffaelle and his scholars, at the command of the Popes Julius II. and Leo X. some few are so unmixed with circumstances foreign to the real time and action of their occurrence, that they may be contemplated simply or relatively, as the spectator is inclined; and, from this cause, they have frequently been considered as mere records of history,

without regard to their allusive meaning. But the studious observer finds that they are all the connected parts of one immense drama, progressively combining in the same design.

Of the typical expression of the series contained in these rooms, "the immortal monument of the towering ambition, unlimited patronage, and refined taste of Julius II. and Leo X." as composing a complete cycle of the "Progress, Extent, and final Triumph of the *Holy Faith*, in the establishment of *Church Empire*," the reader may find an explicit detail in the Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy and printed, in 1801. I shall content myself with observing, that the whole work will be found referable to the grand object intended to be kept in view—*the perfection of civilized man in faith.* Softened by the liberal arts—instructed by philosophy and science,—filled and elevated by a view of the divine mystery—and his every doubt subdued by miraculous conviction; he finds shelter and triumph from the name of Jesus—and his reward in the bosom of the church. Such are the points of allusion in the compartments called the *Parnassus*, *the School of Athens*, *the Dispute of the Sacrament*, and *the Miracle of Bolsena*, and such

the final allusions in the *visionary Cross* that animates to conquest, the *armed auxiliar angels* which hover over the troops of the faithful, and the admission of their leader to the *baptismal font.* In the historic scenes of this solemn masque, the individual characters, and the events, alike are typical illustrations of one great principle or system of religious action. *Constantine*, who, after the vision of the Cross at the head of his army, defeats Maxentius, exemplifies the *power of Victory* given by *Faith.*—It is Faith which repels *Heliodorus* and *Attila*, the spoiler of the temple and the invader of the city. It is Faith, which *delivers Peter from his Prison*; which *extinguishes* the *Fire in the Borgo*, and throws *chains on the Saracens at Ostia.*

Subordinately to this general clew of the design, the genius of the graphic Poet has, in several instances, given examples of the most daring flight. I shall confine my observations chiefly to one; namely, in the Expulsion of Heliodorus. The enterprize of this despoiler of the Temple of Jerusalem, and his punishment granted to the prayer of Onias, the high priest, are related in the second Book of The *Maccabees*, ch. 3. The events described in that affecting narrative, are exhibited by

Raffaelle with those modifications which his customary poetic style demanded. The Mission of the Angels, the Defeat of the Spoiler, the Refunding of the Treasure of the Church, are all compressed into one group, as full of various expressions as of beauty, and the subject loses none of its original force in his representation of it. But, while the history of the triumphs of Faith and the Church, is here continued in conformity with the general system of the work, the artifice of the painter has contrived to make the whole scene of that event illustrative of the pious vengeance taken by his patron Julius II. on the enemies of the church whom he had chased from the papal territory. The Pontiff himself is brought forward to view: His presence influences the whole action. The affrighted females, whom the text describes as variously dispersed in fear and supplication, here crowd around the chair of their august protector. He beholds the scene with emotion of countenance, but none of attitude: His presence is all sufficient, and the bearers of his chair express no sentiment of alarm or wonder—all is tranquil under his shelter. While the individuality of the pontiff is itself absorbed in the general typification, the particular event represented thus, becomes the

emblem or symbol of his successful power. Such were the invaders who strove to despoil the church which he governed, of her possessions; such was the guardian care of heaven over his pious zeal, and such the result of his prayers and his arms. He appears in the temple; the Lord drives his enemies before him.—It is difficult to shew an instance of a more varied range of fancy, blending and reconciling the most distinct and separately important points in the essential interests of the main design.

Similarly allusive to the general circumstances of the following pontificate, and with a similar exercise of poetic licence, is the Retreat of Attila, from the presence of Leo. The Escape of St. Peter from prison, and other subjects of this celebrated series of paintings, bear also allusion to the actions of Leo the Tenth; though the resemblance in *name* to the illustrious character whose fame and virtues that pontiff wished to make his own, is, I trust, to be regarded as accidental, as it is certainly by no means essential to the design. The achievements, and not the name of the Bishop of Rome, were the symbols of Leo's pontifical glory.

I am not unapprised that fanciful objections have been

brought against these compositions, on the same ground that I have already noticed in my remarks on Rubens's History of Mary of Medicis, viz. incongruity: but I feel it my duty, again to warn those of my readers, who are desirous of an acquaintance with painting, against the errors of fastidious and superficial criticks, who busy themselves more in forming *theories*, than in contemplating *examples*, of art, or examining the principles, on which they are founded. If I may not be allowed to wave altogether the consideration of such objections, I would desire the reader to observe, that the poetic licence, claimed by Raffaelle, and censured by the criticks above-mentioned, in the picture I have described, is similar to that adopted by the elegant muse of Virgil, when, embracing the bold anachronism of his Æneid, the poet united, in the person of Æneas, the ancient and illustrious source of his patron's family with the primary root of the hostile feuds between Rome and Carthage, so gratifying in their final result to the ambition of the former. What, say the criticks, has Julius II. to do with Onias and Heliodorus, or Leo X. with Attila? I hope I have explained the manner in which they are connected. Æneas is by the same stretch of fancy intro-

duced into Carthage, a city built two or three centuries after his death, as Julius II. and Leo X. into events antecedent, by a term of no less duration, to their birth. I am unwilling to remark farther on the futility of such cavils.

To scholars of a different description, to men of real learning, I wish to defer, when I add, that, although detached passages of subordinate allusion are readily to be traced in the conduct of the Æneid and other poems, I believe the mode of poetic composition which I have denominated *allusive*, when systematically carried on through a whole consecutive arrangement, to be of a nature peculiar to painting; and in more especial instances, as in the *Heliodorus*, *that* art alone to be capable of embodying and representing distinctly to the mind, in one immediate image, the fictitious and the real parts of the subject. Some instances indeed of dramatic production, of the same *general* class, occur to my recollection; but it must be confessed, they are of a very diminutive scale in comparison of the works just mentioned: Such are Gustavus Vasa by Brooke, Tamerlane by Rowe, and Pizzaro by our living Congreve; each no doubt highly allusive to the circumstances of our country

at the time it was produced on the stage. *Albion and Albanius* by Dryden, (and the same may be said of Spenser's larger poem of the Faery Queen,) is *not* similar, because, though devoted to a similar purpose, (the symbolic celebration of the reign of the living sovereign,) the allusions of which it is composed are drawn from fiction, and not exemplified by history. I shall venture to mention another example, which, without superficial resemblance, is (in my opinion) nearer in its essential quality to this species of composition in painting. This is *The Beggar's Opera;* a poem, which contains no scenes formed on a supposition of the incidents or events of the drama being *specifically* real, but raises its interest and founds its claim to superior praise, on the allusion of each scene to the general nature of political circumstances, and of its whole plan to the effects of such circumstances on the general propensities of mankind. If there is a reference to any individual character in real life, it is a subordinate artifice, (like the introduction of Julius II.) calculated to increase the immediate relish and interest of the work.

Raffaelle was partly led to the species of composition here mentioned by a natural bent of his genius to that

kind of painting, which has been properly compared with dramatic writing, and has thence been termed *dramatic;* and in which no man more eminently surpassed all competitors.

"He possessed, in the most enviable degree, an intuition into the pure emanations of nature, from the utmost conflict of passions, to the enchanting round of gentler emotion, and the nearly silent hints of mind and character."

"The power of his invention exerts itself chiefly in subjects, where the drama, divested of epic or allegoric fiction, meets pure history, and elevates, invigorates, impresses the pregnant moment of a real fact with character and pathos."

FUSELI'S LECTURES, 1801.

"No man drew characters so multiplied and so various, discriminated them so nicely, entered so deeply into their feelings, and gave them such clear and decided expression."

OPIE'S LECTURES, 1807.

I have before observed, under the head of *Mixed History*, that the Cartoons of Hampton Court contain many parts strictly poetical. They may indeed be said to be history poetically treated: the mode, in which the events are represented, is poetical in all of them. But this poetry is of the dramatic kind: through the whole of that admirable series, nothing is more conspicuous, than the just selection of action and expression, and that

personification of apposite sentiment, on which depends so much of the chief energy and efficacy of the drama.

For a full and just, as well as eloquent description of several of the subjects of the Cartoons, I refer the reader to the instructive lectures just quoted; and I shall here give a short account of another striking example of Raffaelle's poetic powers in the treatment of an historic fact, as they manifest themselves in a picture which I have frequent opportunities of considering.

The Massacre of the Innocents, was one of the subjects painted by Raffaelle for the sumptuous tapestries, which once annually adorned the portico of the Vatican, during the holy week. The design was divided into three compartments. In one is represented a group of five women, assailed by the emissaries of Herod: Each of the women is accompanied by her infant, the object of her solicitude, whose danger calls forth her utmost exertions.

The essential action of such a picture is *one* only: viz. that of *killing a child in the arms of its mother.* The dramatic painter has diversified it by such an attention to the various tempers and passions of human

nature, as renders the work a lesson to the explorer of *her* beauties, no less than to the student of those of art. On the foreground, a mother has been cast on the earth by the violence of the assault;—still mindful of her charge, her eye flashing with rage, she collects her strength and strains every nerve, to ward off the minister of cruelty from her babe, who clings aghast round her arm.

Just behind her, kneels another wretched female. She has lifted her child to supplicate for mercy. The murderer draws back his head, and the dagger's point touches his extended throat.—The features of the terror-stricken mother are paralysed—she resists no longer—she contemplates, appalled and torpid, the impending thrust of death.

At the back of this victim of terror, a soldier rushes forward to seize a child, which the fond parent attempted in vain to save by flight.—She presses him in her bosom, but the ruffian crushes his arm in his grasp, and fastens on his prey.

The summit of this varied group is crowned by a tremendous villain, who deals double-handed destruction: with one arm, he plunges a poniard in the bosom of an

infant gasping on its frantic mother's breast, and with the other, arrests by the hair a fugitive who cries in vain for succour.

In this manner the dramatic painter ranges the paths of passion, and awakens emotions of each appropriate kind.—But his observation of the laws of nature carries him yet farther.—On closer investigation of the characters which he has presented on the scene, it appears that the *scrvile* actors of a bloody command, are brutal, relentless, but unimpassioned. Their countenances are stern and fixed; varied by natural temperament, but alike in the expression of their object: appeal to such aspects is felt to be hopeless.—On the other hand the vivid expressions in the countenances of the mothers, are singularly heightened, by a correspondence of physiognomical character in each, with her expression and action. The first above mentioned, who resists the assailant with her utmost force, has that cast of every feature, which denotes a quick, irascible, impetuous temper.—The next, who torpidly views the point of the dagger at her child's throat, is of a phlegmatic hue and form, on which the appearance represented

would be most easily induced. The third, who, averted and trembling, clasps her child to her bosom, is the timid, lovely object of man's tenderest care.—All are examples of the distinctive power of the master's mind; and whoever compares them with Shakespear's varied tracings of the same or similar passions operating on different temperaments, will perceive, that, however the modes of invention may vary, the great dramatic masters of the passions, in either art, proceed on congenial principles.

It remains to be observed, that the expressions of Raffaelle, however powerful and true to the feelings of our natures, are invariably poetic or ideal: they derive no aid from any excess of gross and ordinary forms; they owe nothing to accident. A late great physiognomist has even criticised one of the heads in the picture called *The School of Athens*, as being composed of heterogeneous or incongruous parts, such as are never found united in nature. The expressions of Raffaelle are the result of methodised form and feeling, which enables him, in the subject of Heliodorus, to infuse the menace of conscious and resistless power into

the brow and eye of angels, and to make them preserve, in the very ministry of heavenly vengeance, the utmost beauty and loveliness of feature, unimpaired *.

Let those, therefore, who look at the works of Raffaelle, bear in mind, that they look on one who was always a poet; that it is just as easy to understand his varied merits, as those of the highest writers of poetry in our own or any other language; and that an equal train of preparatory study leads to the perception and enjoyment of the beauties in all. Homer, Shakespear, Dante, Raffaelle—are those who have exhibited, in their productions, the nicest perception, and most intimate discrimination of the affections of men's minds:—formed equally to instruct, to delight, and to refine the heart!

I proceed now to that extensive range of graphic poetry, where, guided by no trammels of real events, and yielding to no suggestions but those of the *mens divinior* within himself, the painter becomes the inventor of his own subject or story; and where, at one time, the mild spirit of Guido attires the Paphian Venus by the ministry of the Graces, or links hand in

* "Severe in youthful beauty." MILTON.

hand the dancing Hours round the Chariot of the Sun; at another the electric conception of Theon * impregnates his *Warrior* with the "sacred rage" of Mars; or the profound pathognomony of Agesander diffuses congenial agony through every muscle and feature of age and youth in Laocoon and his sons; or finally, the comprehensive mind of Buonaroti embodies the spirit of patriotism in the varied ardour of those who rush to the fight in the cartoon of Pisa, or embracing the whole expanse of classic erudition, renders every object of nature and imagination, every record of history and tradition, subservient to his design, in the elucidation of the momentous Truths of Revelation and divine redemption.

What scholar, who has either contemplated, or considered these works, will not be sensible, on the first glance of reflection, that they disclose the charms of *Poetry?* The hand of the artist may be (deservedly) praised, but it is the creative fancy, the mental inspiration, the poetry, which gives to his productions that claim over our minds, which universal consent has

* See Ælian, b. 2, ch. 44.

(in the instances I have mentioned,) acknowledged and established. I shall consider some of these more particularly in the following pages.

## POETIC PROVINCE OF PAINTING

*continued.*

RELIGION having been made the political establishment of the country in which painting has been most eminently cultivated in latter ages, the tide of fancy was there turned almost wholly to the channel of ecclesiastical devotion, and the greatest number of examples of art in the high class, are of the species of sacred poetry. Not only the holy mysteries of a Saviour assuming mortality from the womb of a virgin mother, but the enthusiastic legends of fervent and credulous zeal, have awakened the powers of graphic poetry. Nor have the painters merely displayed, in those subjects, a variety of the most delightful and captivating images of fancy, but the boast would scarcely be charged with

profaneness, if, when I speak of particular works of imagination by Fra. Bartolomeo, Raffaelle, Titian, Correggio, and Ludovico Carracci, I were to assert, in the sentiment of Quinctilian's praise of Phidias,—that they had "contributed to strengthen piety, and to add force to religious impressions."

Leaving for a while the consideration of those single effusions of talent, let us examine the renowned example of inventive genius, the ceiling and altar of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, painted by Michel Angelo; one of the most prodigious fabrics of composition, which the human imagination has ever raised, and of which it may be truly said, that "its great and lofty arrangements impress the mind with sudden violence*," arrest attention, and captivate the judgment. It exhibits no less than "the history of man, as he stands in relation to his Creator; regarded as the child of trial, and the subject of salvation or punishment; his origin, progress, and the final dispensation of Providence respecting him." To the display of this great object every part of the work directly tends: the formation

* Smith's Longinus, (character of the sublime.)

of the universe under an omnipotent *fiat;* the blessing of all, by him who saw that all was good; the formation of man and his fall from innocence; the long process of prophecies, through successive sibyls and prophets, profane and holy organs of heaven's mysterious decrees; the typical annunciation of the Redeemer by the brazen serpent in the desart, and his final appearance as Judge, Saviour, and Avenger,——

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,"

and the construction of that whole can only be compared to the great poems of Homer and Milton, equalling the one in grandeur of subject, and the other in loftiness of conception and style.

This stupendous work, a lesson to all, has been most comprehensively described by a living painter, well calculated, from vivacity of fancy, and strength of language, to feel and express its beauties, and I shall here offer it in his own words:

"This is the principle of that divine series of frescoes, with which, under the pontificates of Julius II. and Paul III. M. Angelo adorned the lofty compartments of the *Capella Sistina*.—Its subject is *Theocracy*, or the *Empire of Religion*, considered as the parent and queen of man; the origin, the progress, and final

dispensation of Providence, as taught by the sacred records. Amid this imagery of primeval simplicity, whose sole object is the relation of the race to its founder, to look for minute discrimination of character, is to invert the principle of the artist's invention: here is only God with Man. The veil of eternity is rent; time, space, and matter teem in the creation of the elements and of earth; life issues from God and adoration from man, in the *creation of Adam and his mate*; *transgression of the precept at the tree of knowledge* proves the origin of evil, and of expulsion from the immediate intercourse with God; the œconomy of justice and grace commences in the revolutions of *the deluge*, and the *covenant made with Noah*; and the germs of social character are traced in the subsequent *scene between him and his sons*; the *awful synod of prophets and sibyls* are the heralds of the Redeemer; and the *host of patriarchs* the pedigree of the Son of Man; the *brazen serpent* and *the fall of Haman*, the giant subdued by the stripling in *Goliah and David*, and the conqueror destroyed by female weakness in *Judith*, are types of his mysterious progress, till *Jonah* pronounces him immortal; and the magnificence of *the last judgment*, by shewing the Saviour in the judge of man, sums up the whole, and reunites the founder and the race."

"Such is the spirit of the Sistine Chapel, and the outline of its *general* invention, with regard to the cycle of its subjects,—as in their choice they lead to each other without intermediate chasms in the transition; as each preceding one prepares and directs the conduct of the next; this the following; and as the intrinsic variety of all conspires to the simplicity of one great end."

FUSELI'S LECTURES ON PAINTING, 1801.

Greater admiration would be very idly coveted for this amazing work than has been bestowed on it by every real scholar or student in painting; but amidst

the powerful and varied impressions produced by the magnificence of composition, and by the grandeur and beauty of forms, the casual spectator, rapt and lost in wonder, generally hastens eagerly from object to object, as they successively crowd on his admiration, and unconscious that he contemplates one vast and connected poem, dwells with raptures on the *parts*.—Such at least is the case with the far greater number of those who visit the chapel, and such is the natural consequence of its collective blaze of excellence on a sensitive and docile mind, not adequately prepared by a previous study of the powers of painting. It is generally asserted that "the sublime in painting and poetry so overpowers, and takes such entire possession of the mind, that no room is left for farther observation or emotion," and it is no new remark, that, in order fully to admire and comprehend an elevated production of genius, the mind must be duly prepared by instruction and reflection. Sir Joshua Reynolds has confessed of himself, that he wanted sufficient knowledge, at the first view, to perceive the full beauty of the Rooms of Raffaelle in the Vatican. How powerful would that *intuition* be, which could be supposed to penetrate the entire spirit of the work

of Buonaroti, when "the artist, who, absorbed by the uniform power and magnitude of execution, sees only breadth and nature in the figures, must be told, that he has discovered the least part of their excellence.*†"

I shall add Mr. Fuseli's introductory remarks to his description of this work, as they apply to, and help to illustrate the subject now before us.

"The aim of the *epic* painter is to impress one general idea, one great quality of nature or mode of society, some great maxim, without descending to those subdivisions, which the detail of character prescribes: he paints the elements with their own simplicity, height, depth, the vast, the grand, darkness, light; life, death; the past, the future; man, pity, love, joy,

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* Fuseli's Lectures.

† *In fact*, another obstacle occurs to the just and full appreciation of this work by the ordinary class of visitors. From the nature of the art and the building, the whole composition is spread before the eye at the same moment; and the lover of painting, who is brought to view it, is placed in the same predicament as a lover of poetry would be, to whom the entire Poem of Milton were shewn, for a few hours, written on one extensive sheet. He might, and naturally would, admire and select passages from it, and might carry home extracts in his memory or his pocket-book; but in order to comprehend and estimate its parts, it is superfluous to say, he must proceed with regular attention from the beginning to the end.

fear, terror, peace, war, religion, government: and the visible agents are only engines to force *one* irresistible idea upon the mind and fancy, as the machinery of Archimedes served only to convey *destruction*, and the wheels of a watch serve only to tell *time*.

"Such is the first and general sense of what is called the *sublime*, epic, allegoric, lyric substance. Homer, to impress one forcible idea of *war*, its origin, its progress, and its end, set to work innumerable engines of various magnitude, yet none but what uniformly tends to enforce this and only this idea; gods and demi-gods are only actors, and nature but the scene of war; no character is discriminated but where discrimination discovers a new look of war; no passion is raised but what is blown up by the breath of war, and as soon absorbed in its universal blaze:—As in a conflagration we see turrets, spires, and temples illuminated only to propagate the horrors of destruction, so through the stormy page of Homer, we see his heroines and heroes, but by the light that blasts them."

Correspondent with this description is, in particular, the immense picture of the Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel. *Man* is there exhibited simply as faithful or corrupt; the object of divine reward or punishment. Christ, surrounded by a holy circle of martyrs, awards the double verdict, and under his sentence, the ascent of the happy and the descent of the wicked, amidst the strife of contending fiends and angels, are exemplified in a surprising and (I had almost said) boundless variety of the most impressive

images. Terror, delight, love, aversion, are the alternate passions roused in the heart of the spectator — by objects, not exciting our sympathy as individuals, but appearing each to bear the stamp of a whole species; so much does the grandeur of form correspond with the solemnity and dignity of the conception.

It is pleasing to compare the imagery of congenial feelings in different arts:

> "Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise;
> Some lift with pain their slow, unwilling eyes;
> Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
> And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
> Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
> Firm as a rock, and broke the rushing flood—
> Such, in this day of horrors, all are seen
> To face the thunders with a godlike mien;
> An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
> A yawning gulph and fiends on ev'ry side,
> Serene they view, impatient of delay,
> And bless the dawn of everlasting day."
>
> YOUNG'S LAST DAY.

I am sensible that to those of my readers, who have never contemplated the sublime composition which I

have described, such accounts as have been here offered to them, must appear little else than mere rhapsody; but I entreat them to reflect that so would also appear the accounts, of the Iliad, or Paradise Lost, to any one who had never heard of, or even who had never studied those poems. If on examination, (and on that ground only,) works of invention, thus celebrated, are ascertained to correspond to the praise bestowed on them, their mental rank, and their unqualified title to become the objects of our study, cannot be questioned.

But, it has been already said, this elevated region of invention is by no means the only sphere of graphic poetry. A gentler spirit, such as breathed in the polished lyre of Horace and of Pope, of Metastasio, or of Shenstone, awakes the pencil of Guido, Parmegiano, and Albani. Fancy leads the painter alike through every region of Parnassus; and the minds of such students as cannot relish the severe glories of Homer and M. Angelo, may find delight in the softer beauties of Tasso and Domenichino.

At the head of this second class of imaginative powers,

stands Julio Romano, the scholar of Raffaelle, the *Dryden* of painting. In the Ducal Palace of Mantua, called *del T*, is to be seen the highest example of his truly original but eccentric powers. That great work, though not purely allegorical, belongs to the class of allegoric poetry, which has already been noticed and should more properly have been considered in this place. It contains, in one apartment, the allegorical fable of Psyche; in another, the Fall of the Giants; besides a cycle of "The Arts of Human Life," distributed through the different Months of the Year, with various other mythological subjects; and every where displays the most daring images of an unrestrained fancy. Among these pictures is the celebrated group of *The Hours giving provender to the Horses of the Sun*, so highly extolled by Reynolds.

The muse of Guido was of a chaster, and that of Albani of a more tender kind. The beautiful allegoric fiction of the former (already noticed) in his representation of the Chariot of the Sun surrounded by the Hours, is familiarly known, and the soft and pleasing pastorals of the latter are little less so. With the imagery of Guido in the abovementioned instance, may be compared the following passages:

" —diffugiunt stellæ, quarum agmina cogit
Lucifer, et cœli statione novissimus exit."

OVID, lib. 2, l. 114.

" Effulget tenebris Aurora fugatis."

IBID. l. 144.

" —Now morn, her rosy steps in the east
Advancing, strew'd the earth with orient pearl."

MILTON.

" —Yonder comes the pow'rful king of day
Rejoicing in the east. The less'ning clouds,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brim,
Tipt with ætherial gold, his near approach
Betoken glad."

THOMSON.

That Virgil should have no parallel amidst the graphic poets, is perhaps more owing to the want of similarity of circumstances, than of congenial sentiment and talent. There appears in Guido so much of the chastened fire, the elegance of superior deportment, which is admired in Virgil, that I am inclined to think it probable, that, had an equally great opportunity been presented to Guido, and under circumstances equally stimulating to eminence, *that* opportunity and *those* circumstances might have

raised him to an equal majesty of style and expression with the favourite of Augustus.

Beside these (indeed sufficient) exemplifications of poetic power in the province of painting here considered, there are also instances of poetic conception in the works of painters, which do not come under any class correspondent to poetry in writing. Correggio's celebrated *Notte* is of this description; in which a new and unexpected beauty, founded on the most refined and exalted conception, was given to his subject.

The painter has represented the Nativity of Christ, and the time chosen for his picture is the *Night*, from which circumstance the work derives its name.—The Infant Jesus, involved in an orb of glory, irradiates in all directions the surrounding objects: from him emanates the ray, which beams afresh with maternal tenderness in the countenance of the Virgin; from him the light which imparts splendour to hovering angels, and dazzles the vulgar herd of admiring and adoring shepherds. He alone gives life to the silent scene; he alone illumines—inspires: a circumstance, (says Mr. Opie,) which, from

its happy appropriateness to the person of him, who was born to dispel the clouds of ignorance, and diffuse the light of truth over a darkened world, may challenge comparison with any invention in the whole circle of art.—The ideal representation of Correggio, was, in fact, so congenial to the subject, that the same fictitious circumstance, (the light emanating from the infant) has been adopted by all successive painters, as if it actually formed a constitutional part of the event; until the inventor has nearly been forgotten in the invention, and the poet "lost in his own glory." *

It is not within the scope of this paper to enumerate all the various painters who lay claim to the character of poets, or to describe individually the mode of poetry, which distinguishes the style of each. It is enough to say, that few of those, whose names are become most familiar to our ear, will be found to have attained their celebrity, without being indebted for it to some poetic power of the mind.

The poetry of Landscape might also claim a place in

* Opie's Lectures.

this discussion, but I have already extended my remarks beyond my just limits, and I fear to tire where I may fail to instruct.

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I have thus endeavoured to satisfy the inquiry contained in the letter of Philo (at the commencement of this series,) by examining some of the properties of painting, considered, not as a subject of professional skill or science, but as an art connected with the general feelings of all men, and deserving of the most general study. The long train of technical disquisition I have carefully excluded from a question of universal concern; and painters, if such are among my readers, will easily perceive that it is not to them I write. It has been my sole wish, to offer such information to those who are unacquainted with painting, as may enable them to perceive, that the art is a source of refined delight to every one who chuses to turn his attention to it, and that, in order to receive pleasure and instruction from it, it is no more requisite to be a painter, than it is to be a poet in order to relish the charms of poetry. I do not see why the general scholar should be required to know more of painting

than of poetry, in order to judge of the beauties of the art: it is only to be desired that he should know as much.

By these means, I trust, I have in some measure succeeded in ascertaining the questionable point, regarding the degree of estimation to which painting is entitled, or as it is called, the "legitimate value of the art." Painting, like Literature, includes various divisions, some of which only bear a relation to poetry. The term *Painter* is a generic term in respect to the art, as the term *Writer* or *Author* is in respect to literature. Nor ought the distinctions in the different classes of either art to be confounded. The painter in the common and lower classes of painting, like the common writer of inferior works, has little or no claim to make, to extraordinary respect or distinction in society. He does no more than most other men (perhaps every man) can do, by means of equal diligence; and the degree of acuteness of observation which he manifests, added to that of the dexterity with which he expresses himself, is the measure of his claim to attention and praise. The examples are rare, of individuals exempted, by singularity of abilities, from the class in which they appear

as competitors for fame. Carlo Maratti and Bamboccio no more enter the lists with Nicolo Poussin and Le Brun, than the essayist or sonneteer aspires to rival Livy or Xenophon:—a little farther onward, it will be found, that those great historic painters cannot range with the divine enthusiasm of Raffaelle or Michael Angelo, who claim from the world whatever tribute of respect is due to GENIUS.

Admiration will be exacted by superior merit in every class, but it is to POETS only that the idolatry of the studious and intellectual scholar will offer its homage;—and in that rank, in the exalted class of *Poetry*, the names of Buonaroti, Raffaelle, Sanzio, Titian, Correggio, Caracci, Rubens, Rembrandt, (with some few of their scholars and contemporaries,) and, we may now add, those of Hogarth and Reynolds, demand to be inscribed, and can fully vindicate their title to insertion.

*P. H.*

## No. XV.

### ON THE ABUSE AND THE USE OF THE

# REASONING FACULTY.

——————————— *cur non*
*Ponderibus modulisque suis ratio utitur, ac res*
*Ut quæque est, ita suppliciis delicta coërcet?*
HORACE, SAT. III.

A SAGACIOUS philosopher of the last century used frequently to say, that *the greatest use we human beings make of the reasoning faculty, is to find a reason for doing whatever we like to do.* However extravagant this assertion may, at first sight, appear; the least examination of common occurrences will easily impress every thinking mind with the clearest idea of its truth and extent; nor can any thing point this out more forcibly, than the reasons which are assigned in support

of propositions, and of actions, which are diametrically opposite to each other;—where it is impossible that both propositions should be true and just; or where, if one be true, the other must of course be false. Thus nations at war find reasons to justify their particular aggressions; thus pleaders in a court of justice assign reasons in favour of opposite and contending parties; thus in almost every family, parents and children, masters and servants, are perpetually urging reasons in support of opposite assertions, and so forth.

Observing this general conflict of opposite reasons, and expressions, a philosophical mind will naturally be led to inquire, how it happens that the reasoning faculty, whose object is avowed to be the investigation of truth, should be so universally employed as the instrument of dispute, and the support of falsehood!—A short examination of the matter may probably elucidate this interesting, and apparently intricate subject.

The human being is obliged to believe, long before he acquires the power of reasoning. Belief is passive. Reasoning is an art, whose theory is simple; but its practice requires knowledge of facts, and exertion of the mind. The child receives his first notions from his

parents, or his nurse, which he believes partly by compulsion, and partly because in some cases his belief is confirmed by his own experience. In proportion as he acquires knowledge of facts, he begins to reason upon them; but as that knowledge is limited and imperfect, so his reasoning is likewise imperfect. His teachers at first shew him the impropriety of his conclusions, arising from his ignorance of the real state of things: next they tell him, that he is not yet capable of reasoning upon those subjects; and, if the child still ventures to reply, he is sure to meet with a peevish answer. Thus affrighted and discouraged in the exertion of his reasoning faculty, the child naturally learns to acquiesce in whatever he is told; excepting where strong and natural desires are concerned; for in those cases the strong wish of obtaining his objects, the custom of assigning reasons which he has learned from example, and, at the same time, his ignorance of facts and of certain consequences, prompt him to offer frivolous, incoherent, or at least insufficient reasons; yet his persisting in the application is frequently attended with the attainment of the desired objects. The consequence then of this success and of the above-mentioned instructions, is that the human being, in the

first place, imbibes certain notions without the least use of the reasoning faculty; and concerning which he even thinks that he has no right to reason; secondly, he learns to assign reasons, whether proper or improper, adequate or inadequate, and to protract the discussion, respecting certain other subjects, in which his interest or his propensities are mostly concerned. This last kind of exertion, however, is often checked by authority or by compulsion. Hence it appears, that the right use of the reasoning faculty is impeded, and that a variety of equivocal or absurd propositions are imbibed, principally from three causes; viz. from ignorance which disables from investigation, from the fear of offending which discourages, and from the natural propensity to indolence, which withholds exertion.

In proportion as human beings advance in life, they acquire a more extensive knowledge of facts, and naturally discover fallacies in their own reasoning as well as in that of others. But the desire, or the necessity of obtaining certain objects, increases at the same time; hence it generally happens, that, though more guarded and less apparently inadequate, yet the art of reasoning is far from being employed in a fair and regular way;

so that, in fact, the art of cavilling and perplexing, rather than that of reasoning rightly, mostly increases with the progress of age. It must have been observed by all those who have lived to the age of maturity, and have had opportunities of conversing with a variety of characters, how few persons there are, whose knowledge, and whose disinterested exertion of the mind, enable them to shake off the fetters of education, and to examine the true state of things by the test of a strict and impartial mode of reasoning. And, among those, fewer still there are, who think it necessary to disturb the slumbers of the community, as well as their own tranquillity, by exposing errors commonly received, or the manifold encroachments of professional impostors. In cases of this kind, the danger of offending is so very great, as to render any rational attempt towards innovation extremely difficult. The love of truth in preference to any other consideration, is the verbal profession of every individual; yet the least degree of experience must shew to any candid observer, that not one man in twenty is sincere in the above-mentioned profession, or, at least, not in all cases. Look round every rank of

civil society, recollect, as far as you can, the conversations that have taken place in the whole course of your life, ask questions purposely with that view, and you will find, that when a person has uttered an expression, when he has related a transaction, when he has started an opinion, he will generally argue, and grow warm, will explain and invent arguments, will protract or postpone the investigation, and in short will make the most strenuous exertions, sometimes against the most evident truths, until perhaps the clearest demonstration, admitted by all the by-standers, compels him to acknowledge the impropriety of his original assertion. And this acknowledgment is hardly ever made without manifest reluctance, even when the subject is of no apparent consequence. But when the object of debate is connected with interest, the vigour of the defence frequently exceeds every measure of propriety, or moderation; the reasons which are assigned for the adoption of measures favourable to one's wishes, are often evidently given more for the purpose of diverting than of informing the understanding; hence they contain more plausibility than truth; and it is curious to observe the various arts and subterfuges that

are put in practice, for the purpose of obviating the just though unfavourable conclusion; nor can in general such a conclusion be obtained without absolute compulsion.

Upon examination of common occurrences, I am persuaded, it will be found, that the unfair means by which a proposition, an assertion, or an opinion, is frequently refuted, opposed, and contradicted, or is pretended to be refuted, opposed, and contradicted, are as follows:

1. By stating the matter of debate in exaggerated expressions;

2. By referring it to equivocal and indefinite principles, which admit of various constructions;

3. By a circuitous and unconnected train of reasoning;

4. By a peremptory denial, assertion, or suppression, of facts;

5. By converting the discussion into a train of insolence and invective; and

6. By protracting the discussion so as to tire the opponent, and oblige him to refer the farther discussion of the question to a future opportunity, which may either never occur, or which may terminate exactly in the same inconclusive manner as the former.

There are also other improper, or at least useless me-

thods, which are so common, as to be in a manner sanctioned by common usage. Thus a disputant frequently *wonders* that the antagonist cannot see the evidence of his arguments, without considering that the same observation may be made against himself. Thus another person begins by saying that he is going to demonstrate, in the clearest manner imaginable, the absurdity, the falsehood, and the dangerous tendency of his antagonist's assertion, without considering, in the first place, that his antagonist may use exactly the same preamble; and, in the second, that a previous declaration of that sort can only tend to prejudice the hearer, which of course implies an unfair use of the reasoning faculty.

The question, which may now naturally occur, is whether the above-mentioned tools of controversy are resorted to erroneously or wilfully?—The former implies ignorance; the latter, depravity. It is evident, however, that some of the above-mentioned methods can by no means be attributed to ignorance, therefore they must be referred to some less honourable source; and of this latter kind, I am sorry to add, the use is much more frequent, than of the former; nor can it be denied that scarcely a disquisition occurs, even amongst liberal

disputants, wherein a mixture of both is not to be observed.

That the mere investigation of truth is not the principal or the real object in most disputes, may be deduced from various observations. It is generally the case, that a disputant perceives, or pretends to perceive, no argument in favour of the opposite side of the question, excepting indeed when an argument evidently incoherent occurs, which is then mentioned, but with a view less candid, than hypocritical. — Another instance of this observation is the nature of the precepts of oratory, which are inculcated for the purpose of obtaining the object in dispute, be it whatever it may. The rules of Rhetorick, which have been publicly and successively taught in the schools of Greece, Rome, Africa, and modern Europe, are formed expressly for that purpose. Those rules teach how to put one's arguments in the best dress and the best order possible, so as to render them efficacious, and at the same time to invalidate those of the opponent; they shew how to use expletives and diminutives, how to exaggerate and suppress; they also teach the manner of ingratiating one-self with the hearer, or the judge, so as to obtain favour rather than justice.

Speaking on the subject, Locke says, " But yet if we would speak of things as they are, we must allow that all the art of rhetorick, besides order and clearness, all the artificial and figurative application of words eloquence hath invented, are for nothing else but to insinuate wrong ideas, move the passions, and thereby mislead the judgment, and so indeed are perfect cheats.— — — — — —Eloquence, like the fair sex, has too prevailing beauties in it, to suffer it-self ever to be spoken against. And it is in vain to find fault with those arts of deceiving, wherein men find pleasure to be deceived."—Essay on Human Understanding, b. iii. ch. xi.

Having thus far pointed out the use which is generally made of the reasoning faculty, I shall proceed to mention a few observations on the numerous systems or treatises of logic, which have been given to the public in almost every civilized country. And it may in the first place be asked, why are those works mostly disregarded, though the art of reasoning, which they profess to teach, is so necessary, and so universally employed in all stations of life, in all ranks of civil society?

The exertions that have been made by divers logicians, for the purpose of defining in precise terms, and of

explaining the nature of ideas, of principles, and of the mutual dependence of the parts of an argument, are truly wonderful. They have analysed the art of reasoning by examining its parts; then, by a contrary mode of proceeding, have shewn how to arrange those parts so as to form a regular and conclusive argument; whence likewise the defect of an improper argument may be detected. But the nature of ideas, and of the words by which they are expressed, are so little capable of precise definitions; the variety of facts, and the intricacy of their connections, are so very great, as to render the very attempt towards precision, a source of doubt and perplexity. Every person at least in his own department, either as a member of a family, or in a professional employment, generally thinks himself capable of reasoning upon subjects of that particular department; and the cases which demand the use of his reasoning faculty are both various and frequent. Now, whenever a case of that sort occurs, were he to examine the nature of the ideas that are concerned in it, and to study the words by which they may be properly expressed, together with the regular form of the arguments; he would protract every trifling discussion to an incon-

venient length, and would render the argument more formal than perspicuous. It is undoubtedly evident that a certain order, or arrangement, of facts, is not only useful but necessary, and so is the use of proper and unequivocal expressions; but the precepts necessary for the former are short and simple, and the use of the latter is naturally suggested by attending to the meaning of words conformably to the custom of those to whom the discourse is addressed.—It is a common saying not quite destitute of foundation, that a professed logician frequently involves an argument in obscurity, which would be rendered perfectly evident by a person of no transcendent capacity.

A remarkable defect of most works on logick, is an endeavour of framing their systems in a manner capable of admitting as lawful and rational, certain equivocal, and altogether improper modes of reasoning, which are sanctioned by common usage, and in which the interest of a vast number of persons is concerned; or rather a proper and fair reasoning is established upon the doubtful foundation of equivocal axioms.—Leaving the farther illustration and application of the above observation to the ingenuity of the reader, I shall now state, in the

most compendious manner possible, that system of reasoning which seems to be pointed out by nature itself.

The human being acquires his knowledge of things either by immediate intuition, which forms self-evident propositions, commonly called *axioms*, or by tracing a proposition back from one evident step to another, or from one link of the chain to the next, as far as one of the above-mentioned self-evident propositions or axioms. This operation of tracing, or of viewing singly and distinctly, the connection between one step and the next, from the proposition to the axiom, is the *art of reasoning;* and when a proposition has been thus regularly traced, it is then said to be *demonstrated.*

Therefore in order to be satisfactorily persuaded of the truth of a proposition, be the subject whatever it may, we must either perceive the evidence of it at the first glance, which is the nature of an axiom, or we must trace it back to one of those axioms or self-evident propositions, by means of a demonstration, viz. by regularly examining the evident dependence of one step upon the next, without any interruption, from the proposition to the axiom.—A proposition, or rather the demonstration

of it, may indeed be intricate, in consequence of its remoteness from the axioms, and such is the case with a great many propositions in the higher branches of the mathematics; but though the links of connection be very numerous, yet their dependence upon each other is so simple and natural as to require no particular strain of the mind; for that dependence consists in the assertion, that a part is less heavy or less extended than the whole from which it has been separated; that things equal to one and the same thing, are equal to each other, and so forth.

If any of the steps, or if the axiom, be wanting in a demonstration, then we have no certainty respecting the truth or the falsity of a proposition.—In this case the proposition has not been proved to be a true one, because the demonstration is defective; and for the very same reason it cannot be pronounced false; a regular demonstration being necessary for proving the falsity, as well as for proving the truth of a proposition.

*Truth*, and *certainty*, are distinct things. Truth relates to the fact itself; but certainty relates to our knowledge of it. An assertion may be either true or false; yet we can have no certainty of its truth or

falsehood, unless we can either perceive it such at the first sight, or can regularly demonstrate it.

Considering the vast variety of subjects to which the reasoning faculty is applied, it is scarcely possible to suppose that the words, the nature of the ideas that are expressed by the same, of the axioms, &c. could be accurately defined and thoroughly explained. And, in fact, the very attempt towards an illustration of that kind has generally produced the contrary effect.

It has been often asserted, that certain subjects do not admit of a reasoning so strict and so satisfactory, as certain other subjects. Thus, for instance, moral and physical propositions are seldom capable of being so regularly and satisfactorily demonstrated, as the mathematical propositions, which always admit a regular and indisputable demonstration. But this does not imply that a different sort of demonstration must be adapted to every particular subject. The axioms are indeed different, because they refer to different things, but their nature must be the same; viz. they must be self-evident; and the nature of the train of reasoning is likewise constantly the same, viz. the various links which connect the

proposition with the axiom, must, in all cases, have an evident and immutable connection with each other.

It is undoubtedly true, that mathematical axioms are much more satisfactorily evident than those of other subjects, but then the consequence is, that the propositions, which depend upon the latter, are proportionably inferior in degree of evidence, to the mathematical propositions.—It is frequently the case that people build a regular train of reasoning upon an equivocal axiom, and imagine that the proposition has thereby been regularly demonstrated; and so in fact it is, if they only allude to the successive dependence of the steps between the proposition and the axiom; yet the proposition is by no means conclusive, because the axiom is equivocal, or, justly speaking, it is not an axiom. Thus in natural and in moral philosophy, we may assume a variety of principles, and we may strictly demonstrate the deduction of certain consequences from the same. But then those demonstrations go no farther than to prove that such or such other consequences necessarily follow the principles that have been assumed; therefore those consequences can have

no greater degree of evidence than the principles or axioms themselves; so that they are either true, or false, or probable, according as these principles are true, or false, or probable.

This sketch of the art of reasoning will naturally appear too short and imperfect, especially to those who have perused some of the well known logical essays; but it will probably be found, after mature consideration, that it contains the essential part of the subject, and that, by its being divested of technical words, and of prolix investigations, the substance of it may be easily remembered, examined, and applied. For the sake of avoiding prolixity, besides other obvious reasons, I have forborn, excepting in one instance, to mention particular books and particular persons. My intention was to give as comprehensive and as compendious a view of the use and the abuse of the reasoning faculty, as might be useful to the reader without tiring him; and, I shall now conclude with saying, "*valeat quantum valere potest!*"

*T. C.*

## No. XVI.

ON

# THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS.

*"The chief end of dramatic poesy seems to have been instruction, and under the disguise of fables, or the pleasure of story, to shew the beauties and the rewards of virtue, the deformities and misfortunes or punishment of vice; by examples of both, to encourage one, and deter men from the other; to reform ill customs, correct ill manners, and moderate all violent passions."*

SIR WM. TEMPLE, OF POETRY.

ALTHOUGH the passage quoted in a former paper, from a magazine of extensive circulation, probably contained the sentiments of a mere individual, as is the case in other periodical publications, yet it cannot be denied, that many severe strictures on theatrical representations have lately found their way to the public, and have been defended with no want of skill or

earnestness. Even our daily papers, a little time since, regularly presented well-written discussions respecting the utility of continuing or banishing the public amusements of the stage.

During those discussions, The Artist received the following letters. The sentiments contained in the first, are in some measure similar to the contents of the paper just now alluded to; but the views of both cannot fail of being acceptable to the friends of the drama, at a time, when its best interests have been so formidably attacked, as almost to threaten a total overthrow.

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*TO THE ARTIST.*

SIR, *Nov.* 22, 1809.

ARGUMENTS for and against theatrical performances, have been offered promiscuously for ages, and probably in all ages since their first introduction, with considerable force and effect, because the good or the harm, which theatres are capable of producing, is certainly very great; and, according to the ascendency

of one or the other opinion, they have been occasionally opened or shut, under the various governments of Europe. But it was left for the unprecedented example of our revolutionary times, to shew a philosophising people, discussing the propriety and impropriety of such recreations as the government consents to protect; and to see a virtuous portion of so enlightened a nation, (which is acknowledged, in a public document lately published by its great political rival, "*to have carried the arts of civilization to the utmost pitch of perfection*,") doubting whether one of the most powerful and extensive sources of national refinement ought not to be wholly abolished!

Were the arguments of the present day confined, as formerly, to a censure of the *abuses* of the stage, a proper deference to such mediation in behalf of virtue, would be the only proper reply; but when a wish is expressed to revolutionize our natural enjoyments, and deprive us of one of our most habitual mental recreations, it is time to look the innovation in the face, and, waving the lesser appendages of the subject, to consider it in its principle.

It is unnecessary to assert the powerful influence of

theatrical representations, because that point appears to be a *datum* on each side, equally taken by those who infer its beneficial, and its noxious result. The objection of the devout anti-theatrist is, that the preponderating influence is evil; and therefore, a Christian should abstain from a play.—Stern and ungenial doctrine! which, carried onward, would tend to re-people society with convents and monasteries, because the sense of the numerous calamities, to which human creatures are subject from the bare circumstance of their being born—*being born to sorrow*—makes it our duty to abstain from every thing, that may tend to bring them into life.

Every gift of God to Man, may be used or abused; and every faculty or power, possessed by man, is *liable* to abuse: But entire abstinence can only be required of man from such things as, having no alternative, can be productive only of ill. Wherever there exists an alternative, and good or ill may be produced according to the method of our endeavours, *there* it appears to be certainly the duty of man, to extract and cultivate the good that *may* be derived from such a source.

If it cannot be denied, that both good and harm may be done by fictions, or fictitious representations of nature,

it becomes our duty to cultivate those fictions *properly*, that is, with a view constantly to the production of that good result of which they are capable.

I am therefore filled with astonishment, when I perceive truly good and religious persons condemning the representations of the stage *in toto*, and considering fictions as noxious *in themselves*; for, when I lift my view to the conduct of the highest exemplar of moral instruction, and contemplate the parables by which he impressed so forcibly on his hearers the salutary truths of his doctrines, I perceive, with admiration and reverence, the frequent use he thought fit to make of such fictions as were subservient to his exalted views.—How shall we assent to the bold disciple, who dares to censure what has been delivered to us under such a sanction?

Of the effectual impressions, made by the sacred parables, we have little reason to doubt, as we every day find that there are no parts of our religious instruction more frequently or more forcibly recurring to our memories; nor is any doubt likely to be suggested of the *beneficial* effect of those fictions on our hearts; yet can any one deny, that fictions *might be* in an equal degree

employed by the evil-minded to bad and pernicious purposes? and that the very species of fiction here spoken of, viz. parables, might be applied to such purposes? Instead, therefore, of vainly endeavouring the extinction of a natural mode of instruction, ought we not rather to contribute our utmost aid to maintain the purity of those fictitious representations, which the drama offers in the garb of amusement, in order that their results may be beneficial to the wide circle of society, occasionally subject to their influence?

Would it be difficult to demonstrate that the state of moral sentiment, inculcated in plays, is entirely dependent on the frequenters of the theatre; that the author exhibits his fictions before them, for a trial, whether they are such as, by general consent, shall be allowed to influence the minds of rising generations; and that he appeals to the public auditor, to sanction, or denounce, the tenets which he offers?—The experience of some past reigns has shewn, that, if the audience be depraved and libertine, depraved and libertine sentiments will meet with encouragement, and fictions, which enforce them, will be established on the stage: If, on the contrary, the audience be virtuous and elevated,

virtuous and elevated sentiments alone will be suffered to pass into popular example,—"a consummation, devoutly to be wished!"

If this be really the case, must it not be considered so far from the duty of a Christian to abstain from the drama, that one of the greatest benefits, which he can lend his aid to produce in society, is to add his voice in support of such fictions as he finds accordant with his own upright heart; and, (when he shall see occasion,) to repel those of a contrary tendency? And so far from avoiding theatres as pestilential resorts, is it not a question, whether a conscientious Christian, regarding himself as a citizen of this world, may justifiably allow himself to give a less frequent attendance on a theatre than is paid by any of his neighbours? For, is it not undeniable that, by a contrary conduct, by wholly absenting himself from those scenes of public moral communication, he silently assents to the growth of that harm, which he afterwards so fervently deplores? Surely, if good men were thoroughly awake to this danger, if they were sufficiently apprehensive that they certainly help to produce the very evil which they deprecate, and that they *might* contribute to its prevention, we should

see the theatres crowded by such spectators and judges, as would soon put to flight the more objectionable circumstances of our stage, and convert its exhibitions to their proper uses.

I am, Sir,

&c.

*VIGIL.*

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*TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARTIST.*

DEAR SIR,

THE present state of the theatre affords an ample field for discussion. The violence with which it is attacked by many highly respectable writers, makes it desirable that the defence should be equally able, and that it should rest on firm ground. If Mrs. ---- is right in thinking that empty boxes would be the reward of a conscientious reformer, I must rejoice at the late fires; but the matter certainly appears to me in a very different light. I think the Muses, even Thalia herself,

may all be inlisted in the service of virtue; and that harmless pleasure may be made the most effectual means of conveying instruction, to those who will never go to seek it in a church. I cannot perceive that it is any part of religion to be dull, and I certainly do not wish such a powerful weapon as wit, to be always in the hands of the enemy. But the destruction of both the theatres forms a remarkable æra, and I could wish that their restoration should be marked by the redress of many grievances. A favourable opportunity now presents itself to revise all the old plays. Why should not every thing be omitted which is really objectionable, and why should not the public be told that it would be so in future? The frequent use of oaths, is very offensive, and surely it would be easy to omit what forms so just a subject of complaint. I am inclined to hope also that the new theatres will not be so large; for I think that circumstance has contributed to banish sense and fine acting, and to introduce elephants and camels with more effect than Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, who are certainly become less popular than Blue Beard and Mother Goose. Mr. Addison observes in a very ingenious paper on this

subject in the Tatler, that when there was only one theatre, the performance was of a much superior and more instructive kind; but when a second was opened, it appeared that noise and nonsense succeeded best, and *both* were obliged to let themselves down to the level of the mob in order to get crowded houses. I quote from recollection only. I think it must be allowed, that of late years the theatrical performances have *sunk* to that level, instead of *raising* the public taste, as they might do, and as they certainly did at Athens, and in the days of Louis XIV. at Paris. Our theatre was formerly the worst and most profligate that ever disgraced a Christian country, and its effect on morals in the days of Charles II. is well known. Much has been done to reform it, but surely not enough; and I cannot help regarding it as a point of infinite importance. Surely a play is better calculated for public representation, when it contains nothing to raise a blush; and much greater liberties are taken with every play in the theatres, where much is put in, as well as left out. On the whole, I think the best defence of the theatre, would be the removal of all that

is really objectionable, for which the present seems a very favourable moment.—Repeating therefore my hopes that the subject may occupy a part of your interesting publication,

I remain, with my best wishes for the Artist,

&c. &c.

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[The following remarks were written soon after the receipt of these letters: the Theatrical events, which have since taken place, have offered no reason for making any material alteration in them.]

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THE writer of the last letter is far from singular in entertaining an opinion, that the rebuilding and re-opening of the two great theatres of the metropolis constitute an auspicious moment for the reform and amelioration of our drama. Much however as I am accustomed to consult the opinions of my correspondents, I confess myself not very sanguine in my expectations of this nature. The system of theatrical exhibitions,

like other systems, is grown in process of time so complex, and so entangled with a thousand branches, which, like those of the Banyan tree, appear to have taken root in the soil, that a new and an old theatre must be in all essential points exactly the same;—the same in their productions, the same in their effects.

The nature of that system, and of the necessarily existing circumstances on which it is established, are hinted by the Tatler, in the passage referred to; but so fleeting, or so feeble, is the influence of literary criticism, and those observations have been so little generally remembered, that many well-read and well-disposed persons are known to lament, that the managers of our theatres should *suffer* so many indifferent plays to be produced on the stage, instead of calling forth the talents of lofty spirits, fit to rule the passions, and reform the follies and vices of their fellow-creatures;—and such conduct on the part of the managers has been attributed either to carelessness or partiality.

To this the Tatler might *now* have replied, that it is by no *mere sufferance* of the managers, that those indifferent plays are produced, but by their explicit consent and order;—that it does not however arise from any *care-*

*lessness* on their part, for few men (he would say), in the scope of literary experience, are more vigilant than the managers of theatres;—but he would hardly be prepared to add that it does not arise from *partiality;* that charge he would be compelled to allow to the full—changing only its supposed object. For it is not from a partiality either to particular authors or performers, (although degrees of favour are always liable to be influenced by peculiar interests,) that the preference is given to such plays as are produced, whether good or bad. Ever since "noise and nonsense have succeeded best," there has existed a favourite of a much higher order; one, pre-eminent in his privileges, and predominant in his requisitions; to whom every thing bends, to whom all that he demands is sacrificed. The great partiality, the unconquerable predilection of the manager—which occasionally triumphs over every argument of reason and common sense, is for—THE PUBLIC MULTITUDE. That august visitor is highly, nay, absolutely necessary to repay the expenses laid out for his reception, and the managers know to their cost that he will not become their visitor, unless such a repast be provided for him, as will exactly suit his palate. It is

to *his* taste, therefore, that the whole of the performances of the theatre are to be adjusted; and hence, on the offer of any new play for acceptance, it is obviously natural that the question cannot so much be, whether the play is good or bad essentially, as whether it is such an one as the *Public Multitude* will consent to feast on. The preference is consequently given to such food, as the paramount guest is capable of relishing, rather than to such as he ought to relish; and his likings or dislikes become the criterion of what *should be* presented, as well as of all that actually *is* presented on the stage. The managers cannot subsist without him, and (although he may be far from suspecting that he is the cause of so much mischief,) here is the real source of all that is satirized in the present stage-productions.—*Here* lies not only the patronage of, but the demand for, the insipid quibbles, the stale catches at *loyal* applause, the disgusting oaths, so often and so ineffectually animadverted on by a few solitary-minded persons, who have never kissed hands at the court of this great monarch. For, in the last article, *Oaths*, let no one imagine that the performers are guilty of that nuisance *for their own sake*. No persons are, in general, much more free from this

distinguishing mark of low manners, than the players; and it may be fairly asserted, that there are as few oaths uttered in the green room, as in any other assembly room in London. For whom then do the actors interlard the dialogue of the excruciated author with those villainous expletives?—For feelings, which often cannot be roused by the purer sallies of wit, for which simplicity has no charms, which every refinement disgusts and averts,—but whose possessor's name is Legion, and his smile—not fame, but wealth.

This multitudinous personage must also particularly reimburse the profusion, and liberality (as it is sometimes called,) with which the preparations of months are devoted to the ornaments of a *ballet* or a pantomime, the most expensive of scenic productions. But the manager has no cause to feel distrust of his lure. What can he but smile, when he hears, as a subject of lamentation, (from some one of the uncourtly guests above spoken of,) that his theatre is so large, as to confound all *excellence* of acting with *mediocrity;* that it is more calculated to *display* his audience, than to *instruct* them; and that the deficiency of rational amusement is badly compensated by pomp and show? He looks at the crowds, (his great

concern,) that flock to inaudible recitations;—Is his theatre too large for their reception?—He looks at the pantomimes, which attract those crowds like swarms of flies, settling round a plate of honey;—Are such performances uncongenial to them?

But let more ample justice be done to the talents and exertions of a manager. Let it not be supposed that he confines his observations to the precincts of his theatre: the scope of his vigilance extends far beyond that narrow sphere. He is well aware that the *great Patron of the Stage* requires the resemblance of his own manners and customs, in every thing which is presented before him, and is infinitely rebellious against every attempt to correct either. He looks therefore at large into the state of general society among the most wealthy ranks of his supporters, on whom his prosperity depends. He sees *there*, that all is *spectacle*, and that something very like to *ballet* and pantomime is the favourite substitute for all the other entertainments of social intercourse. What else, he asks, are our nightly assemblies, our private parties, our at-homes, but *spectacle*, *ballet*, and pantomime? *To appear*, is the utmost that

fashion requires among our innumerable acquaintances, unless, in the blameless gaiety of youth, we add, *to dance.* To ascend and descend in slow procession the marble staircase—to display the unveiled charms of person, or the refined accompaniments of dress—to wave the united elegancies of both before the eyes of thronged spectators—to press, and be pressed, through lofty, illumined apartments—perhaps to assist occasionally in a song or a concerto—Let the philosopher, if he can, mark out the distinction between these domestic *performances*, and the theatric ones of *Blue-Beard* and *Cinderella.*—There are indeed no *Blue Chambers* (at least none are visible) where ladies' heads are cut off: the punishments of home *spectacles* are less severe—the female head is only *turned;* or, if any more material danger should arise from indulgences of curiosity, the heads of the *Blue-Beards* themselves are as much concerned in it, as those of any of their wives.—Show, splendour, animal gaiety, are the order of the day and the night; and society has no greater calls for conversation, than the stage for dialogue. Who then shall accuse the managers of neglecting their duty? To hold

the mirror up to nature and to fashion, is the asserted privilege of their vocation;—*Specta, et tu spectabere*, is the motto they address to the public.

Reform, therefore, as in the case of the post horses, in Lord Erskine's bill, (the rejection of which every friend to humanity must deplore, and its *final* dismission humanity itself would deprecate,) must begin in the supporters of the abuse. The caterers for public pleasures, whether managers or inn-keepers, are but secondary agents of the sovereign people.—In that people must be found the seeds of a better and more virtuous taste, ere the fruits of such a taste can appear in our theatres, as long as they are conducted on the system before described.—How far that system may be *politically* useful, is not now called in question. The Arts alone are the objects of these papers, and there can be little doubt that such a system must be destructive of their progress. The standard of exertion in dramatic literature is set at a lower mark:—the scarcity of the higher kind of comedy is already complained of, and tragedy has nearly disappeared from among us—although *Alphonso* will prove that the want of competent merit is not the cause of its disappearance.

It is probable, that the common *wares* of a theatre

may be considered of very low value in all ages, (for the reasons already given,) and merely varied in form according to the state of public liking at the time of their production. In assenting, therefore, to the justice of the writer's remarks in the last letter, as to the state of our present theatrical representations, it is by no means necessary to join the cry of common cavillers against our present dramatic writers. We might rather ask the calumniators of the age they live in, when they speak of the drama as now at so low an ebb, with what other period do they mean to compare the present? Placing Shakespear apart, the phenomenon not of his age, but of his country, if we were to set the last fifty years against any other equal term in the history of the stage, where would this so much talked of debasement appear?—If we divide the time into three equal periods, viz. half centuries, from the establishment of Sir W. Davenant's theatre in 1660 to the present day, we shall find that each period, fortunately for the credit of England, is marked by distinguished exertions of genius;—and that in each, the names best calculated to descend to posterity have been reviled and snarled at by the detractors of their own days. The first period will

present the most copious list of dramatic authors; the second, the most select; and the third, not specifically balancing either, demands no questionable respect to the names of Hawkesworth, Home, Goldsmith, Cumberland, Foote, Murphy, Macklin, Garrick, Jephson, Colman, Sheridan, Inchbald, H. More, Lee, Cowley, Holcroft, Bickerstaff, O'Keeffe, and other well known candidates for dramatic fame. Who, or where, is the critic, of authority to treat the names here mentioned with contempt? In comparison, also, with the present period, will not the former suffer some diminution of value from the immorality and obscenity of Wycherley, Cibber, Congreve, Behn, Farquhar—? faults, that infected even the dignified age of Shakespear, and *one* of them abounding in the frequently beautiful, but nearly impracticable, plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.

No character appears more odious in his intentions than the reviler of his own times—of which he *must* form a part,—the hater of contemporary talent. At the same time, none is found more impotent in his desired effect on what ought to be the object of every dramatic, as well as every other writer,—a virtuous fame. The defamer of his day, indeed, arrogates to himself the

distribution of fame—as if the eye of an ephemeris could see what length of years only can ascertain! But fame is a plant of late and slow growth, and there is no danger that a dramatic, or any other writer, should gather it undeservedly; for time will unquestionably settle the just pretensions of every candidate for literary reputation.

But to return—As long as a multitude is gross, ignorant, or vicious, (and what multitude is wholly free from some one of these denominations?) As long as a multitude is courted to a theatre, to give its judgment on what it chooses to have presented before it, what hopes can rationally be entertained of any reform in our theatrical representations?

It is owing also to the same multitudinous sovereignty, that the modes of contention for success in our theatres are of late so near to brutal. Party vies with party in tremendous files of battle. Ignorance is no obstacle to activity: Noise and clamour become alike the effectual weapons of favour and malice: The victor and the victim are announced alike by unfeeling shouts and hootings, and the claims of the candidate are either indiscriminately supported by extravagant vociferations of applause, or they are

suppressed by an equally tumultuous refusal to hear, and after a short (and, on one part, ineffectual) struggle, are extinguished by insensate uproar.

What must be the state of public taste or feeling, where such proceedings take place? — But, are the managers to blame? They have merely done their best to suit the humour of the *Legion*, who thus exultingly bellows forth his favour, or indulges the fury of his bile against their humble endeavours for his gratification.

I reserve for a future opportunity some reflections on the means of rescuing and preserving the moral uses of the drama in our theatrical exhibitions. At present I shall only add, that the cultivation of popular taste derives another argument in its support, from the influence of the public voice over all theatrical concerns. Once rectify the public taste, and the whole will be rectified. The stage will *reflect* the image of improvement, and become, *like its object*, at once spirited, moral, and wise.

*A.*

## No. XVII.

## THE SLIGHTED BEAUTY.

*(Continued from page 253.)*

*Rei simulacrum et imago*
*Ante oculos semper nobis versatur et instat.*

*How the Beauty bemoaned herself, and how she set herself up in a Chandler's Shop to relieve her wants, also of her new schemes which ended in smoke. How she was annoyed and harassed by a Phantom supposed to be her Grandmother's; and had it to combat with as if she had been her murderer.*

ALL hopes had now left our fair forlorn, and she had reason most bitterly to lament her fallen state and misapplied industry. After having spent her life in the acquirement of the most accomplished education,

assisted by natural endowments of the highest degree, the power and value of all which had been so often tried and proved in other countries, she at last perceived all were ineffectual to procure her a bit of bread. In this pitiable condition she remained, not knowing what course to pursue, till her pale and thin cheeks would have met, had not her unused jaws been placed between them: her now dim eyes, that once so sparkled with vivid expression, were sunk in their sockets almost to the back part of her head, and her emaciated, though once graceful, arms, hung at her sides like two walking sticks; in short, she seemed hastening apace to her final dissolution. She had been so stunned by disappointments which she little expected, that the sudden shock had deprived her of all power or strength to support herself, and she would sit for hours like a statue of despair. Sometimes in soft accents, scarcely audible, she would say, "Poor mistaken mortal that I am, why did I haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness? Why with unceasing industry misspend my young unprofitable days? Why did the rising sun so oft bear witness to my labours, or the midnight lamp so oft protract their length? And why, deluding, visionary

Fame, did I become thy votary? Was it to live in poverty and die in want? Had those untired exertions of my youth and strength been well directed to profit and to wholesome trade, I had not now been left forlorn, I might have seen thy poor inveigled worshippers (thou syren Fame) bring offerings and lay them at my feet."

In this state of dejection and melancholy she could not have held out long; but suddenly recollecting herself, she perceived that something must be done to save herself from perishing, and that quickly too.

This thought awakened her from her dreadful dream, she clearly felt that she was philosopher enough to wish still to live, and therefore, set about the means of life with much alacrity. But poor as she was, the only thing she could resolve upon was to set herself up in a little chandler's shop, and, as the goods which she intended to deal in were not of a very expensive kind, she was soon able to furnish out her little warehouse. For the chief articles on which her trade depended were chalk, charcoal, stained paper, Indian ink, brick-dust, matches, farthing rush-lights, sand, small beer, and gingerbread. She also dealt in *gilded* gingerbread: indeed she used no gold on the occasion, her price would not afford any

thing more costly than Dutch metal, which, although it pleased children and ignorant customers, had a copperish taste with it; but she always declared that it would have been much more gratifying to her to have put real gold, if she could but have had a price accordingly. In this small way, she made shift by great economy to pick up a livelihood, for as she dwelt in the neighbourhood of Paternoster Row, all those that lived in the Row became her principal customers, they made a point of dealing with her, and she sold them neat articles.

Possessed of that native humility which is the characteristick mark of innate greatness of mind, she submitted to her lot, making only this reflection: "Useless toil! I strove, to elevate and dignify my mind by frequent contemplation of those awful antique remains, those illustrious proofs and records of my high descent, only to qualify me to keep a chandler's shop, to be the retailer of gingerbread!"

At leisure times, when not better employed, she would put her hand to miniature painting, and place some specimens in her shop window, propping them up by cheese or candles, and writing under them in very legible characters, "Likenesses taken equal to this at seven and

sixpence each, frame included." Indeed various were the ways, which necessity, the mother of invention, forced her to try, to pick up a precarious maintenance. "Surely," said she, "if the mind is truly noble, it shuns neither toil or danger when it finds itself assaulted by poverty, and true virtue will labour like the sun to enlighten the world."

To further her laudable purposes, she now resolved to give public lectures on morality, character, and manners, which she was well qualified to do; and those moral effusions were interspersed with the finest wit imaginable, which she concluded would render them more palatable to the public vulgar. In these, the rake, the harlot, the miser, and the spendthrift, were pourtrayed in the most animated colours. But she found to her sorrow, that all her eloquence was addressed to deaf ears, nor did this scheme succeed while it continued in her hands, for her rooms were very thinly attended, and, fearing she might get into debt by it, she desisted. She had also been much annoyed in the course of her scheme by a large butcher's mastiff, named Carlo, which was continually barking, and snarling at her, and sometimes even bit her, and tore her cloaths in a sad manner.

These lectures were afterwards published, and sold well, and were most deservedly admired,—but that unfortunately happened, when the property or other benefit was no longer hers.

Another circumstance I shall relate, which not only much mortified her, but likewise did her considerable injury. There were certain deep connoisseurs in Beauty and Taste, who had seen and admired her excellent works, while she was in her first state at the court of her father, but who never personally knew her. All those, on her appearance in this country, protested against her as being an impostor. They came and looked most sharply at her with spectacles and glasses to help their sight, and then pronounced her not the same person that she pretended, or if *any* relation, she must be the daughter or rather grand-daughter of their former acquaintance, for they affected to have had an intimate knowledge of the old lady, as they called her, and were very indignant, whenever our Beauty dared to mention herself as bearing the smallest comparison with *their favourite*, who was "a fine stately figure, elegantly formed, of a most beautiful complexion, graceful in all her actions, full of interest in her countenance, with a pair

of eyes that were killing. But as for herself," they said, "merely to conceive that there was any resemblance between two such opposite figures, appeared like absolute insanity. She, who was a long shanked, raw boned, ill proportioned, awkward, dirty coloured, squinting creature!"—In answer to which, she would readily acknowledge that there was in truth a vast difference in her present appearance, from that which she made when in the court of her father, and under his protection; that she was then easy in her mind, and a blessing seemed to attend on all her ways, but that now she was half starved, which was not her fault, and that she should be much better looking, if she was in better plight; but this answer served only to aggravate their rage, and make them hate her the more for her abominable and disgusting self-conceit, as they termed it.

And so far did these enthusiastick devotees carry their admiration of the supposed old gentlewoman her grandmother, as to think (and they would maintain it too) that there was more of the true line of beauty, and more shapeliness, to be seen in the old woman's mere stockings than in our heroine's real legs; and nothing is more common even now, than to meet with fortunate

persons who possess some trumpery relic, such as an old cast off pair of shoes, which have been since worn by others, and perhaps have been more than once heel-tapped and new soaled; yet this morsel they will shew with all the happy effrontery of ignorance, as the most accomplished model possible of a perfect female foot, and keep it with the greatest veneration in a magnificent cabinet, as a most precious curiosity. It is enough for them that it once was fine. I have known a thousand pounds in pure sterling gold given for one of her old night-caps, in which a thousand holes had been dearned up; and five hundred pounds for an old wig, on the mere assurance that it had been the very wig of their old woman; nay, many of these virtuosi have been seized with such a mania, that very large fortunes have been made by dealers in those ragged remains, by mere impositions on the wealthy ignorant, selling them the old cloaths of others, while boldly asserting that they had been hers; and to such a length has the practice been carried, that it has occasioned frequent law suits, whenever by some chance the cheat has been discovered; for as no palpable evidence of its value could be found in the article itself, the proof of its authenticity has wholly rested on the word and honour

of the seller, which commonly served as a sufficient testimony with the small degree of knowledge in the buyer.

Certain of those virtuosi, who had a more favourable opinion of her, would at times trust in her hands some of those inestimable rags for her to repair and put in order, as not unfrequently it was far from very clear what had been their original form or use, and she, from the lack of better employ, would patiently apply her time to furbish up the tattered rubbish, and would most meekly turn, scour, and dye (to please them) her own former cast off cloaths, and by this means make them look worth something; and she has afterwards seen them sold for fifty times their original cost.

All this did most certainly much irritate the spirit of our Beauty, and she cast about for the means of doing herself some justice, yet knew not how: at last she devised a mode, as I shall shew in the next chapter.

*The Beauty's Brother introduced to the Reader; also her new projects, such as the world could not comprehend; which made some folks take her to be mad, others, only to be a fool.*

IN this narrative I have confined myself, for the sake of brevity, as much as it was in my power, to the matters which immediately concerned our heroine only, and have encumbered it as little as possible with her relations; but I now find the necessity of mentioning one very near of kin, who was bred up with her, and had been a partaker of all the advantages she had enjoyed in her own country. They loved each other from infancy, and were examples of benevolence and cordial affection, till of late years indeed they had been separated; she had sunk in her circumstances, and her brother, for such he was, had been busy and forgot her. He was a handsome, active, well-built fellow, had an excellent front and a good foundation, besides innumerable firm pillars of support. From his early youth he had given his mind to the study of the mathematicks and geometry, and stood well in the world by his ingenuity, being every where wanted; and as his poor sister

was now become low and obscure, she never once came into his mind. It was curious to observe, that, although he had the command of a great many superb mansions, yet he never had thought of offering to let his sister into any one of them, even at the time she was without house or home. He most assuredly had it often in his power to have been of essential service to her, but he left his fabricks generally in such a state, as to make it impossible for her to get a comfortable footing in them; for truly he had more pleasure in seeing the walls decorated by trumpery and trifles, just like a Christmas pie, than by any of her tasty performances. He likewise too much adopted the vulgar opinion, that she was a dirty slut, and that she daubed the walls and played the deuce in house or church, if she once got possession of it.

To this brother, however, she had now recourse, and he graciously deigned to recognise her, and promised to assist her; a magnificent idea had struck her mind, as a means to propagate her art, and, by making it familiar to the multitude, increase its influence to the good of society. Accordingly she formed a resolution to put her project in practice, whenever she should be so lucky as

to procure some small aid to forward her scheme. This, fortunately for her, her brother was able and willing to lend her, and she immediately set about it. With some trouble she collected together as many of her works as she was able, and by this means produced a very splendid assemblage.

Here it was that her brother lent his assistance, providing her with rooms for her purpose gratis—to be sure the apartments were not very commodious, for the best of them was at the summit of eighty stairs, all which you were obliged to clamber up, in order to see this display which she publicly exhibited; and as the price of admittance was but small, and the amusement to the eye was great, it was soon visited by every rank of society, where curiosity and idleness had influence, and the profits were more considerable than she had expected. Also to give an air of importance to her show, and render it in some degree unlike a low or vulgar thing, she had so contrived it, poor soul! as to get a couple of real centinels to be at the entrance, with muskets on their shoulders, who marched to and fro before the doorway, and I confess it had a very grand effect.

But now comes the wonder of virtue, as seen in her

conduct, in which instance the truly noble and elevated turn of her character is displayed most clearly, and with a degree of patriotick benevolence, that has no parallel perhaps in the world.

For she had resolved from the beginning of this project, not to apply one farthing of what was to be gained by it to her own private use, but, with the larger portion of the accumulated profits, to found and maintain a public free-school, for the education of youth in the knowledge of all matters of taste, with the hope thereby to inspire a love of intellectual refinement in the nation, and also to give a splendour to it in the eyes of other countries; with the remaining portion of profit to form a fund for charity, by which she might afford relief and comfort to certain poor wretches, who had depended on her, but who from various misfortunes were in a worse plight than herself. But her weakness did not stop here; for, like a fabled heroine in romance, she panted for glory, and has frequently been known to have actually given medals of gold and silver, as a reward and encouragement to youths of distinguished merit, and also sums of money out of her fund of shillings, to send them for improvement to her native country; when at

the very time she has wanted bread herself. For so inviolable were her notions of honour, that nothing would tempt her in her greatest wants to touch a farthing of this fund, which to her mind was become a sacred matter, consecrated to the most benevolent purposes.

But this her munificence appeared so very romantick in the world's eyes, that very few could comprehend it; therefore very naturally they accounted for her seeming strange conduct, every one according to his own notions: some did not believe it to be at her own cost, but thought she was assisted by a higher power; others concluded that her intellects were a little in disorder; while many contented themselves by more mildly considering her only as a fool; but not one attributed to her any virtue in her motives.

Surely it must be confessed, that if she was mad, she shewed method in her madness, and appeared to act even with some policy. Thus she contrived to give annually out of her gains a public festival, to which she took care to invite all those persons who, from their rank in life, bore the highest sway, and all those of intellect, who had the highest fame in the kingdom; trusting to have kindled a flame in them, and to have gained their

interest. They all came, they all saw—were amused—some even admired—but all were silent; not one shewed any inclination towards being on terms of closer friendship with her, or dared to touch her without having gloves on, for fear of shaking hands with a lunatic.

I must here also observe that, in aid of her school, it was her earnest desire to annex a little library to it, to be composed of such books, &c. as should be most useful and necessary to advance the knowledge and studies of her scholars; and therefore from time to time, as her little income would allow, she would purchase some trifles, which, together with now and then a donation of gratitude from her pupils, was all she could procure, and a most scanty affair it was, for no hand of power or of plenty would ever deign to help her, or offer to furnish her empty shelves; and she had no other consolation, than that which is always the reward of the virtuous and independent—the reflection that, if it was poor and scanty, it was free from obligation, for it was all her own. However, her shillings came in to help her out in her splendid scheme, and the youths of her school increased in their acquirements; and, although her own interests made no progress, yet

her vanity was plumed in contemplating the supposed effects of the knowledge she had diffused, and the benefits to society derived from that school, of which she was the sole support; congratulating herself on having done that, unassisted and alone, which in all other polished countries might have called forth the fostering hand of governments.

One privilege also the world allowed to her without a question, to wit: none could dare presume to be considered or received as persons of taste and criticks, if she had not first invited them to her festival; and it was therefore solely on that account as much sought after, as if it had been a court honour, or, as if by it such persons had been dubbed connoisseurs, and acquired a title, which it lay exclusively in her power to confer.

A mischievous intimate of hers, who envied the great pleasure, which she seemed to enjoy from this new scheme, and desirous to mortify her pride and vanity, thus addressed her; "My dear inconsiderate friend, what has been your chief motive to found this school, of which you are so fond? Is it that you are not content to starve alone, but wish to become a stalking-horse, a decoy-duck to entrap others in the snare? like ma-

lignant nuns, who were ever striving to get companions in their misery. You but too well know that the fate of your scholars is similar to the state of those poor mortals who go to law; where the happy favourite of fortune, when he wins his cause, is left in rags, and where he that fails is naked. You are like the Cuckoo, who produces her brood, and then can neither feed them, protect them, or force any one to admire their song.—Excuse me, but such I think to be precisely your case.

"*It cannot fail to move a feeling heart with pity, to* contemplate the probable fate of those numerous candidates for fame whom you create, for you prove in your own sad example, that great acquirement does not create or insure great employment. After your scholars have, by indefatigable industry, gained every possible improvement which education can bestow, and amply qualified themselves for the execution of works of the highest order, pray inform me, if you can, who is it that will call at their warehouse to purchase their sublimity, or where, in the name of wonder, can it be placed, when it is accomplished?

"It brings to my recollection an anecdote told of a poet, who, being advised by a minister of state to learn the

Spanish language, had raised his expectations with golden dreams, (as many of your scholars may no doubt,) to the highest pitch which fancy could create, of what might be the happy result of this acquisition; and he therefore immediately set about the task with a tumult of delight, and accordingly by time and attention made himself master of the laborious undertaking; when, going again to his seeming patron, filled with joy at the hope of reward, he informed the minister, that he was now become a master of the Spanish tongue—'Well done!' said the great man, 'then you have now the felicity of being enabled to read Don Quixotte in the original.'

"In short, it seems to me that you are beginning at the wrong end; all your schemes might do very well in kingdoms, where the high art is known and cherished; but situated as you now are, your conduct is as absurd, as if a merchant, on a speculation of gain, was to attempt to introduce a manufactory for parasols in Lapland or in Nova Zembla."

*How the Beauty became known to a good man, and how much good he did for her. How she lost him, and had a Patron in his stead.*

ABOUT this time a moment of good fortune attended our heroine, by what means I know not, or by what lucky chance a thing so strange to her could happen, but she was introduced to a man eminent for his well known benevolence of character; one of the elders of the city. He was a man of great discernment, liberality of mind, and fine taste, and who, from the first hour he saw her, admired the many excellencies which she possessed. Although so much obscured by her poverty, depression, and ill health, yet he was soon able to estimate the value of all those perfections, for which she had been so much distinguished, when in her native country. He never failed to pay her unceasing attention, and she, in return, had a greater veneration, esteem, and true love for him, than for any one person she had ever met with, from the time she first quitted her father's dominions. It was his chance to become a chief magistrate, when he endeavoured, by every effort in his

power, to introduce her to the highest personages in his district. But in this attempt he failed. Those good people, whose minds and habits were formed by traffick and industry, were not prepared to relish the refinements which are the produce of genius and of taste; and she was not cordially received in that quarter, nor ever able to inspire the inhabitants with the least perception of her eminent perfections of grace, beauty, or virtue, although at the same time they paid great attention to her fat sister. However, her friend still persisted in his attachment, and often invited her to his dinners and his balls, and paid her such court, that it quite revived her almost broken spirits. She now began to look chearful, and really was inclined to think, that her former days of happiness were returning, and she daily blessed his name. He, on his part, erected a magnificent temple, which he dedicated to her, and to the most illustrious poet of this country, and thus united their names together with his own.

For a short period during the life of this good man, she became an object of attention and of some degree of consideration, for at last he prevailed on others to admire her nearly as much as he did himself.

But alas! as all things under the sun must have an end, so likewise ceased this transitory ray of light. He died—the temple, raised to her and the greatest poet, became a ruin! Its relics were scattered, and she was again forgot. Even the very place, where once this temple stood, could scarcely be known. But still, as if unable to quit the revered spot, once so precious to her, our heroine would sit a mournful spectacle amidst the desolation, like fallen Marius on the ruins of Carthage. Her good genius seemed yet to hover over the place, and animate its very dust; for it appeared to make a dying effort to revive, as if loth to lose its former elevated office, and at last she had the heart-felt joy to see a little kind of vapour arise and fix itself upon the very spot. For not long after the death of her patron, the fabrick was by some benevolent persons appropriated to a kind of free-school and sale-room for the use and encouragement of juvenile attempts, which both gratified and flattered her, the more as it was a kind of appendage to the school of her own foundation.

She flattered herself that she saw a gleam of good in the project, and this thought she fondly encouraged, as some forlorn maiden, whose lover has forsaken her,

muses over her empty tea cup, and shakes the grounds remaining at the bottom; and fain would, if possible, discover some good, some blessed chance in the stores of fortune yet to come for her.

I have often heard her express her candid opinion upon the subject, as I knew it was her desire ever to assist even the weakest efforts. "This laudable little scheme," she would say, "although as yet but in a small way, may be productive of something better; that which begins in being addressed to children, may end in becoming an object to men: the end desired by it is truly praise-worthy, although the means be feeble. There is however *one* part which, I must confess, gives me some pain—I am sorry that we cannot conceal this project from the scornful eyes of supercilious nations, who affect, with haughty arrogance, to despise the country of *Boutiquiers*.

"All those, instead of casting a look of kindness towards our virtuous struggles to raise the art, instead of viewing our innocent modes and contrivances to produce a tr.ffick in it, with that feeling of compassion which would be the greatest ornament of their hearts, will only triumph over the puny attempt; and will be too apt to disregard the native beauty of the helpless

infant, while they are absorbed in contemplating the poverty of its nurse. But let us take courage and rely on hope: although it may excite the insipid jests of foreigners, when they behold our little shop of cheap articles in national art, still let no one be dismayed; for it is ever to be remembered, that the first great maxim of virtue is to bid defiance to the laugh of fools; and it has been proved by experience, that the most consequential establishments have gradually risen from the humblest, the lowest origin. We should consider also, that we are in a trading country, and therefore it is impossible to devise a better mode to suit the habits of the natives, in order to answer the end proposed. We must be content "to creep before we can go:" it is the lot of human nature; and as it has been to trade alone that I am indebted for my existence in this land, therefore to trade alone I now pay my homage.

"The project," she continued, "is excellent: it increases the means of discovering all those children, who have a genius for the art; by alluring youths into the practice of it, you gain a fair opportunity of discerning their different degrees of talent; as numbers will rush to enter under the standard of fame, some from ambition,

and many more from idleness; thus you will be enabled to separate and select the best from among the multitude, and the rest may serve to recruit the army, become soldiers, and seek glory under another banner." Then with a modest smile by way of an apology for what she was about to add, "To illustrate," said she, "my apprehension of this subject, I shall take the liberty to make use of a vulgar simile, being the first that offers. It is like the conduct of a good cook, or caterer in another department of taste, who, when she wants to furnish a dish of delicious green pease, first procures a great quantity of pods, out of which she culls those only which are most delicate and fit for her purpose, and the large remainder may be disposed of, no matter how:"—"given," I added, "as food for hogs, made into soup meagre, or left to be carried off in a beggar's wallet."

Our Beauty, as I before observed, having now lost her late great friend and benefactor, and seeing no help within her reach, sunk again into despondency, reflecting with sorrow, that all her days of joy were buried in his grave, and gone for ever. In melancholy musing she cherished his memory, and kept alive the grateful sense of his friendship, never mentioning his name without

tears; often saying, that he had done her more real service than the whole kingdom besides put together; that he was the just medium of prudence united with benevolence; that he only seemed to preserve himself in order to prolong a general blessing to society; that he had assisted her even to his own hurt; and always calling him her true and her only Mæcænas. Here, even Hope, the God of the wretched, forsook her: In her retired garret, (which, though she at all times preferred a sky-light, was now but a wretched habitation,) she moaned away her fading beauties.

As she was one morning ruminating on her deserted state, she heard a tapping at her chamber door, and, on opening it, there came in a polite and travelled gentleman, who, after paying his compliments to her, told her he had heard of her fame and of her wants.—That it had ever been his wish to be the patron of elegant studies and neglected merit.—That he had been informed of the depressed state in which she had been left to pine in secret, but that she should have no cause again to complain, for he was determined to give her an opportunity of exertion, by which the world should be convinced of her worth, and acknowledge her rights;

"and I," said he, "shall have the credit, as my reward, of having been your first patron in this region, and the first means of giving you to the country. Another great advantage you will have; I shall also help you much in the course of the work by my advice occasionally, in matters in which you may be incompetent; as I conclude you must allow that an amateur is more capable to give directions, from his liberal education, general knowledge, and freedom from those particular prejudices, which are so apt to govern the fettered mind of the mere professor, who chiefly attends to the execution of the hand alone.—For I must inform you, that I have made the complete tour of the continent, have crossed the Alps of Italy and Switzerland, seen all the varieties of landscape scenery, and most accurately ascertained by measurement the just proportions of all the famous antique statues. I have viewed with optick glasses the minutest touch of every celebrated picture, and have acquainted myself with all the preparations on which they were worked, and the process in working. I have investigated the various merits of the different schools, have been absorbed in the sublimity of Michael Angelo, admired the grace of Correggio, captivated with the sweetness and air

of Guido, the firm line of Carracci, the force of character and expression in Raffaelle,—and have analysed the colouring of Titian and the Venetian school: so that you see I am not a bad helper for you. You must do a great work for me; I am impatient till we begin, that I may quickly shew the world a production that shall astonish; for by our combined force, we shall, no doubt, produce a perfect work.—The subject which I have selected, is from those fine lines of our poet Milton—

—" Riding on the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipses at their charms."

Our Beauty soon set to work, and her kind patron was ever at her elbow—indeed whatever she did on it when he was not present, was but lost labour, and she was obliged to put it out again when he came, as it was all wrong.

In the commencement of the business, she had taken the liberty to object to certain parts of the subject given, as not adapted to her powers of representation, and therefore in these points unfit for *her* purpose, although infinitely to be admired in the poet; such, for instance,

as its being impossible by any means in her power to specify that this demon smelt infant blood, or that the moon laboured while the witches danced, (both of which were exquisite thoughts in the poet;) but to those objections he would not listen, but told her, "that, by following his directions, she should give such an expression to the figure, that all would soon perceive it was infant blood which was smelt, and as to the moon, I shall shew you," said he, "how to make her labour, I warrant you."

Thus then to work they went; *he* delighted to have the effusions of his own mind displayed, and she, from necessity, humbly submitting to every direction, till at last the work was completed, and they both sat down before it, and surveyed it—with very different sensations. He saw with rapture a thing so consistent with his ideas; she saw it with disgust and dismay, as being so unlike to her own.

"Now," said he, "we shall astound the world, and I shall have the happiness and the glory of making your fortune at once:" she forced a smile from civility, but thought herself too deeply concerned in the event to smile from pleasure, for the thing looked to her like the

jacket of harlequin.—As this erudite article was to produce a great effect at once on the public, it had been carefully concealed in its progress from all but themselves, when at last, after the patron had sufficiently glutted himself on the curious production, it was put forth for all beholders.

First came the patron and all his dependants; those all agreed in admiring it. Then the circle was increased, and those who were indifferent to both patron and performer, came and found fault: then came judges, some of whom despised it, and others laughed; when presently the matter was treated with scorn and contempt, universally condemned, as not worth one farthing, or fit to be seen in any place.—The patron now took the alarm; he declared that he only employed our unfortunate as an act of charity; that he always thought her a very dull creature, without the least genius, and soon afterwards denied that he had ever beheld her, nor would he ever speak to her when by accident he saw her in public.—Thus she unfortunately lost at once both patron and credit.—We see proved in this experiment that the highest powers, when under the guidance of ignorance, become ridiculous, as under that of vice they would become abominable.

*The Beauty receives a vast treasure in wholesome advice; a species of riches seemingly much more easy to bestow than to use.*

WHEN she became thus a prey to poverty, all her acquaintance of course thought themselves sufficiently wiser than herself, and therefore took upon them to admonish and direct her in what she was to do for her own good; one tells her, she ought to put her hand to drawing flowers, fruit, shells, insects; another, to paint fans, or else miniatures of the favourite players in favourite characters, or of striking scenes in favourite novels; or to draw caricatures of public characters, or describe the pastime of infants, or any such elegant and pleasing matters, fitted for the amusement of ladies and gentlemen of the politest circles; and this, they said, would be spending her time to some purpose, and cautioned her not to hold her head so high, with her rhodomontade notions proceeding from pride and impertinence, as if she thought the world could not turn round without her helping hand;—that it was intolerable folly and presumption in her and nothing better; and, if persisted in, she might be very sure of

being humbled according to her arrogance.—All this was told her in friendly plain English, for it is quite unnecessary to treat the poor with ceremony.

Another officious friend, although unasked, would still advise, saying, "Why not try your luck in rural and tender scenes purely sentimental? Seat yourself at a cottage door, incline your head with studied grace, and, with an elegant languor in your eye, look as if you had seen better days; let a spinning-wheel be placed near, to indicate your industry, and pretty poultry round you, to shew the soft compassion of your angelic mind. You may have a straw hat upon your head, lined with a becoming colour. This, which you may place a little on one side of your forehead, will add wonderfully to your charms, yet at the same time give an air of careless neglect; or tie a white handkerchief round your head and under your chin, for as the poor have no white handkerchiefs, it will serve to shew that you are not one of the vulgar.

"Thus equipped, you will become a most interesting and sentimental figure of elegant distress, which cannot fail to captivate, with irresistible force, all those who cannot make the distinction between affectation and the real

expression of pure and beautiful nature; and as this class is by far the most numerous, you will of course gain numerous friends."

One of her intimates, who was true to her and her interest, addressed her in words to this effect; "My dear and unfortunate friend, your situation appears to me to be really deplorable, especially when I consider the modes of the country in which you have but too much flattered yourself with hopes of success. I will not deceive you with false notions to your utter ruin, but, on the contrary, like a plain dealer and true friend, explain to you the naked truth of your lamentable case; which will enable you with the more patience to receive the advice I shall then give you, and prevent your being mortified at what is said purely for your good.

"In short, the true state of your case has been but too plainly proved to you by woeful experience, though you are yet so wilfully blind as to nourish hope.

"You must plainly perceive that all those ideas of sublimity in your mind, of tragick grandeur, are every where received with disgust; and as to comedy, in you it is deemed vulgar. The city considers all the work you have done, or all that you can do, as nothing more than

useless lumber. The state, you see, will never employ you to immortalize their worthies or their heroes, and the church scorns your connection: even those prattling gossips, the daily newspapers, who can find leisure to give a loaded detail of every earth-born trifle, those with whom nothing is too trivial, gross, silly, or unimportant, who are the true thermometers of the temperature of the people, pass you by as a non-existence, unless now and then a palpable puff is given from personal friendship, or by pay, or accidental notice taken of you by abuse—for your real genuine praise is always given with a certain portion of fear, lest it pall upon the unwilling reader. Even the annals of your own royal school declare that you are scarcely to be found on record. In fact, you are not as yet naturalized, and therefore can claim no natural rights. Thus, in the whole combination, I think it must appear pretty distinctly to you, that the country has you now in check mate, and I should be glad to be informed by a person of your ingenuity, how you will make your next move, or what is your view or hope. The few customers to your little shop from Paternoster-Row, you say, are not sufficient to keep soul and body together; and I know traders are always hard dealers.—

In fine, you must abandon the capricious goddess fame, when imperious hunger calls you. I seriously ask you, is it not much better to have a good dinner than to starve on high flown notions of sublimity? I confess that I admire the integrity and noble independence of your heart, and the justness of that proper pride, which inspires you with the desire to execute the noblest purposes in your power, by which the memory of the honoured dead might be rendered immortal, and the eminent actions of the living would become illustrious examples in the eyes of the world, and society at large be enlightened, from the habitual view of images of pure beauty and heroick virtue, high wrought by efforts of sublime genius. But, alas! this is not the time, nor is this the place. For although there may be some, who are able to appreciate with justness the value of your highest efforts, yet these are too few to give you a sufficient support. The populace is not prepared to relish so great an attempt;—you come upon the country unawares, and resemble those unhappy missionaries, whose zeal made them attempt to teach the holy mysteries of our religion to savages, who had so small a share of cultivation, that, instead of listening to those pious pastors, they first

knocked them down, and then eat them. Learn of me; humble your pride, if hunger has not already humbled you enough.

"I shall now take the liberty to give you some advice for your future benefit, still most sensibly feeling that it may be a degree of mortification to you: however, true friendship is always willing to run the risk of offending, if by it she may do a real service.

"I will plainly point out to you the path which you must follow to better your situation:

"It has been frequently hinted to me that mimickry is your proper walk, and as it is that which suits all capacities, it will therefore give universal delight: Try this scheme; turn your mind to mimickry: here all will comprehend you, and all will be partakers of the pleasure it affords; your abilities qualify you for this department; to you it will be but play, and affluence will be the result."

## *CONCLUSION.*

IT was at this period of the Beauty's misfortunes, that I undertook her narrative.—She had been, as I now discovered, exceedingly mortified at the wholesome advice of her best friend; it sounded to her like insult, but no remedy was to be found: she had ruminated on it till she grew very hungry, and as her hunger increased, her pride diminished, and she said within herself, "This state of want cannot be endured; I must console myself by the example of a great prophet, and say 'if the mountain will not at my order come to me, why then I must go to the mountain.' I will practise mimickry, since I must—and have plenty." She accordingly followed diligently her friend's advice; and soon eminence and plenty were her own; the young, the old, the great, the rich, the learned, the wise, the beautiful, the vain, and the proud, attended late and early at her gates; from the new-born infant "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," to the "slippery pantaloon," tottering on the brink of the grave; and she mimicked the likeness of whoever came, with so

much address, that each individual was filled with rapturous gratitude; for she did not draw in *caricatura*, but gave an air of either loveliness, dignity, or wisdom, which seemed to assimilate with the subject, and appeared to raise it beyond itself; and vanity became enamoured of its image. In short, the experiment so successfully answered, that from poverty and rags, she now flaunts in as good cloaths as any Christian would wish to wear, is well fed and looks sleek and in good case, is both fat and cheerful, and is even thought a fit companion for any real gentleman or lady in the land; is at times suffered even to dine (in private) with my lord and my lady, and the second table is always at her command, (of that she is free); while otherwise, with her pride and refined notions, she might have remained a wandering outcast, till she had died starving in a corner, unnoticed and forgot.

But such is the perverseness of human nature, that, notwithstanding all her plenty, she still, from an unconquered lurking pride, seems to feel herself as one degraded; she laments having no longer the power to exercise her highest talents, and, like an encaged bird, who, poor fool, still flutters those wings in pride

of heart, which long since have ceased to be of any use, so she fancies herself reduced to be no better than the votary of vanity, and that she suffers for the advantage of others. And truly, thus far I must urge in justification of these seemingly strange notions, that, in consequence of her new calling, she is materially injured in her person; as for instance, the original beauty of her form is, by such frequent habits of distortion, at length almost lost: her mouth, by screwing and stretching, now reaches almost from ear to ear; and her nose, by the habitual twisting and pulling into various forms, to bend it to those whom she has aimed to represent, now no longer retains the beauty it once had of the Grecian contour—at one time, she had nearly broke the gristle of it, by attempting to form it to the likeness of a person of fashion, whom she endeavoured to personate. Then her eyes also have acquired such a kind of squinting leer, as renders her really disagreeable to look at.

She still, in outward appearance at least, preserves all the dignity of patience; for at times, when she has been insultingly told, that she got her bread by grinning for her dinner, she has gaily replied, "Let

those laugh who win; they cannot deny that I have a good dinner; and, as all pride within me is now subdued, I am therefore content with my humble lot."

## *POSTSCRIPT.*

THE curious reader will perhaps receive some gratification, though not pleasure, in being informed of the farther ingenious opinions of those sagacious criticks, to whom I have alluded in a former chapter. They still persist in their idea that the *Slighted Beauty* is a personification of the Fine Arts, and, in addition to what has already been said, they insist upon it, that her motley dress, in which she is described to have appeared on her return to England, is an allusion to the different styles of those various schools of Painting in Europe, whose manners and excellencies are imbibed and adopted, in a greater or less degree, by the professors in this country, who compose the mass, which we may now presume to call the English, or rather British school of art.

The chandler's shop, they say, is significant of the employment given to the fine arts in furnishing all those petty performances, which so much amuse the purchasers of modern art. Her lectures must mean Hogarth's moral works. Her sisters undoubtedly are Sculpture and Poetry, and her brother no other than Architecture; and her final resort to mimicry is verified by the common employment of English talent in the practice of portraiture.

*J. N.*

## No. XVIII.

# ON PRINTED LETTERS.

*Sedulitas autem stultè, quem diligit, urget.*

THERE has lately started in the fields of literature, a new corps of sportsmen, under the title of *Letter-Hunters*. They pursue their game with great avidity, and their course resembles chiefly that of the *ferret:* they run about in holes and corners, with their noses close to the ground, and have a wonderful sagacity in discovering by the scent any spot where letters have occasionally been deposited. They dig (with premature *antiquarianism*) into the barrows of the renowned, rake the sacred dust, and draw from it—all that the deceased object of

their *irreverent* respect was contented or desirous to conceal from the light. They publish all that he did not design for publication, and intrude on the knowledge of the world all that the world has no interest in knowing."

Their researches are treated with just raillery in the following communication, which at the same time presents an instructive view of the subject of Printed Letters.

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*TO THE ARTIST.*

DEAR SIR,

AS The ARTIST, you have received LETTERS, which you have judiciously *published*—and, as no man is more alive to the pleasures of friendship than yourself, you have received others, which have often been more dear to you, than even those which may confer fame on your labours. These, if you please, we may describe as DOMESTIC LETTERS. How are these precious memorials of social intercourse, valued by the writer, and the

friend! They are so many tender offerings placed before our Lares! They are the feast of a hermit!

Let it not chill the genial flow of your heart, if I come to warn you, that these *domestic letters* may be collected into some "handsome octavo volumes." Do not start!—Fortitude may be as decent a virtue, as modesty. I believe it is now too late to think of a remedy. You have written perhaps more of these letters, than you have hairs on your head; these will turn grey, and you will no doubt get rid of them one by one; but your letters, my friend, will never lose their freshness, and will probably increase in number by their publishers.

I anticipate all you would say! Are they mere notes of every-day occurrences? No matter! they will fill a half, which you know, is, a whole page! Are they copious in matters which only concern the writer and his friend? Still no matter! mercenary publishers of letters, like post-masters, have no antipathy against treble postage. Do they contain any private anecdote, and abound with personal allusion? Be certain of illustrations and commentaries, biographical and critical!

Even the fragments of your letters shall be gathered up, and whether they be historic or prophetic, the Sibylline leaves shall rise in price—Imagine one real name placed in one complete sentence, and an incident half told, with three interjections and seven stars, concluding with "your's very truly,"—and you have the invaluable Torso of a perfect letter!

The fortunate publication of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters, which partly accident, and afterwards persevering ingenuity, extracted from the old trunks of the family, led, and are leading, others, to take from their old trunks, what, after they have undergone rather an expensive process, will be very useful, in the manufactory of the new ones. *Printed letters*, without any attention to selection, is a literary evil, of so impudent an imposition, that it has excited my curiosity to detect the ugly parent of this ungracious race; the first modern, who obtruded such formless things on public attention. I conjectured that whoever he might be, he would be distinguished for his egotism and his knavery. My hypothetical criticism turns out to be correct. Nothing less than the audacity of the unblushing Peter Aretine could have adventured on this project.

He claims the honour, and the criticks do not deny it, of being the *first* who published *Italian Letters.* This circumstance is not noticed by the elegant biographer of Leo X. in his account of this singular literary character. The most ignorant writer of his age, and the most scurrilous too, then, is the predecessor in modern literature, of the voluminous trifles which so heavily oppress us. ARETINE had the impudence to dedicate one volume of his letters to the King of England; another to the Duke of Florence; a third to Hercules of Este, a relative of Pope Julius III. evidently insinuating that his *letters* were worthy to be read by the royal and the noble. This fortunate temerity gave birth to subsequent publications, by more skilful writers. But ARETINE was closely followed by NICCOLO FRANCO, who had at first been his amanuensis, then his rival, and concluded with being hanged at Rome; a circumstance which at the time, must have occasioned regret, that Franco had not in this respect, also, been an imitator of his original; a man who was equally feared, flattered, and despised.

The greatest personages, and the most esteemed writers of that age, were perhaps pleased to have discovered a new and easy path to fame: and since it was

ascertained that a man might become celebrated by writings never intended for the press, and which it was never imagined could confer fame on the writers, volumes succeeded volumes, and some authors are scarcely known to posterity but as letter-writers. We have the too elaborate epistles of BEMBO, secretary to Leo X. and the more elegant correspondence of ANNIBAL CARO; a work, which though posthumous, and published by an affectionate nephew, and therefore too undiscerning a publisher, is a model of familiar letters.

These collections being found agreeable to the taste of their readers, novelty was courted by composing letters more expressly adapted to public curiosity. The subjects were now diversified by critical and political topics; till at length they descended to one, more level with the faculties, and more grateful to the passions of the populace of readers—Love! Many grave personages had already, without being sensible of the ridiculous, languished through tedious odes and starch sonnets. *Doni*, a bold literary projector, who invented a literary review both of printed and manuscript works, with not inferior ingenuity, published his *love-letters;* and with the felicity of an Italian diminutive, he fondly entitled them

"Pistollotti Amorosi del Doni, 1552, 8vo." These Pistolli, were designed to be little epistles, or billets doux, but Doni was one of those fertile authors who have too little time of their own, to compose short works. Doni was too facetious to be sentimental, and his quill was not plucked from the wing of Love. He was followed by a graver pedant, who threw a heavy offering on the altar of the Graces; *Parabosco*, who in six books of "Lettere Amorose, 1565, 8vo." was too phlegmatic to sigh over his ink-stand.

Denina mentions *Lewis Pasqualigo* of Venice, (an author of whom I cannot find any account,) as an improver of these amatory epistles, by introducing a deeper interest and a more complicate narrative. Partial to the Italian literature, Denina considers this author as having given birth to those *novels*, in the form of *letters*, with which modern Europe has been inundated; and he refers the curious in literary researches, for the precursors of these *epistolary novels*, to the works of those Italian wits who flourished in the sixteenth century.

Denina having traced our *novels in letters*, so far back, and to an author so little known, has indulged an ingenious speculation: as it includes notices of some

singular works, and of a particular race of wits, which once flourished in Italy, this literary morsel may be found relishing. "In the sixteenth century (he observe) the grave and whimsical were the favourite subjects in our literature. The boldness of one, encouraged others, who, without the first adventurer, had not dared to print their capricious inventions. They produced many pleasant and comic works not yet forgotten. "The Worlds" of *Doni*, the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal,—the different works of *Ortensio Landi*, very numerous and whimsical,—and the Circe of *Gelli*, [of which we have more than one English translation,] that tailor who became the first wit of Florence; all these discover, under their fantastic plans, the most profound philosophic views, far above the rest of their contemporaries. These works, if more closely examined, will be found to contain the immediate principles, or at least, not very distant ones, of the *Persian letters*, and those similar celebrated works which have appeared in the last two centuries. These Italian authors were read, and generally known in France."

To trace the progress of literary imitation, and detect the influence of the literary fashions of every age, since

the revival of letters, would be a subject equally curious and interesting. In literary history, the progress of the human mind is as apparent, as in that of the arts and sciences. Genius bursts sometimes like a subterraneous flame, like fire it is caught and carried away, till the spot where the original flame kindled is forgotten. And if you like two metaphors instead of one: In the rough quarries of these whimsical and original writers, may perhaps be discovered that marble, which more refined artists afterwards polished into such beauty, and sculptured into classic forms.

The Italians are justly proud of some valuable collections of letters, which seem peculiar to themselves; and which may be considered, as the works of *artists*. They have a collection of "*Lettere di Tredici uomini illustri*," which appeared in 1571; another more curious, relating to princes; "*Lettere de' Principi le quali o si scrivono da Principi a Principi, o ragionano di Principi*. Venezia 1581," in 3 vols. quarto.

But a treasure of this kind, peculiarly interesting to the ARTIST, has appeared in more recent times, in seven quarto volumes, consisting of the original letters of the great painters, from the golden age of Leo X. gradually

collected by a modern antiquary, who published them in separate volumes. They abound in the most interesting facts relative to the arts, and display the characteristic traits of their lively writers. Barry, that mighty departed genius, who pursued the minute parts of history as keenly as its generalising principles, and whose erudition was beautifully combined with imagination, I have often heard mention the delight and curiosity with which he had turned over this correspondence of artists; this history of their hearts, and their heads. May we not hope, that your diligent affection for English art, may be enabled to form for posterity a brother volume? or are our English artists touched with less enthusiasm than what was experienced by their divine masters; and have they never chronicled the dreams of their days and nights, in their familiar letters? The most precious compositions of Barry himself, are many of his own letters to Mr. Burke.

It is a little remarkable, that the first satirist in the English language, claims also the honour of being the first author who published familiar letters. Bishop Hall, whose wit and imagination rival each other, at the early

age of 22 years, imitated the classical models of antiquity in English satires.

> " *I first adventure,* follow me who list,
> " And be the second English satirist."

In the dedication of his epistles to Prince Henry, the son of James I. he claims the honour of introducing " this new fashion of discourse by *Epistles*, new to our language, vsvall to others, and as novelty is never without plea of vse, more free, more familiar." It was scarcely to be imagined, that an author, whose works are built up in heavy folios, should contain some neglected apartments in so fine a taste, dedicated to the Graces.

As we became a literary nation, familiar letters served as a means to pour forth the fresh feelings of our first and virgin authors, who are often forgotten by the Coquettes their successors. Bishop HALL was followed by HOWELL, whose *Epistolæ* bear his name; and whose wide circumference, contains " Familiar Letters, domestic and foreign, historical, political and philosophical, upon emergent occasions." The " emergent occasions," the lively writer found in his long confinement in the Fleet;

that English Parnassus! Howell is a wit, who in writing his own history, has written that of his own times; he is one of the few, whose genius striking in the heat of the moment only current coin, produced finished medals for the cabinet.

The dissipated elegance of Charles II. inspired the same freedom in letter writing. The royal emigrant had caught the tone of Voiture. In the "Miscellanea Aulica," are some letters which abound with the careless graces of that happy humoured monarch, whose temper was so disengaged, that he jested on politics like love-intrigues, and treated love affairs, like those which regulate the world.

But the letters of Rochester, Aphra Behn, and that school of writers, having sinned in gross materialism, and since the public taste continually floats between contraries, others of a more spiritual nature, in a romantic strain of the most refined sentiment, came next on our shelves. Volumes succeeded volumes, from pastoral and heroic minds. Katherine Philips, in the masquerade dress of "The matchless Orinda," addressed Sir Charles Cottrel her grave "Poliarchus," while Mrs.

Behn in the nymph-like form of "Astræa," pursued a gentleman, concealed in a domino, under the name of "Lycidas." To proceed with this list, would make it as tedious as the long catalogue of Homer's flotilla. These sentimentalists are not ill described in a poem published about a century ago.

"She had been read, but that her song
To be admir'd, was quite too long.
Softness her want of sense supplies,
She faints in ev'ry line, and dies;
Again resumes her tender strain,
And only lives, to die again."

BIBLIOTHECA.

Before our letters reached to nature and truth, they were strained by one more effort of novelty; a new species appeared "From the Dead to the Living," by Mrs. Rowe; they obtained celebrity; she was the first who, to gratify the public taste, adventured beyond the Styx; the caprice of public favour has returned them to the place whence they came.

I ought perhaps to have concluded in the middle of this

letter—but that is a kind of improvement to an author's works, which readers generally take upon themselves.

I remain,
Dear Sir,
&c.
*I. D'I.*

## No. XIX.

OF THE

# TWO REQUISITES IN THE HIGHER CLASSES

OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, AND ARCHITECTURE.

*Graiis ingenium.*

*TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARTIST.*

DEAR SIR,

YOU desire me to send you an account of the brief charge, which I read in the Royal Academy, at the distribution of the gold medals two years since; and I have, in compliance with your request, endeavoured to recollect, as accurately as possible, the sentiments, which I delivered to the students on that occasion. It is necessary

for me to premise, that it had been my intention, that evening, to have addressed them in a discourse of much greater extent, on the principles of our art; but some urgent business, relative to the election of Professors and other officers of the Academy, intervening, I postponed the entire delivery of my discourse to a more favourable opportunity: at the same time, being unwilling to dismiss the numerous youths then assembled, without offering them such an exhortation to the arduous prosecution of their studies, as the lateness of the hour permitted me to give, I collected a few hints in the best manner I could, and I believe nearly in the following form.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

IN considering the principles on which the study of our difficult and laborious profession must necessarily be conducted, there appear *Two Points*, which more immediately concern those students, who are aiming to accomplish themselves duly for the attainment of excellence in the first and highest class of refined art.

The FIRST of these points is of general application in the three branches of art, which are cultivated under the

roof of the Academy, and regards an excellence, not more technically necessary, than universally perceived on the slightest examination of the merits of works of art, and felt even by those who are strangers to our studies, and unacquainted with our difficulties. In the outset of every work, about to pass under the hands of the artist, whether his exertions be in Painting, Sculpture, or Architecture, this principal point which he must first take into consideration, consists in the APPROPRIATE CHARACTER, belonging to the subject, which he is preparing to treat. He must recollect, that, in all objects of nature, whether they be inanimate or animate forms, and in every subject which combines those (or any of those) forms, and which his mind contemplates as fitted to exercise the powers of his art, there exists an original, distinct, and individual character, separating each of them unequivocally and incontestably from all other forms and subjects in the world. This is what I call the *Appropriate Character.* It is the ruling distinction, which is stamped on every work of art executed with a profound knowledge of nature, and a faithful adherence to her precepts; and when this distinction cannot be given, it is a proof that the artist has not drawn his materials from the great

prototype, but has suffered the vague illusions of fancy to supersede her, and seize her place.

Attention to the point just mentioned, is at all times necessary in all departments of our pursuit; but never more so, than when the student attempts to enter the highest paths of art. Appropriate Character is there the only firm basis, on which the complete establishment of his endeavours can be raised. Without the most perfect justness of character, the refinements of the higher classes will have little value, and will never mark the man who pursues (and even exhibits) them, as possessed of genius or science in what is truly excellent in those classes.

The Second point requisite to be impressed on the mind of the youthful artist, is, that whenever the decided character, which has just now been described, is to be given to the *Human Figure*, that expression of character must be accompanied by Correctness of Outline, whether the work be in Sculpture or Painting. It would be a vain attempt to pretend to the accomplishment of perfection of character by any other means. Excess, or disproportion of any kind, cannot operate to produce effects which are the results of truth only. And any

representation of the human figure in the higher classes of art, if deficient in the two requisites I have mentioned, however specious it may be, is but a mockery of our feelings; and will affect the sensibility of cultivated minds, with a shock, similar to that produced by a melodious human voice when uttering nonsense; or the sounds of the sweetest musical instruments, without the solid ground of harmony, in all parts of the music which they are employed in performing.

*Architecture*, the third branch of our art, had a decided character first given to it by the Greeks. They defined its embellishments, and classed them in several orders; and by those, the buildings which they constructed, obtained that appropriate distinctness, which declared the uses to which they were devoted.

The Romans, in the best period of their Architecture, adhered to the study and preservation of appropriate character in embellishment, to decide the uses of their buildings; but in their latter period they became corrupt, and degenerated from the original purity of the Greek example of decision in character.—And sorry am I to remark, that it is with the fragments of that corrupted style, that we have seen so many of *our* buildings deco-

rated, at the expense, and with the loss, of appropriate character. The Greeks—the Greeks alone were in Architecture what they were in Sculpture; and to them alone we can look for original purity in both.

To bring the mind of the young student to the clearest perception of what is meant by appropriate character, it is only requisite to refer him to the *Hercules* (called Farnese), the *Laocoon*, the *Apollo*, and the *Venus*. In those great examples, he will find the full accomplishment of the two points of excellence, which I have proposed as the chief requisites to the perfection of the higher classes of art; he will find Appropriate Character, united with Correctness of Outline.—It is this perfect accomplishment, this combination of the great characters of nature, which has arrested the attention of the admiring world, ever since those statues were first produced; and which must ever continue to fix it on them, as long as they shall be viewed by men of cultivated minds. To such spectators, they will always exhibit that successful expression of truth, from which there is no appeal, and which leaves no hope of amendment from a second attempt.

To that expression of truth, arising (as I have observed) from the union of decision in character with correctness of outline, the student who aims at reaching

the summit of his art, must invariably direct his attention. Whether the province of his pursuit be history, landscape, portrait, elevated or familiar, extraordinary or common subjects, his works will all possess a real value, when constructed on that fundamental principle.

Since the revival of the arts in the modern schools of learning, some figures also have been produced, which rest on the same basis with those celebrated ones of the Greeks; namely, distinct and appropriate character—Such is the *Moses*, on the Tomb of Julius II. by Michael Angelo, and such are many of the Figures in the *Cartoons* by Raffaelle. Those great artists brought the several figures to a decided point, by which they have become the standards of their respective characters, and, like the inimitable works of the Grecian statuaries, will not admit *of being done again.*

For the attainment of these excellencies, labour and patient study must prepare the way. It is so far from useful, that I hold it dangerous, and detrimental to final excellence, when I see the student rushing impatiently to the school of the living model, before his mind has conceived, from a thorough study of the antique statues, an adequate idea of what constitutes the highest beauty of the human form as well as character.

It was by the gradual operation of progressive studies, that Raffaelle and Michael Angelo produced those figures which I have mentioned. It was by progressive studies that Titian attained colour: And it was by the same result of progressive studies, from man to man, that the Greeks attained their perfection in form and in character.

The same must be the methods, by which the modern student may hope to attain those requisites, which are to raise him to the higher excellencies of refined art. For, it is by progressive study that art aids art, and science unfolds the causes of visible effects. It is by such aids that the accomplished artist is taught to see, and to understand, whatever presents itself to his view; that nature, the inexhaustible source of all the arts, displays to him the justness of her characters, and that he is enabled to extract them from her stores, and to apply them to his own works, whether on canvass or in marble, with that happy success, which will not fail to exalt his name, and rank him among the ORNAMENTS of HIS COUNTRY.

*BENJAMIN WEST.*

## No. XX.

# REFORM OF OUR STAGE.

*Quid turpe, quid utile—*

IT is part of the character given of the English people, in a valuable geographical work, that they are greatly addicted to Theatrical Representations. To say this, is to say that they indulge in the gratification of one of the most natural of human passions; a passion, which displays itself in the age of innocence itself. Children, as it is well known to every nurse, are continually dramatising, in their little sports, such actions as either have really taken place, or as they conceive *might* take place in the little circle of their experience. That on such occasions

they are often very amusing actors, is also well known; and moreover, that no inconsiderable portion of theatric art is within the scope of a child's achievements, the phenomenon, which ingrossed the public attention a few years since, has sufficiently demonstrated. Probably, as in other arts, all that depends on quickness of thought and dexterity of action;—in short, all but the mature excellence, which results from the powers of reflection and combination, and which finally separates the genius from the mechanic artist, may be accomplished almost in leading-strings. The history of every art will be found to contain its prodigies of this kind, and, if I recollect rightly, there is on record a sarcastic inquiry of Swift, who asks, "Since there are so many clever *boys*, how happens it that there are so few clever *men?*"

The first degree, therefore, of dramatic art, or the imitation of common persons and common events, with the representation of them under feigned names, forms the principal part of the diversion of children, and produces, in great measure also, the public diversion. The higher and more essential part of the drama, which consists in the conveying of moral sentiment under the semblance of natural human actions, is of a very superior rank, and

boasts the sanction of the most exalted intellects for its adoption and frequent use. "If any shall now condemn tragedy," says the editor of an early translation of Aristotle's Art of Poetry, "he must also condemn the use of fables, which the most holy men have employed, and God himself has vouchsafed to use. For tragedy is but a fable, and was invented as a fable, to form the manners by instruction, disguised under the allegory of an action." And to this it may be added, that the moral precepts of Socrates, are delivered both by Plato and Xenophon in the form of a perpetual dramatic dialogue.

That a nation, then, is addicted to that mode of moral instruction, which is of all others the most congenial to our nature, and which has appeared the most suitable to the benevolent purposes of the wise in all ages, is a charge, which no one of that nation will be disposed to combat: yet on this very propensity are founded the arguments, adduced to shew the pernicious tendency of theatres; which are accused of taking too strong a hold on the minds of the people at large, and of seducing and alienating them from both the theory and practice of domestic and religious duties; "For we must

remember this truth," says the translator above quoted, "that all arts and sciences, by the ignorance and corruption of men, ordinarily produce *false arts* and *false sciences;* but these false arts and false sciences are more opposite to what they counterfeit, than any thing besides; for there is nothing more opposite to what is good, than what is bad in the same kind." And, "if that which is false, engage us to condemn what is true, it has gained its point, and having thus triumphed over truth, soon puts itself in its place; than which nothing can be more pernicious."

This account contains a philosophical display of the causes of those censures so frequently, and at times so loudly, passed on all theatres; and in the last clause, puts us properly on our guard against the designs of an insidious enemy to taste and morals. But there are, moreover, many extraneous circumstances, which, when annexed to the account of the mischiefs of *false* arts and *false* sciences, compose altogether a charge against theatrical exhibitions, of too much force, as their greatest votaries and warmest friends must often perceive, to be either very easily turned aside, or answered.

In order to a fair examination of the merits and

demerits of theatrical representations, it is by no means necessary to consider the drama as completely (and still less as *necessarily)* amalgamated with the customary contingencies of the place in which it is exhibited. Every part, belonging to this favourite English diversion, can furnish sufficient subject of investigation on its own account; and a distinct consideration of the separate objects would be one of the best means of leading us nearer to a just appreciation of the whole.

The Drama itself claims the first place, and the arguments which have been used in support and in rejection of the dramatic treatment of the passions, are so generally known, that it is scarcely requisite to state them. Of the many writers on the subject, the most amusing, as assailant, and champion, are Rousseau, and Marmontel: besides these, the deference at all times due to professional observation obliges me to acknowledge, that the candid reasoning of Riccoboni (in his Reforme du Théatre,) after his conversion from the stage, is of more weight than the most ingenious flights of fancy in others. I wave the mention of Prynne and Collier, as not applicable to the stage of our days; and I wave also the name of a living writer

of admirable talents and piety, because, while I admire her own dramas, I cannot consent to condemn the art that produced them. Many arguments of other authors appear to have been thoroughly investigated, and are excellently answered, by Mr. Plumptre, in his Sermons and the copious notes annexed to them. From the two writers first mentioned, I feel myself strongly tempted to extract several passages of striking beauty on each part, and place them in contrast with one another; but the limits of these papers compel me to relinquish my wish, and I therefore refer the reader to Marmontel's ingenious *Apologie du Theatre*, where he will be enabled easily to make a similar selection for his own entertainment*.

Next to the theory of the tendencies of the drama, we should be led to consider the *degree*, in which dramatic

* In the mean time let the reader accept the concluding summary of the apologist in his own words:

" Les Spectacles sont utiles pour encourager l'honnêtetè par les exemples vertueux et publiquement applaudis; pour faire sentir la honte et la bassesse du vice, et developer dans les âmes le germe naturel des vertus; pour répandre et perpétuer les bonnes mœurs par la communication progressive des saines idées et l'impression habituelle des sentiments vertueux: en un mot, pour cultiver et nourrir le goût du vrai, de l'honnête et du beau, qui, quoiqu'on en dise, est encore en vénération parmi nous."

exhibitions affect the spectator.—It is obvious, that they must either be indifferent; or more or less morally useful, or detrimental.

As to the first, it may be argued, that the theatre being considered by a very great portion of those who frequent it, merely as a place of general resort, where they design to meet and converse with their acquaintances, the *dramatic* share of their evening's amusement is reduced nearly to a negative account. But this argument can, at the utmost, be a fair one, as far only as it applies to persons of mature age, and sufficient habitual practice of fashion, to look on all diversions with equal interest or apathy. It can never hold good with respect to the numerous children and youths, who are every night carried to our theatres. On *their* tender and unprepared bosoms, the effects of studied plans and artful tendencies, disguised under the form of amusing incident, must at all times be extremely powerful. Impressions are then stamped, which abstract precepts would in vain have laboured to produce, and which the subsequent events of life will either confirm or controvert, to the evident benefit or detriment of the young proficient.

Another very large portion of the audience is also

united in the class to which theatrical representations are never indifferent. These persons carry with them a desire of attention to the scene, which they are either prepared to relish as their chosen amusement, or to contemplate as a lesson, whereby they may read the world without the risk of personal experiment. With all these, therefore, plays are in certain degrees morally useful or detrimental, and their effect dependent on their respective tendencies.

After regarding the *drama* abstractedly, we might then take it into view, combined as it is with the *theatre*, with its appendages of lobbies, saloons, &c. &c. scenes of resort, against which the severe moralist, (not to mention the religious censor,) is mostly ardent in reproof; and which will scarcely find any plea of justification, beyond that which may be offered for every other kind of public assemblies. Little indeed is all that can be pleaded in defence of such scenes, in the eye of absolute reason. Vice is the inmate of human society, or at least a constant visitor in every large concourse of human creatures; *so* constant an one, that, could I forget either the respect I owe to my reader, or myself, I might mention indisputable anecdotes of such circumstances

having occurred within the sacred walls of churches, as would, I trust, surprize the greatest number of those who assemble in them: But, in taking a view of *amusements* in general, what scene of public resort presents the exact manners, which you would wish to carry home to the bosom of a family? Are they to be found in our morning, or our evening public places? More, I believe, in the former, than in the latter, because the hour of intemperance adds force to the objectionable parts of the latter. It is the disorderly state of the persons who riot in our lobbies, that brings the lobbies into disgrace. The same persons in the same state would be disgraceful any where and every where. Wherever a concourse of people falls under particular censure, is it not natural and fair to ask; how would those very persons appear, if they were in any other place? Intemperance, no doubt, would be better confined to a solitary cell; but if this cannot be effected, at least let not the places, to which it resorts, bear the blame of the vice it brings thither.

Still, though we must exculpate the drama from the charge of the mischief, as bearing no part in the essential cause of it, it is in vain that we strive to deny the existence of the nuisance; and the despondence, which this confession

tends to produce, is hardly counterbalanced by the following declaration of a divine:

"Were the theatre under certain regulations, a man might go to it, as he goes to church, to learn his duty, and it might be justly honoured with the appellation which it has often assumed, and be called "the school of virtue*."

But, if the noble and moral purposes of the drama are found to be in part frustrated by an improper management of its powers, and in part by the admixture of collateral impurities, it remains to be inquired, whether the whole of this admirable gift is to be resigned by the good, as unmanageable and useless, or whether we may not endeavour to watch and foster its salutary qualities, and, by cleansing away the impurities that have grown around it, restore it to the rank it merits among the solaces and blessings of our condition.—The man of the world will smile at the question; he knows the inherent imperfection of all our efforts for public purity: but he is too polite to deny to any one the privilege of asking, whether the whole of the charges, brought against the stage, be not greater than it is absolutely necessary to

* Knox's Moral and Literary Essays.

admit, and whether there be not the means of rendering theatres more effectual instruments of moral instruction, such as they appear to have been in the time of Euripides and Sophocles.

In the hopes of promoting the discussion of so important a question, I shall first notice the desirable points of improvement in our theatrical representations, as I find them stated by a candid and judicious author, from whom so much has been borrowed by writers of the most respectable class, that I need not hesitate to offer the following extracts to my reader.

"Having endeavoured to explain the principles, on which plays should be written, and the good effects which they might produce, I cannot quit the subject without expressing my regret that the theatre should still be in need of reformation, and my earnest wish, that those who have the power to promote such a reformation, were as strongly impressed as I am myself with the importance of it. Whoever reads Mr. Collier's ingenious essay, must be convinced that, at that time, the English stage was a disgrace to a Christian country; but the zeal of an individual, when pleading the cause of truth, triumphed over the powers of wit, and the force of prejudice. 'Comedy,' says Dr. Johnson, 'grew more modest, and Collier lived to see the reward of his labours in the reformation of the theatre.' Much was then done, but much remains to do; and I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous, in pointing out what I conceive would be the most effectual means of promoting such a desirable end."

" The players are his Majesty's servants, and their performances are often honoured with his presence. The play is then said to be by his command; but it is, I believe, well known, that it is chosen by the manager. It wuld, however, be a great encouragement to those writers who deserve the patronage of a truly Christian king, if no play were suffered to be performed in his Majesty's presence, which was not really deserving of his approbation."

" Perhaps it would be an object worthy the attention of parliament, to enlarge the powers of those whose duty it is to inspect the theatre, and to authorise and require them to strike out every thing which offends against religion and morals, as well as every thing objectionable in a political point of view. If this power were lodged in the hands of those whose rank and character place them above the suspicion of partiality, might it not be extended to a revision of every piece which is acted at the theatre; with authority to strike out whatever is improper to be spoken? All bad principles in religion, morals, or politicks, all oaths and execrations, all indelicate expressions, all reflections on the clergy, all offensive allusions to subjects which never should be mentioned but with the utmost delicacy and respect, every thing in short which would justly offend the ears of a Christian, should be cut off with an unsparing hand. I am persuaded that much less would be found, than is commonly supposed by those who only read plays at home, and who are not aware of the attention that is now paid to the more refined taste of the audience; which certainly would not tolerate any of our old comedies, as they were originally written: still, however, many improvements might be made; and I wish every thing to be suppressed which can justly be considered as objectionable."

" I am fully persuaded that such a reformation as is here proposed, would be every way advantageous to the theatre, and that it would produce crowded instead of empty boxes; but till this is done, I earnestly entreat those who feel the value of religion and morals, to discourage all plays of which the general design and tendency is exceptionable. Let those writers who wish

to serve the cause of virtue, meet with the encouragement they deserve, from those whose rank and character entitle them to influence the public opinion; and it will soon be found necessary to suppress whatever deserves their censure, supported as it ought to be by every individual who is interested in the cause of religion and morality."

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"The higher and more respectable classes do not, of late, frequent the theatre as they did formerly. This is partly owing to the change in their habits of life, which makes the hours inconvenient, and partly, I believe, to the trifling and frivolous amusements which have now taken the place of wit and sentiment. To whatever cause their absence is owing, the consequence has been a dreadful change for the worse in the state of the boxes at the theatre; and *this*, I fear, may, by degrees, occasion many other changes, which may have a very bad effect on the morals of the community. If the players act to such an audience, as now too often fills the front boxes, they may be tempted to adapt the performances to their taste; and the play-house may again become, as it was in the days of Charles II. a school of profligacy. It never can be unimportant in society: religion, morals, politicks, all are interested in the conduct of the theatre; and if great care be not taken to preserve it from corruption, it may become mischievous to a dreadful degree. To this point I wish to call the attention of those, who can effectually guard this important post. I wish them to attend to the benefits which theatrical representations often do, and always might produce, and to the methods which should be pursued, in order to preserve the theatre pure and unsullied.——The example of every individual is important; and a small number of persons whose judgment is respected, and their characters esteemed, may lead the public taste, and produce very important effects."

*Observations on the Effect of Theatrical Representations with regard to Religion and Morals.*

Though it may be doubted, considering the powers at present vested in the Lord Chamberlain, whether the enlargement of those powers in other hands (if such be the intention of the writer) might afford a better security of advantage to the public, the propriety of the reform, proposed to be effected by such a measure, will not, I imagine, meet a single disputant. The difficulties however in the way of its practical accomplishment, are formidable, and, as far as regards the public theatres, nearly insurmountable. The presence of "those whose rank and character entitle them to influence the public opinion," how desirable so ever at all times, is insufficient either to resist the voice of tumult, or to support the expensive maintenance of metropolitan theatres. On these grounds, in a preceding paper on the subject of theatrical representations, the general state of dramatic productions in those theatres, and their dependence on, and consequent subservience to, the actually existing degree of public taste and information, were fully described; as well as the degree of hope, which might rationally be entertained, that, in establishments of such a nature, any other judgment than that of the *many* should ever preponderate.—Those *many* far be it from me to offend

by misrepresentation;—every dramatic essayist knows the value of their indulgence: nor would I in the slightest degree seem to imply, that their decisions are erroneous, on grounds with which they are thoroughly acquainted—As far as my observation extends, *the reverse* is the case. But I certainly assent to the doctrine, that an implicit obedience to their humour, such as those theatres necessarily demand, never can tend to refine, or exalt the standard of dramatic composition. He that follows, cannot lead: I perceive that men of the greatest talents are unequal to such a purpose, how warm soever their wishes may be towards it. Can I suppose, for instance, that a candidate for high character, whose political conduct has been uniformly consistent on the side of public morals, would have wished to instil into the minds of his countrymen, by a celebrated sentiment in one of his forcible comedies, that the abstracted rules of justice were inadequate to the fulfilment of our social duties, or (agreeably to the explanation of the writer above quoted) that "money should be given to a poor relation, when it is taken from the wife and children of an unfortunate tradesman, to whom it is due?" Yet sensible of the necessity of pleasing his imperious

master the multitude, it cannot be denied that this great writer has assented to dress a dangerous maxim, of the purport just mentioned, in the sparkling attire of wit and metaphor. It is within the recollection of many, to what excess this apology for profligacy was relished in the first moments by the *Lord of the Scene*. His ecstacy, scarcely satiated by the most reiterated applauses, must have given birth to many poignant feelings in the breast of the author; and let this instance suffice of the degradation of high character, to which an author may occasionally (however reluctantly) submit, in order to excite the raptures and open the purses of the multitude. Let it also suffice, to shew the rectitude of intention in the same multitude, that their gradual detection of the fallacy conveyed in the sentiment here mentioned, has occasioned it to be heard for several years past, without the approbation that formerly accompanied it.

It is then sufficiently apparent, that when a theatre is opened principally for the purposes of gain, and its gains are to be procured from the gratification of the multitude, *that* multitude must be the arbiter of its own amusement, and consequently of the productions of the stage. The means whereby the public might be improved, are

thus reversed; instead of being taught and advised, the public are here the teachers and advisers:—in fact, they are the dictators of such a theatre. *Individuals* are taught by those who have wisdom to offer them beyond what they already possess; but the multitude of the theatre are, in their own esteem, (and, as they conceive, in their own *right*,) wiser than their teachers. Individuals listen, in order to reflect whether what is addressed to them may not be for their advantage, although perhaps repugnant to their feelings: The multitude listen, but disdain reflection; they seek no improvement of their taste, and allow of no resistance to their feelings. He who would steal, step by step, on their prejudices, and lure them insensibly forward to refinement, must be a more sedulous courtier than is for the most part consistent with the ardent character of genius. Those writers therefore are most likely to succeed in such theatres, who exhibit in the most favourable light the prejudices, the humours, the appetites of the many, and in fact, shew them their own portrait dressed in the most lively and flattering colours; and it need not be remarked, that from authors so conditioned, the public may gain a greater or less portion of amusement of

a very relishing nature, but can hope for none of improvement.

Against these evils then, we must surely agree with the writer of the "Observations," that it is an object of no inconsiderable moment to find some countervailing antidote; and when the great moral uses, of which the drama is capable, are duly considered, might one not, if the faculties of this powerful nation could be personified—might one not be authorised to ask them, "Wherefore do ye not exert yourselves to secure and cherish those uses of the drama, for the elevation of public taste, and the advantage of public morals?"

It were as superfluous, as it would be in me presumptuous, to assume the task of demonstrating, that the higher the state of public taste and public virtue can be raised in any nation, and the longer that state can be maintained, the higher and longer will be the glory and pre-eminence, nay, perhaps the safety and existence of the nation: these are truths which all acknowledge abstractedly; the attempts at realizing them practically form the only points of difference in opinion. Those attempts are sometimes ridiculed, merely because they fall short of perfection; as if perfection were attainable

by any of us, or our imbecility in the pursuit of happiness were a reason for not endeavouring to be as happy as we can.

The most active influence on public taste, is that which is derived from poetry and painting; and of the former, the dramatic portion is unquestionably the most efficacious. The charm of the drama wins its way to unsuspecting hearts in moments of relaxation and confidence, when no caution is exerted, no jealous centinel is posted to guard them. Fiction enters the bosom in the garb of reality, and the moral creed of the poet becomes the substitute for the maxims of experience.

It appears difficult, not to say impossible, to conceive that the whole mass of dramatic representaions in any great metropolis can be polished *ad unguem*, agreeably to the rules of a pure and virtuous taste. The reasons already assigned are a sufficient argument to the contrary. But it may be possible (and the experiment is at least worth the trial) to preserve, in a limited portion of those representations, the existence of such elevated and honourable effort, as may tend to form a continually improving standard of popular taste. This may be effected either by the aid of the state, or of powerful individuals;

and in our own country, where the state is for the most part nearly quiescent in regard to the arts, and powerful individuals are the strong arm of their support, the latter are chiefly to be looked to with confidence.

Although I shall not venture to propose any determinate plan, I shall here offer, in my turn, a few hints for the consideration of those, (if they shall chance to read them,) in whose power this species of reform is placed, accompanying my suggestions with a short comment.

In order to create such an improving standard of taste as I have mentioned, and to draw forth in its support the talents of those, who are fitted to correct, enlighten, and improve their fellow-creatures; of those, to whom heaven has entrusted the peculiar sensibility, which tinges every object of creation with hues of unaccustomed brightness, and whose merits the slow judgment of time alone can duly honour, it would be desirable to establish a station, in which success will be found to depend, not on adulation and subservience, not on the aids of party and inebriety, but on vigorous poetic conception and manly satire on one part, and on the decisions of temperate and disinterested judgment on the other; in which reward will be measured, not by

the profits derived from the ignorant and the idle, but by the approbation of the learned and the candid, of the enlightened scholar, of the benevolent patriot.

There are few, I trust, who think our country in so hopeless a state, as to deny that such authors and such judges are still to be found among us. The only question is, how are they to be brought together for the advantage of public taste?

On this point, until some more judicious measure shall be proposed, may it not be worth while to consider whether the method most tending to produce so desirable a meeting, may not be;

1. Opening a building devoted to English legitimate dramas, and of proper dimensions for exhibiting them; without in any wise consulting the interests of *opera* or *spectacle*.

Every professional man will be conscious that such a theatre, in the present state of public diversions, could not maintain itself for a single week, (and this is a great confirmation of the arguments in its favour on the present occasion,) nor is it my design that it should; for I propose that it should be supported wholly by the patronage and subscriptions of a body of the highest nobility

in the united kingdoms, and of the other most respectable classes in life, in the same manner as the establishments of the Italian Opera or Ancient Musick. I am at a loss to conceive why the ENGLISH DRAMA should not find as many subscribers as either of the amusements just mentioned, or why Fashion should appear less honoured in supporting it.

2. In such an establishment, opened twice a week for the performance alternately of a comedy and a tragedy, plays of the most acknowledged fame might be performed successively, with the intervention of one new comedy and one new tragedy (if such shall be offered) in the course of every season, and of such other novelties as shall be judged worthy of representation.

3. In this theatre, without admission of *orders* of any kind, (unless the *performers* shall be considered to be entitled to some partial indulgence,) let all new productions, which shall have been approved by a proper person or persons appointed for receiving them, after having been publicly read and accepted, be fairly and accurately represented, and none dismissed till after a third representation, when, if found deficient in effect, they may be laid aside.

4. The prices of subscription, admission, and the appointment of the various superintendants of the theatre, might be under the regulation of a committee of the subscribers.

The reasons I am inclined to add for the above suggestions, will shew more fully the points in which the improvement of the drama may be forwarded by them.

No reason, I presume, need here be given for exhibiting the English drama in its legitimate or pure state.

1. With regard to the *size* of the theatre, it is obvious that where the nicest discriminations of tone and speech cannot be distinguished by the audience, the highest merits of expression must infallibly be lost. The feelings of a Siddons, and the language of Shakespear himself, though they can never become contemptible, would certainly be rendered worthless to the spectator, if the scene on which the actress appeared and the poet were represented, should be Salisbury Plain.

2. By opening the theatre twice only in a week, such intervals of study would be allowed to the actors, as might enable them to give the utmost attention and force to their respective characters.

3. The successive performances of our best plays of established fame, would ensure the gratification of the audience, and keep alive a *test* of dramatic merit; while the introduction of new works of genius, would become a still more noble object of such an establishment. Works of high merit can never be numerous: should every new year produce two new plays, equal to the works of our greatest dramatists, the Cerberus of modern criticism might be not unreasonably soothed to repose. To that watchful personage it will only be requisite to justify the extension of trial to *three* nights; but sufficient

reasons may easily be given: *First,* in a theatre thus organised, a new play would never be brought forward, without compromising in some degree the judgment of those who have deemed it worthy of representation; and the disinterested judgment of such arbiters would certainly demand a greater deference than is shewn in the case of ordinary theatres: *Secondly,* There exist many proofs of the absurdity of rejecting novelties on the verdict of a single audience. The merits of some plays (perhaps even of the highest) are not of an obvious, and still less of an obtrusive kind, and they do not strike on the first hearing. In others the boldness of the features at first subject them to rejection, although they are afterwards found to be of the highest relish. If other numerous proofs were wanting, it would be sufficient to mention the modern instances of *The Rivals* and *The Iron Chest,* two plays, which it has been fortunately in the power of their authors to restore to the stage, and to their deserved applause; but this is a recovery of rights, which (in the ordinary course of theatres) is not to be hoped for by any author who is not either manager or proprietor.

4. As the prices will in a degree regulate the class of the audience, it is but just that those, who maintain the whole, should regulate the choice of their company. The manager, acting under their direction, will be at all times responsible for the just conduct of the concern. What honours or emolument should follow success, may likewise be safely left to the decision of such judges: A successful play would soon be transferred to larger theatres by the desire of novelty, and with it, it may be hoped, other advantages, if not from the influence of virtue, at least from that of fashion.

That I may not be misunderstood in what has here been offered, I am desirous, before I conclude these remarks, to profess my conviction, that, were it possible to liberate the common theatres from the predominating system of gain, or if an indefinite number of theatres in the metropolis gave scope for a greater competition of talents and occasional action on different principles, such

theatres would be, in many points, preferable to any private regulations; but as I conceive such an extent of licences to be very far distant, and the liberation I allude to wholly desperate without the help of magic, the substitute, which I have proposed, may claim the consideration of those who are interested in the reputation of our national taste.

By the scheme here proposed, the reforms desired by the writer of the "Observations," would fall within the power of the directors of a single theatre, without at all infringing any privileges, real or imaginary, of the managers of the present theatres, the publick, or authors. By the same scheme, whatever of collateral, adventitious mischief in our theatres, has been the object of censure or of disgust to persons of the most rigid tenets, might be carefully kept at a distance. A standard of taste and moral poetry would be erected, the influence of which would be gradually felt in the circles of every theatre in the metropolis and the other great cities of the empire. In proportion to the encouragement and success of sterling compositions, frivolity and grossness would be driven from their holds, and the theatres of a British metropolis might in time present to view, in every part, an audience fit to receive, and worthy to applaud, a Shakespear, a Menander, or a Sophocles.

*P. H.*

## THE SECOND SERIES CONCLUDED.

TO the names of the writers in the first series of these papers, very few have been added in the present. By referring to the former list, the reader may fill up the signatures annexed to the greater part. In that list, the writer of the first letter on the drama, (No. 9,) stands too distinguished, to require here to be named again. It is only requisite to mention that the letter signed *A Painter*, is by Francis Rigaud, R. A.; that the author of the Observations and intended publication, on *St. Paul's Cathedral*, is Mr. Elmes; and that the Letter on *Printed Letters* is from the pen of Mr. D'Israeli. The Fragment on *Composition* has already been stated to be by Opie; and the Editor has now the mournful privilege of declaring the name of Tiberius Cavallo, as the author of the papers bearing the signature of *C.* in the former series, and of *T. C.* in the present. For the Letter on Metaphysical Criticism, and several others, on the Drama, &c. he acknowledges his obligations to various correspondents.

*The Artist notices with pleasure;*

The Completion of the Public Monuments, erected in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral to the memory of our Patriots, by the addition of a very material part of publick memorials—the names of the Heroes, to whom they were voted;

*In the province of the Fine Arts,*

The creation of a *Professorship in Sculpture* in the Royal Academy; *and*

The improving results from the judicious efforts of the *British Institution;* as well as the continuance of the zealous and liberal proceedings of the *Directors*, in the representation which they have at present submitted to our government, for the more effectual promotion of Painting. Some of the particulars of their representation are highly interesting. Among other observations they state;

That under His Majesty's gracious patronage an establishment has been formed, intitled "The British Institution for promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom;" and that in order to further the objects of the Institution, the sum of ten thousand five hundred pounds has been collected by subscription.

That a building in PALL MALL, lately called the Shakespear Gallery, has been purchased and appropriated, free of any charge or expense, during part of the year for the sale of the works of British Artists, and during the other part for the study of the old masters in painting.

That as far as the funds of the Institution have extended, annual prizes have been instituted to promote emulation in the higher departments of art; but that there is cause to regret, that such prizes as the Institution has hitherto been enabled to give, cannot be considered as adequate to call forth the exertions of established artists, or influence the studies of rising genius in this country.

That the governors of the British Institution have acted under a conviction, that not only the civilization and refinement of a people, but also their manufactures and resources, in a great degree, depend on the progress of the Fine Arts; and that, as those arts have been objects of public attention and solicitude in the most enlightened ages of society, it is not more becoming the dignity, than conducive to the prosperity of this great empire, to take charge of their interests.

That in regulating their conduct by these views, they have been influenced by the patriotic example of HIS MAJESTY; to whose beneficent countenance and protection, the arts must ever be considered as indebted, and in whose paternal interposition in their favour they confide, to overcome the local and temporary disadvantages, that obstruct their progress in this country.

That they are convinced, that the present flourishing state of the manufactures and export trade of the United Kingdom, is in a great degree owing to the progress of the Fine Arts, under HIS MAJESTY'S judicious patronage; and that in every article to which the industry of the British artizan has been applied, superior beauty of form, and elegance of ornament, have made the British manufactures coveted throughout the world.

That the skill of the inferior artists employed by the manufacturer, must,

in a great degree, depend on the relative excellence of the most distinguished artists; whose exertions in the higher departments of art, it is therefore of importance to encourage.

That, with very little exception, the only profitable employment afforded to the British artist, is portrait painting; which, though deserving of encouragement, is not calculated, without the study of historick painting, to enable the British artists to contend with those of other countries, in the higher departments of art.

That the Directors, relying on the information which they have collected, and on the experience which they have derived during four years from the British Institution, are persuaded that the annual sum of five thousand pounds, appropriated to prizes or other encouragement, for the most distiguished productions of British painters, with a view to the higher department of painting and to the cultivation of a more elevated taste in the fine arts, would have the effect not only of greatly improving the arts in this kingdom, but also of extending and securing to our manufacturing and commercial interests all the advantages, which are found to be inseparably connected with the improvement of taste;—and at the same time would lay the foundation for a national collection of paintings; which, while it reflected honour on the genius of our country, would supply the noblest, and most interesting means, of commemorating those patriotic achievements, which are at once the protection and glory of the British Empire.

The following is a sketch of the plan at present before the Directors.

Annual sum solicited, £5,000;

To be applied every third year in three classes of prize pictures:

*First Class:* BRITISH HISTORY. The figures to be as large as life:

Prize Picture, No. 1, . . £3,000.
No. 2, . . . . 2,000.
No. 3, . . . . 1,000.

*Second Class:* HISTORY, POETRY, OR ROMANCE. To be on a smaller scale than the first class.

Prize Picture, No. 1. . . £1,500.
No. 2, . . . . 1,000.
No. 3, . . . . 750.

*Third Class:* HISTORICAL SUBJECTS, of one, two, or more figures; on a still smaller scale.

Prize Picture, No. 1, . . £750.
No. 2, . . . . 500.
No. 3, . . . . 300.

No picture to be admitted to competition for a prize, unless upon examination deemed worthy;

Remunerations to be made to three candidates in each class, who shall appear the most deserving, of those, who have failed to obtain a prize in that class; and other limited remunerations to be made to the other candidates;

No variation to take place in the plan without the approbation of government;

The pictures obtaining prizes, to become the property of the publick, and to be deposited in some of our publick buildings; or to be placed in the British Gallery, until a national building be prepared for them.

Nor will the Artist omit to mention, among other publications of *Engravings*, tending to enrich our cabinets, and to promote the love and knowledge of Painting in England, a work of a patriotic nature, intitled *The Fine Arts of the English School;* wholly devoted to the purpose of forming a collection of Engravings from the pictures of portrait and history, and the works of sculpture and architecture, of *British Artists.*

FELICIA FAUSTAQUE SINT!

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## ERRATA.

Page 263, last line, dele the *comma.*

— 290, last line but four, for *Raffaelle, Sanzio,* read *Raffaelle Sanzio.*

— 328, line 3, for "*of and late slow growth,* read, "*of late and slow growth.*"

— 371, line 6, for *researches,* read *pursuits.*

— 407, line 5, for *profligacy,* read *profligate extravagance.*

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